THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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Volume 202, Number 30

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Helen Chase

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(The 73 leading dermatologists who approved Camay were selected by Dr. Pusey who, for 10 years, has been the editor of the official journal of the dermatologists of the United States.)

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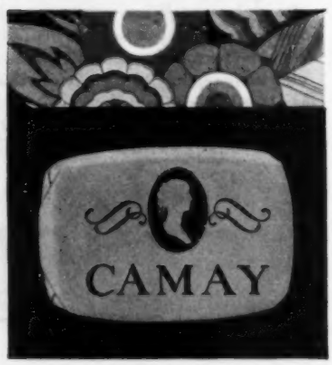

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VOTES

By CHARLES FRANCIS COE

ILLUSTRATED BY C. D. WILLIAMS

"Why, Gentlemen, Right Here in This Room is a Coterie About Whom Can be Reared the Most Powerful and Successful Political Machine This Town Ever Saw. Who is More Skilled in the Tricks Than We?"

"WE'RE the law!" Hector Sparr slammed his fist resonantly onto the desk top before him. His expression had been vehement; when he repeated it, it became violent. He rose to his feet and glared into the faces of the four men about him.

"I say it again!" he roared. "We're the law! Right now, what there is of it has got to be molded to suit our convenience!"

He glared across the desk. His clenched fist remained hard pressed against the furniture, and his eyes, alight now with a fiery glare, darted portentously from one to the other.

Though several of the men shifted their positions, none answered him. When the survey was complete he paused still further, and the pause was dramatic. He was like a warrior who had thrown down the gauntlet. He awaited now acceptance of his challenge. The others remained silent still, and a faint smirk, which might have been disdain, gripped Sparr's lips. He tossed his shoulders, and there was triumph in the gesture.

"You fellows have got to meet the facts." At last, greater calm came into his tones, and he proceeded: "A jackass could see the facts, but it's going to take courage and mental alacrity to master them."

Still his auditors listened, uninterrupting. Immediately before Sparr, Martin Spurgeon, commissioner of public works, slumped thoughtfully in the depths of a black leather chair. A cigar drooped from the left-hand corner of his mouth. Visible traces of the ash of this cigar clung to his waistcoat. If he saw them he gave them no heed. His eyes were hard and steady, and they followed unrelentingly the expressions and the gestures of the speaker. Spurgeon was a politician, just as were the others.

At his right sat John Glench. The manner of this man was furtive. He affected a bristling pompadour, the wiry qualities of which matched the brittleness of his sharp, concise words. He was nervous, excitable and politically minded. He, too, sat engrossed by the dominance of Hector Sparr. His name was one familiar to the community as alderman of the Sixteenth Ward.

At Glench's right, John Cato sprawled in his chair. He was munching the end of a dead cigar, the unpleasant odor of which filled the room. His left leg hung over the wide arm of the chair and in his eyes abode a light of calculation. His features were ponderous—thick, sensuous lips, broad nostrils and a beetling brow. His was not a pleasant face, yet there was about it something of complacence. He gave the impression of a man not easily

"I Ain't Responsible for All the Girls," Her Father Snapped. "I Can Find Trouble Enough With You"

roused, but one apt to be bestial in anger. The mouth was a weak one and what there was of jawbone seemed shrouded in a series of flabby chins which overflowed the restraining effect of a low-cut collar and sprawled against Cato's throat, much as Cato himself sprawled in the chair. He was an assistant district attorney.

The other man in the room had fewer outstanding characteristics. Where Cato wore a black-and-white-check suit, this man wore an Oxford gray. Where Glench's brittle pompadour cast fiery reflections, this man's hair lay soft and crumpled against his head and had grayed until it was almost white. About his features there was a thoughtful look rather than a calculating one. When he spoke—which was seldom—his voice was soft, well modulated and his words carefully weighed. He was Harrison Boden, state senator from the Twenty-first District.

When Sparr paused again Cato removed the dead cigar from his lips and sprinkled its cold ash upon the floor beside his chair. Boden drummed thoughtfully with his finger tips. Glench wet his lips and ran a furtive hand through his stiff hair. Finally Cato replaced the cigar, smiled calculatingly. Sparr went on fervently.

"The facts are the facts," he repeated. "For us, we can take them or leave them. If we leave them we continue under the dominance of the old party machine. If we take them and make a fight of it, it means the hottest time politically this town has seen in fifty years." He paused again, resorting to the trick of emphasizing by silence.

Cato grinned and smiled. "And this town," he interrupted, "has seen some hot times politically."

Boden spoke: "The time is not ripe for a fight," he began, and thunderously Sparr interrupted him:

"We have been saying that for ten years!" he shouted. "If there's any one thing that ought to mark the graves of ten thousand forgotten politicians, it's that very statement, Boden."

He stepped from behind the desk and paced heavily back and forth across the room. "I'm not a Red," he pointed out in calmer tones. "I'm not looking for a fight just for the sake of fighting. I tell you that this political game offers every man in it one great opportunity, and only one. If he don't grab it by the throat and throttle it until it lies subservient in his hands, then he's sunk. I got you fellows together because I credit you with backbone. I refuse to believe, Boden, that because you've got one senatorial district licked, you are satisfied. . . . I refuse to think, Glench, that the height of your ambition is a seat on the aldermanic board. . . . You, Spurgeon, can never rest content with an epitaph whose greatest proclamation will be that you were once a commissioner of public works."

He paused again, raised one trembling finger, then: "As for John Cato, he'll never sell out for an assistant district attorneyship. No," he continued feelingly, his voice pregnant with emotion, "unless I'm all wrong, you fellows have had your taste of blood. You'll not find satiation in a sip so long as buckets are apportioned fighting men."

He took to pacing again, but stopped abruptly and clapped his hands together by way of emphasizing his words.

"You're not the sort who can remain supine and let the heels of fighters tread you into oblivion as they climb over you. No. First, you'll give vent to the genuine fighting qualities each of you possess. Why, gentlemen, right here in this room is a coterie about whom can be reared the most powerful and successful political machine this town ever saw. Who is more skilled in the tricks than we? Who knows better than we where the money comes from, and where it goes? Who but Harrison Boden, as treasurer of the last campaign, raised the largest sum ever offered an electioneering party in this city? Where is there a man with more connections than John Cato, or one with more significant knowledge than John Glench?"

He left off abruptly and took to a gentler and slower pacing. He hooked his thumbs in the armholes of his waistcoat.

"In all modesty," he continued, "is there a better or more favorably known politician in the city than Hector Sparr? Am I not conceded to be the outstanding orator of the party? Have I not even carried false issues to the electorate? Not only carried them, gentlemen, but won with them? Won against the strongest opposition we ever had?

"These, gentlemen, are the facts. It's time for a new deal. Time you and I had, unfettered, the power of patronage. Everything has conspired in our favor. Look at the candidate the opposition offers for mayor. We can blast him to atoms for his traction connections; we can blacken him to a cinder on his affiliation with the moneyed interests; we can crucify him on the evidence that won him a divorce."

He paused again to laugh harshly.

"I tell you our hour has struck! Opportunity beams upon us like the rising of the morning sun. We'll be reformers, by gad! We'll brand ourselves the purer element of our old-line party, riding on the wings of virtue and the power of incorruptibility. Our platform will be the elimination of graft, the honest administration of our police department and the purging of our party of evil-doers." He was becoming fervent and eloquent, carried away by his own vision.

"What do you want to do, Hector?" John Glench cut in. "Supposing we admit all this that you say, what's your plan?" The man spoke as crisply as his reddish hair stood.

"My plan," Sparr thundered in response, "is to break Jim Booley! He's been cock of the walk too long. He's made his millions and should step aside. No matter what his earlier services to the party may have been, he has outlived his usefulness. His very name is synonymous with graft, corruption, connivance. He has become anathema to the very party he fathered. Younger blood must replace him."

He leaned over the desk and telegraphically tapped emphasis of his words with the forefinger of his left hand.

"And younger blood can replace him, gentlemen. Right here in this room is gathered that younger blood. Now is the time to strike. We can win."

"Bocley is a hard fighter," Boden said thoughtfully.

"Aye," Sparr acknowledged, "but we'll fight harder."

"The police will be against us," Glench snapped. "Both in the campaign and at the polls."

"Show me an instance," Sparr sneered, "in the history of politics where the police department ever got anything it wanted. Why, man alive, it's been a creed of mine throughout my political career never to permit the indorsement of my candidacy by either or both the fire and police departments."

"Don't forget the change since prohibition, Hector," John Cato interrupted.

Sparr grunted. "There are literally thousands of speak-easies operating in this town," he argued. "And what does that mean? Isn't that the very sledge hammer with which we can beat to death police opposition?"

"It makes good newspaper stuff," Cato admitted. "But, man alive, the power and the money those speak-easies offer ain't no Japanese fan! About the time we start fighting we'll discover it's a full-blown hurricane!"

"The proposition is simple enough," Sparr insisted. "We'll get together statistics showing the number of speak-easies in operation. Then we can estimate about the amount of protection paid. The simplest dumb-bell alive would be able to grasp that. Speak-easies can run in any district so long as that district produces a given majority at the polls. It's an open-and-shut proposition, gentlemen. Once we lick Booley, we can work the same game he has. And in the working we can build up reserves that will intrench us unshakably."

"I'd like to know a little more, Hector," Boden said quietly, "of what your plan is. We all know that you have a magnetic personality and are a persuasive speaker. Your record is sufficiently attractive to mark you as a reasonably good candidate for mayor. I know of no man in the party who would have wider popular appeal. But we also know that these qualifications are apt to be minus rather than plus when you step into the ring to fight Jim Booley. I am ready to admit, Hector, everything that you have said. But I cannot overlook the fact that Booley has the drop on us. He stands intrenched today. Those who seek war with him must storm his battlements. It takes more to win an offensive war than it does to put up a defensive battle. Tell us what your plans are."

"Certainly, Hector," Glench amplified, his head bobbing and his tongue persistently stroking his lips. "Since you've got us here, it's a cinch you ain't going off half cocked. If you did not have a definite plan to lay before us we wouldn't be here. Let's get down to cases."

Hector Sparr leaned over the desk, supporting himself against his braced palms. He spoke earnestly, steadily and impressively.

"Of course I have a plan," he announced. "A plan which I have thought over for months. I want to form an insurgent wing of our party. I maintain that there is no man available for the mayoralty who has the wide popular appeal that is mine. I therefore demand the nomination. I am ready enough to accept Booley's indorsement and so effect a compromise that will assure my election and mitigate the absolute power of Jim Booley. But I refuse longer to submit to his absolute dominion.

"On my ticket, I want for district attorney of the county, John Cato. For chairman of the board of aldermen, John Glench; for comptroller, Harrison Boden; for city treasurer, Martin Spurgeon. For the three judicial offices I will select a list of prominent attorneys, each of whom will have an unimpeachable reputation. Out of a list of twenty available candidates I can easily enough select three. With such a group as a starter, I can put a candidate in the field for every city or county office on the ticket. Sixty per cent of Booley's own men will be glad enough to work with us if we'll keep out of their districts. That compromises Booley to begin with. As for the rest of it, I'll personally guarantee a candidate for every office, large or small; each man to furnish his own campaign expenses and in addition make a contribution to the general insurgent fund.

"Don't imagine that this is a mere dream. In the business section of this city alone, we can raise a fortune from proprietors of speak-easies, gambling houses and night clubs. We can demand through the public press that the police raid those speak-easies which refuse to coöperate with us, and we can increase our power by keeping our mouths shut with reference to those who do coöperate with us.

"We've got a mailed fist of our own. All we need is the courage to use it. Booley is done, and most of the organization realizes it. His name is anathema to every voter in the city. He is publicly credited with every form of graft and corruption. Our platform will be the purification of our own party by the expulsion of Booley and his cohorts. That point alone will establish us. And you must bear this in mind: Once we win, we're all-powerful. Once we take over the reins, we'll drive just as long as Booley has driven, or longer."

He paused again, and during the pause, John Cato permitted his fat leg to slide off the arm of the chair. As the others glanced at him he said, "I'm for you, Hector. Personally I don't see any reason why we can't get away with it."

"I'd like to think on it," the thoughtful Harrison Boden said. "It's a pretty big plan, Hector. It will take a deal of thinking."

(Continued on Page 88)

"I Mean," Old Tim Callahan Answered Steadily, "That if Sparr's Got Brains Enough to Do as I Tell Him, I'll Not Only Give Him My Advice, I'll Personally Direct His Campaign and Make Him Mayor of This City"

THE RIOT CALL

By John C. Groome
Ex-Warden of Eastern Penitentiary, Philadelphia
ILLUSTRATED BY RAEBURN VAN BUREN

I Found There Were Only Two Ways by Which Prisoners Could Obtain Drugs—Through Friends Who Called to See Them, or Through the Guards

A PROPERLY built and equipped penitentiary with the proper management and not over 2400 prisoners would be as easy to run as a boys' boarding school, if theorists, so-called penologists and welfare societies would keep their hands off.

This thought recurs with the swarm of theories on prison management which have been buzzing about ever since the late riots at Dannemora, Auburn, Leavenworth and Cañon City.

For example, at least a dozen times in the past month I have been asked what degree of self-government, in my opinion, should be granted to convicts, and they often look shocked when I reply—no degree whatever; and they look more shocked when I admit further to a belief in the whipping post for those convicted of their second felony, fewer of whom would then be convicted of a third.

The only punishment allowed by law in the Pennsylvania penitentiaries is placing a prisoner in solitary confinement and denying him the privileges allowed well-behaved prisoners. I believe in solitary confinement as a disciplinary measure, in a convict uniform with distinctive stripes, despite the fact that the trend of theoretical penology is to abolish these, and in a sufficient number of well-disciplined, physically fit guards with good records, who can shoot straight when necessary and will enforce discipline among the prisoners in their charge, but at the same time see that they get a square deal.

Briefly, I do not regard the average criminal as a sick man who would have been a minister rather than a murderer if his adenoids had been removed in childhood. I regard him as an undisciplined human being who needs to be taught that deliberately violating the rights of other people is likely to prove an uncomfortable career.

The Four Horsemen

A PENITENTIARY I regard as a place both of punishment and of reformation, where lawless men are confined to do penance for their lawlessness and to learn a useful trade if they knew none before; with the result that through apprehension of another sentence or comprehension of their ability to earn an honest living, or both, they may achieve a change of tactics and, possibly, of heart. I do not regard a penitentiary as an experiment station for theories which fail to take into account the considerable difference between the standards of the underworld and the ideals of the Boy Scouts of America.

At the Eastern State Penitentiary in Philadelphia you will see inmates performing their tasks with an air of surprising cheerfulness. This is an atmosphere of which I approve. You will also see a row of solitary cells waiting for any violators of the prison rules or for exponents of self-government, and on top of the walls you will observe sentries armed with submachine guns and with rifles. Of these things I also approve. I put these sentries on the walls myself.

It must not, however, be supposed that the opinions about self-government, convict uniform and the like were already a part of my creed when, in 1923, after the Eastern Penitentiary had staged a series of riots which established a high mark in prison history, I became warden of that institution. I went into the Eastern Penitentiary with an open mind, and came out five years later with the beliefs just mentioned.

Though I make no specific comment on the recent uprisings in New York, Kansas and Colorado, my own opinions as to prison management have been strengthened by official reports on the general causes of the outbreaks; which are variously given as poor food, lack of sufficient guards and of sufficient work, overcrowding, dirt, petty graft by low-paid guards, and the tyranny of prison self-government organizations.

The basic troubles of the majority of penitentiary and county jails in this country are overcrowding, idleness and mismanagement. In most cases, the first two can be corrected only by legislation that will provide for ample accommodations for the prisoners and for adequate workshops, but the mismanagement in many of our penal institutions can be corrected by the boards of trustees and the wardens.

When I was made warden, conditions at the Eastern State Penitentiary were similar to those reported as having recently existed in New York State, Colorado and Kansas, supplemented by drugs, liquor, and a cell block full of women.

These were the reasons for rioting so prolonged and vicious that both city and state police were called to assist the helpless prison authorities. For five weeks, off and on, the trouble lasted. At one period the near-by streets, as the newspapers noted, "rang to the blows and curses" of the fighting inside the penitentiary corridors. Prisoners conducted guerrilla warfare not only against the unarmed guards but against one another. The convict personnel was divided into two gangs; one which had taken over the running of the institution, and the other which objected to the way the first gang was running it. At last eighty per cent of the convicts frantically petitioned the board of inspectors for permission to be locked in their cells day and night, for protection against the Prisoners' Mutual Welfare Association. Perhaps never outside medievalism or musical burlesque has such a situation existed.

Poor food and the rest of it contributed their share toward the smoldering insubordination which was then the atmosphere of what its inmates aptly called The Pen. But the spark which touched off the explosion was "the tyranny of prison self-government"—the boldness, the unendurable oppression of four men in particular who constituted the prisoners' committee on welfare and who are still known to the underworld by their fellow convicts' title of The Four Horsemen.

The Fallacy of Self-Government

ONE had been convicted of highway robbery, another of a very daring hold-up of a store, a third of a hundred-and-eighty-thousand-dollar bank robbery, and a fourth of murder in the second degree. Twelve to eighteen years was the shortest term that any of The Four Horsemen had been sentenced to serve.

Of all the fallacies foisted upon prison management under the guise of reform, none is more dangerous than that of self-government among prisoners. Men generally find themselves inside prison because they have demonstrated an inability to govern themselves outside—a fact which most theoretical penology appears to ignore. Permitting men of this sort, under an honor system, to exercise control over any portion of the prison routine or, worse, giving them any control over fellow prisoners, is to my mind merely inviting the prison politics and consequent resentment from which convict riots frequently spring.

Yet it must not be supposed, either, that I left the Eastern Penitentiary with the belief that reform is impossible for a wrongdoer, even though I think it improbable for a wrongdoer who has been convicted four or five times of serious crimes. There are several wrongdoers who have

Kid Charley Told the Grand Jury That a Guard Stood Not Far Away During the Assault But Did Not Interfere. In View of the Fact That the Assailants Were Armed and the Guard Wasn't, I'm Not Sure That I Blame the Guard

been good enough to attribute their reformation partly to my efforts. And in justice to my views it may be permissible to add that whereas, when first I became warden, the prisoners used to pass me with an ugly, hangdog scowl, before I resigned the job there were few who did not look me in the eye with a pleasant "Good morning." I have lately been informed by an ex-convict that among themselves they called me "the —— Czar"; but the "Good morning" was not compulsory. As a matter of fact, during those five years the prisoners gave me less trouble than the reformers.

There is need of a real reform in many of our penal institutions. Certainly none ever needed it more than did the Eastern Penitentiary in 1923. But pseudo reformers, mistaking theories for facts and felons for angels, had brought the penitentiary to utter anarchy. It is not the reformers' motives which I challenge as pseudo, but their methods.

Reformers introduced a trial board by which convicts sat in judgment upon other convicts accused of breaking rules. Reformers introduced self-government in an attempt to establish a convict democracy. But for divers impractical reasons, the guards had been deprived—by official order—of their weapons, while practical friends of the inmates furnished the latter with knives and guns. Under these circumstances guards naturally were not inclined to dispute overmuch with insubordinate prisoners, and the stage was all set: First, for self-government, then for the dictatorship set up by The Four Horsemen, and finally for civil war and a general jail delivery.

What the Grand Jury Found

THE committee of four had been appointed by the warden to ferret out the clandestine traffic in drugs with which the prison was honeycombed. The appointment formed the basis of an authority which the four amplified and used for nearly every other purpose than the one intended—not strange, considering that a member of the four was subsequently found to be among the biggest distributors of illicit drugs inside the penitentiary at the moment. When the committee of four returned evasive answers on drug running to the old board of prison inspectors, the board, in turn, refused to countenance the committee. A prison official, according to facts later laid before the grand jury, begged the board to reconsider their repudiation "or there will be hell in this institution tonight." So firm a hold did a quartet of convicts have upon the control of the institution where they were imprisoned.

Nevertheless, the board declined to reconsider. There followed such a hell at the penitentiary this night that the services of the board and also of a surgeon were required. Kid Charley, a prisoner, saw fit to resist the rule of The Four Horsemen, who thereupon entered his cell, locked the door, stabbed him, and left him permanently crippled after a terrific beating. He would have died, except that someone held together a main artery, which had been severed, until a surgeon could be summoned from the Lankenau Hospital. Kid Charley told the grand jury that a guard stood not far away during the assault but did not interfere. In view of the fact that the assailants were armed and the guard wasn't, I'm not sure that I blame the guard.

For years, grand juries had gone on tours around the prisons, but their foremen were men. The foreman of the jury which investigated the Eastern Penitentiary riots happened to be a woman—Mrs. J. Willis Martin, wife of the President Judge of Philadelphia Common Pleas Court—and, like a woman, she insisted upon being shown everything.

The results brought enlightenment to all concerned. Too much praise cannot be given Mrs. Martin. The grand jury saw "prisoners so drunk they could hardly stand." They bought heroin from one convict and real beer from another. They found two women who "had babies born since their incarceration. For their confinement they were sent to the Philadelphia Hospital, but immediately afterward were returned to their cells, and there the babies have lived for nearly two years."

When the grand jury completed its investigation; when the warden, who was in ill health, resigned; and when The Four Horsemen, by the help of the state police, were transferred to another prison, members of the board of inspectors, casting about for somebody not connected with state or city politics, prevailed upon me to accept the post of warden. Twice I refused it. I was in a profitable business which I wished to continue. Besides, I had read the grand-jury reports in the newspapers.

Remembering those reports, I decided, late one evening, soon after my appointment, to pay an unannounced first visit to the institution. Let me repeat that probably no prospective warden ever started out with a more complete absence of preconceived notions about his policy; or, for the matter of that, about his duties. As captain of the First Troop, Philadelphia City Cavalry, and as superintendent of the Pennsylvania State Police, I had seen riots during strikes. As acting provost marshal general during the war, I had been in charge of the thirty-five thousand or so German prisoners captured by the A. E. F. But I knew nothing of civil prisons or prisoners and held no theories concerning them. The single thing on which my mind had been made up was insistence upon obedience to all the prison rules by all the inmates, and enforcement of the rules with undeviating impartiality. This seemed to me the sole principle by which discipline could be maintained, in a penitentiary or elsewhere.

In Them a Prisoner Had Nothing to Do But Think, and Even the Most Mutinous Generally Decided to Behave Himself After Twenty-Four Dreary Hours

Governor Gifford Pinchot, with whom I consulted before yielding to the board of inspectors, looked a bit dubious at my demand for an absolutely free hand as a condition of acceptance. Though he recognized it as an emergency situation, he feared that I might "introduce military discipline" into the penitentiary, and appeared startled when I admitted that this was exactly what I should do—at once. So I explained the essential difference between a disciplinarian and a martinet, and mentioned the rigid military discipline on the basis of which I had organized the state police. A state trooper would ride off the roof of a house if his officer ordered him to do it, yet the troopers have a real regard for their officers which no martinet full of petty heckling could inspire.

At the Prisoners' Club

WITH a free hand, then, and a mind pretty free of theories, I set out that evening for the penitentiary. Having lived in Philadelphia only all my life, I didn't even know the prison's exact location; and after trying to break into Girard College, my chauffeur and I came at length to a great gate in a stone fortress which a guard grudgingly acknowledged to be the Eastern Penitentiary. As a matter of fact, if I'd followed my nose I might have got there earlier, for The Pen at that time was not merely a figurative stench in the nostrils of Philadelphia.

The hour was about eleven at night. Yet the first thing to strike me, after the smell, was the sight of two or three hundred prisoners wandering around the corridors, calling on friends, sidling into groups at corners, and hailing guards with familiarity by their first names.

"Who are these?" I asked.

"Trusties," said one of the guards.

They were nearly all elderly men, those guards.

"Where are the rest of the inmates?" I inquired.

"Locked up," said the guard.

"And when do these get locked up?" I persisted.

"Oh," he answered, "at eleven or half-past ——"

"When they get ready?" I suggested.

"Well, they're trusties," he said. I found that a number of trusties were permitted to lock themselves up when they felt like retiring.

They didn't look any too trustworthy, either. I walked through that crowd with my eyes straight front, which is the only thing to do when you are surrounded by a hostile mob. If you glance to the left the fellow on the right gets you; but if you glance neither right nor left, not only can you see both sides but you can judge by the faces within sight what is about to happen behind your back. There is in this sense such a thing as having eyes in the back of your head. I felt the need of them that night.

Such was the impression my new charges made upon me at our first encounter. Evidently they disliked my looks too. Anyway, early on the morning when I officially took up my duties, eighteen drug addicts propped their

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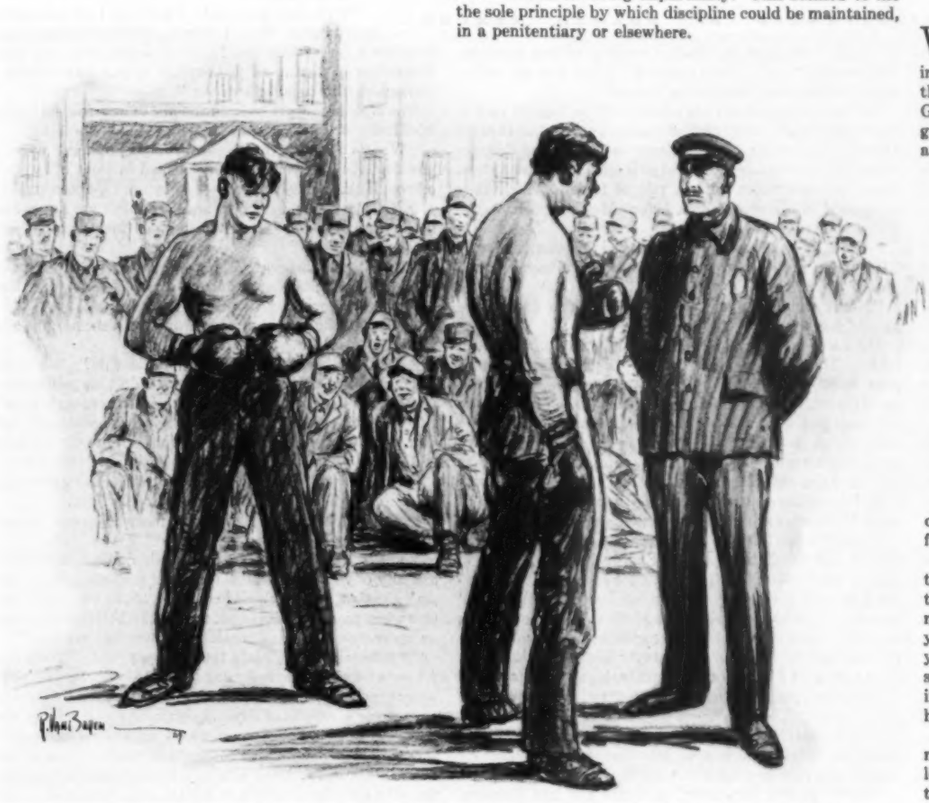

Green Signified That He'd Had Enough. "You Began it," the Referee Decided. "Stay With It"

A MAN WITH JUDGMENT

The Pilot Descended in His Turn From the Cabin. "Hello, Joe," He Greeted. "Say, Just Give a Look Here, Will You?"

By Leonard H. Nason

ILLUSTRATED BY DONALD TEAGUE

IT IS the chief adjuster's privilege, his perquisite, even, to visit the branch offices of the insurance company that employs him at any time that he sees fit, and this privilege a certain McClusky, also known as Sign 'Em Up, exercised from time to time, according, as his subordinates said, to whether or not his liver was out of order. The branch-office claim managers resented the irregularity of these visits. Their brethren of the underwriting or engineering departments were much more fortunate. Were there a World's Series to be held in town, then a visit of inspection by the vice president or the sales manager could be expected, and preparations made accordingly. If the Kentucky Derby was to be run, then the board of directors would be certain to send certain of its members, accompanied by the chief engineer, to Louisville, and the Louisville manager would see that all was in order.

But not McClusky, of the claim department. He would arrive unheralded, by night, five minutes before closing time, and batter on the doors for admittance; or the local claim manager, phoning from his bed of headache and nausea that he would not be down that morning, but would go directly to an attorney's office for conference, would be informed by a trembling stenographer that one who gave his name as McClusky waited in the office to see him, and would not be denied.

So then, McClusky had descended on the Philadelphia office with the sudden swiftness of all disasters, had burst open the door shortly before noon, glowered upon the trembling office force as a lion might upon so many lambs, and stalked across to the resident claim manager's own sanctum. Open banged the door.

Within were the claim manager and another man, whose greasy hat, threadbare overcoat and shifty eyes proclaimed him an ambulance chaser of the lowest type.

"How much d'yuh want?" barked McClusky, with no further word of greeting.

"Hunder' an' fifty dollars!" mumbled the ambulance chaser, in his shocked surprise never thinking to inquire who this tumultuous gentleman was.

"Git outta here!" replied McClusky. "We're busy! Come back next month!"

"My case ——"

"T' hell with your case! It ain't worth nuthin' or you wouldn't have it!"

The shifty-eyed man withdrew.

"Now," rumbled McClusky, turning to the manager, "sit down! . . . Yeh, I'm well. I feel fine an' full o' fight! Lemme see everything you got!"

He drew a cigar from his pocket with a flourish as if it were a sword, and wrenching off the tip, lighted it and hurled himself into a chair. In obedience to telephoned instructions from the manager, several girls appeared after a short time, each one laden with a pile of folders, which they proceeded to lay on the desk before McClusky, or on the floor about his feet.

"There's a lot of cases there," faltered the claim manager. "Er—hadn't we better wait? I was just about to go to lunch."

"Never mind!" growled McClusky. "After I been here awhile you won't have no appetite!"

His hand darted out like a striking snake and seized a folder. These folders began with the accident report, and were built up, statement upon signed statement, report upon report, so that a man, picking one up, could read upon the front just what the accident was, the kind of claim, the type of risk insured, and by opening the folder, could see upon the topmost page the last development in the case and its date. McClusky had devised this system, it was said, for greater ease of get-away toward a bawling out of some luckless adjuster or claim manager.

"Yah," began McClusky, wagging his head. "'Settled.' This is the case I stopped over about! 'Settled.' You oughta mark after it: 'Gift to a poor lawyer.' The plaintiff didn't get none of it—you can betcher life on that! An' you give it to him! I betcher had to crawl in on hands and knees with the check in your mouth to get him to take it! An' him an' his wife, or whatever does his cookin', hits for a winter in Florida on the next train, all expenses paid by us! An' you got the crust to draw pay for bein' a claim man!"

"Aw, we got stuck!" writhed the claim manager. "Everybody gets stuck once in a while! Gee, don't I realize it? Didn't you ever get stuck in your life?"

"Me?" gasped McClusky, as might the late Emperor Wilhelm II, on being asked if he had not once been a waiter in a French café. "Me—stuck? An' just who do you think would stick me?"

"Why—why ——"

"Well, they never did! Yuh think I got this job by bein' stuck? Well, I didn't. Well, let's forget that! But don't forget this case! Never mind, it's over now. Gimme an open case, an' I'll explain to yuh how to take a statement from assured's driver."

The afternoon wore on, and the pile of case folders before McClusky slowly diminished.

"What's this?" growled McClusky, pouncing upon a new folder. "Stolen tire. Car parked in front of owner's office. Huh. Three weeks ago. Why ain't he been paid?"

"Well, he was out of town and I couldn't get any statement from him—er —— We have to investigate—h'm, police report ——"

"Investigate me eye! A spare tire costs seven-fifty and an investigation takes ten dollars' worth of time. Pay him an' save the company two-fifty!"

He tossed the case contemptuously on a second pile and picked up another.

"Hah!" cried McClusky. "What's this? Big Gap, Pennsylvania! Broken rib! Assured didn't see pedestrian! Fog on windshield! August fourth! Last summer! How's this case still open? No investigation! No nuthin'! An' you guys wonder I get sore! You wonder I get discouraged an' forget to be polite to you! Why's this case still open?"

The resident claim manager gasped, and craning his neck, tried to see the folder. His eyes roamed wildly.

"I ——" he began, then swallowed several times. "Er—because ——"

"Yah!" snarled McClusky. "Yuh don't know! If I ask any o' you birds where I can get a drink, yuh know! An' what's the best show in town, yuh know that! An' also when pay day comes next too! But a little query about an open case, we gotta consult our secretary on that!"

"I remember now," said the other quickly. "That was a case where the assured ran down a tramp. By the time we got the report, the injured had left the hospital. He was only there a couple of days anyway. As you said in the tire case, it would cost more money to investigate than it was worth." The claim manager's assurance grew as his memory returned. "We figured if the injured ever showed up, we'd give him a couple of dollars and a prescription for a pint of hooch, and close the case out!"

"Yeh!" sneered McClusky. "Now that's your idea! Well, now, just think o' this: A spare tire is a spare tire an' costs this year seven-fifty and next year seven-fifty or even less, and ten years from now will cost seven-fifty or its equivalent. A broken rib costs five dollars today and five thousand tomorrow! Never forget that, kid! A tramp an' a millionaire are the same before the law!"

"Maybe they are," replied the manager acidly, "but they don't have the same kind of lawyer."

"You're right that time!" affirmed McClusky, banging his fist on the table. "You do know some things! A millionaire's lawyer would know enough to keep him out of court on a personal-injury case, an' if he didn't, the jury wouldn't give him a nickel, because he was rich; but you get a tramp in there with an ambulance chaser an' a gray-haired mother that's been hired for five dollars a day, an' a story about how he was goin' home to spend her birthday or his birthday, or see his sick sister, or any other thing that sounded good, an' didn't have the jack for car fare, so he had to walk, an' this big bum of an assured runs into him and irons him out, and then where do you think we get off? The verdict would pay your way twice around the world like one o' these here don't-break-the-chain letters! An' you won't go to Big Gap 'cause it ain't worth the expense! Bah! You guys think I'm rough! If it wasn't for me, this outfit would have gone broke long ago."

"Oh, gee!" groaned the manager. "Whatever I do is wrong. Now, on that Lipstich versus the Waldoborough Realty, I got two pounds of correspondence because I paid a little high on a case where old Mrs. Lipstich could have gone to bed and claimed total and permanent disability the rest of her life, and not a doctor in the world could have denied that it was the direct result of the accident. How is a guy to know when to pay ——"

"Aw, We Got Stuck!" Writhed the Claim Manager. "Everybody Gets Stuck Once in a While!"

"Pay!" broke in McClusky. "Yeh, that's the big word. That's all you birds ever learned in school. Pay. Sure, it ain't your money, why not?"

"Well, you just sat there and told me to pay on two cases!" said the claim manager sullenly. "I don't know how a man is to know. Gee, you take anything up with the home office and all you get for an answer is silence until you do something, and then it's wrong, whatever it is!"

"An examiner in the home office gets thirty dollars a week," replied McClusky severely, "and the resident claim manager in the City of Brotherly Love gets sixty. The difference bein' that the claim manager is supposed to have judgment. That's all he needs — judgment! Two men walk side by side down the same street the same day at the same time, an' fall down on the same piece of ice in front of the same building, and both break the same bone in the same wrist. The jury'll give one the laugh an' the other five thousand dollars. Nobody knows what a claim is worth. There's times when it's good business to pay a lot on a claim, but it takes a man with judgment to know when to do it. Such a man will pay on the right cases and fight the wrong ones to the last ditch. An' he don't make no mistakes, either, an' get stuck for attorney's fees and court costs and a smackin' verdict besides."

"Gee, he'd have to be a wizard!" scoffed the claim manager.

"Well, he wouldn't," replied McClusky severely. "I ain't no wizard, am I? No. All I got is a little judgment."

There was a long and heavy silence.

"Well," said the manager finally, "let's move on to the next pile."

McClusky took another case and examined it groaningly.

"September eighth. Huh! Still open! Liability clear! Ain't no such thing! Whaddyuh mean 'clear'? The clearer it is, the more you oughta deny it! Injury, slight concussion. Medical report — ain't none. I needn't have looked. I might 'a' known! Average wage, eighty dollars a week — eighty dollars a week! Gee, what's this guy do? Eighty dollars a week? That's a mistake; for 'a month,' ain't it?"

"No, that lad's a pilot out at the airport. He got knocked over by a skidding automobile."

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"Hey!" Shouted McClusky. "Never Mind the Railroad! Pay Attention to What You're Doing!" "Oh, That's Nothing," Smiled the Pilot

NO TIME FOR GIRLS

"They Told Me in Minnekahta That You Was Here, and I Come Right Up as Fast as Eight Swift Oxen Could Bring Me"

By Kennett Harris

ILLUSTRATED BY J. CLINTON SHEPHERD

USUALLY it was cooler inside Henry Albien's store than out on the sidewalk, but on this particular scorching August day the little breeze there was moved languidly and fitfully down the street, not strong enough to lift the dust without assistance of wheel or hoof. It was certainly hot—hot enough for Henry, for Jim Bell, for Old Man Somarindyck, for Tip Yoakum and for that garrulous old bullwhacker, Sam Stegg. They had one and all asserted—with heated and more or less profane language—that it was hot enough for them. Henry, who had been asked oftenest, was beginning to get sensitive on the subject. He now hastened to forestall with the same banal question a young man who had paused before the group on the carved and polished benches, in response to their hail.

"If it wasn't, do you reckon you or the devil himself could make it any hotter for me?" demanded the young man. He, too, seemed to be rather sensitive, as well he might, for he was closely buttoned in a coat and vest of braided black cloth, and a white collar from which depended a blazing red necktie clung tightly below his prominent Adam's apple. As he spoke he took off his hat and mopped his face with a large, moist handkerchief. His collar was of a material impervious to moisture.

"I could try," said Henry, danger in his tone.

Mr. Stegg intervened as peacemaker. "But it ain't reely ne'ss'ry. He could have wore his buffalo overcoat if he was afraid of getting chilly. . . . How's everything at Antelope Springs, Bud?"

"Bud ain't living there no more," Yoakum informed his neighbor. "It got kind of lonesome for him on the ranch and he's trying town life for a change. . . . Set down and watch the world go by, Bud. I reckon you ain't got no place to go, special, have you, nor no better comp'ny?"

The young man called Bud said that he thought the company might be easy improved on, and forced a grin as he moved on, affecting not to hear the sounds of merriment that pursued him. Henry Albien observed, somewhat sourly, that that young rooster must have a vi'lent case of the prevalent epizootic of Mabel that was devvystatin Blueblanket, being that this was the third time since the dance the day before yesterday night that he had slicked up and rode the eighteen mile from the Springs, leaving his oats still uncut and letting the rest of the work go to hell. "And a day like this!" said Henry. "I reckon he must have took a lantern and woke his stock up to feed 'em—if they was fed—to get here this early. He's already been to the barber shop to get shaved and breshed off."

"It's a plumb waste of time, if he only knew it," opined Jim Bell. "He don't stand no show against Harve Loring. Harve's got the inside track on all of 'em. He had her out in my best rig last night, and I'm not telling what time he come back. Bud's wasting time."

"I wouldn't call it that," Mr. Stegg said, in his mild way. "He's getting experience, and that's always worth something to a man." He chuckled. "Remember Curt Vincy and Al Drew, Tip?"

The Hat Creek granger sort of remembered Curt, and the other name seemed kind of familiar. Didn't they work for the Oarlock? Curt did.

It was Curt who didn't have no time for girls, Mr. Stegg informed the company. Al Drew was his side pardner and the two most generally backed each other's play—specially Al, Curt being what you might call the leading sperit. Whether it was pork and beans, or corned beef and cabbage, or rye or Bourbon, whatever Curt took, it was a tol'able safe bet that Al would say, "Gimme the same." If Curt allowed that such-and-such was so-and-so, you found that them was Al's sentiments to a dot, and if Curt took a notion to do something, Al would chirp up, "That's a right pious idee, Curt! Count me in on it." The only time I ever knew them to wrangle about anything was one rainy day in the bunk house, when Al looked out of the window and hoped to Merciful Moses it wouldn't rain tomorrow, account of the dance at Jeff Hoagland's.

Curt was carving a ring for his bandanna out of a blue poker chip that had been worth money in its day. He looked up at Al to see if he was in earnest, and Al was, seemin'ly. "You don't mean you're a-going to that fool dance," Curt says. "Ain't you got nothing better to do?"

"I don't know what it would be," says Al. "I ain't heard of no circus in the country, nor no op'ry. Sure I aim to go. Ain't you a-going?"

"Not so's you'd notice it," Curt told him. "Why would I? I get all the riding exercise I need without saddling up after a hard day's work and wearing out the seat of my good pants on the trail to Witch Creek. If I wanted to dance, what's to hinder me from dancing right here? If the worst come to the worst, I could play my mouth organ for the music and shake my feet at the same time."

"Nothing to hinder you, like you say," Al agrees. "Only there wouldn't be much sport in it," he says. "If there's any bewchous female girls around here, they've hid theirselves good and they're keeping mighty quiet."

"Bewchous female girls!" says Curt, with a heap of disgustfulness. "Bewchous female girls! My gosh! And I always figured that you had some sense! Talking about—oh, well, if that's the kind of mush head you are, fly to it, hombre. Me, the insane commissioners turned me loose. I ain't got no time for girls."

"Make time," says Al. "What's the matter with 'em? Don't you like 'em?"

"I ain't got no extry high opinion of 'em, taking 'em as girls," says Curt.

"How else would you take 'em?" Al asks him. "As castor ile or quinine? Would you take 'em as hippypotymuses or gorillas? Me, I wouldn't take 'em no other way than the way they are, bless their dear, little, warm, tender hearts! I certainly am surprised at you, Curt."

"I reckon it must be some surprising to you to find a man that's got too much brains and stren'th of mind to let himself be razzle-dazzled by a pack of giggling, fixed-up females that all they want on God's green earth is to waste a man's time and money and spile his life for him," Curt says.

"How come spile his life?" Al asks him. "Some little, giggling, fixed-up frost down in Texas blight yours for you? You sure talk like a persimmon that's been nipped in the bud afore it got its stren'th of mind—and you never told me!"

"Don't you never believe I got nipped," says Curt. "I'm one of them boys that knows fire burns and frost freezes 'thout feeling of a red-hot stove barehanded or lying down in a blizzard without blankets to take a little snooze. I just naturally know enough to come in when it rains or hunt a hole when I see a twister a-coming. Nobody ever taught me. Say, listen here. I want to ask you a question: Is your time worth anything, or ain't it?"

"I reckon it is," Al tells him. "Turner told me today that it wasn't worth the salt I shook on my spuds, but I don't believe him. If he believed it himself he wouldn't pay me forty a month and the run of my teeth, and it ain't

reasonable to spose that he pays me what it's worth, full value. Prob'ly about a tenth of it."

"We'll play safe and call it twenty-five a month," says Curt. "But that's something. Now figure out how many of them valuable hours would be plumb wasted if you was chasing a girl. Foot it up into days and months and years. How many years does a man squander on girls and women out of the brief span that's 'lotted? Three score and ten is all we're sposed to get—with large deductions for typhoid, smallpox, cholera morbus, poor riding, bad marksmanship, vigilance committees and other ailments and accidents."

"And think how much of it we waste in sleeping!" says Al. "Count up the golden minutes, days and hours that flit apast us, never to be recalled, whilst we're stopping to take breath! Say, you take time to eat, don't you—and drink?"

Curt argued that them things was ne'ss'ry; besides which, you got good results from them. "You roll out of your blankets in the morning like a giant refreshed, after you've put in eight or ten hours pounding your ear," he says. "Similar as to eating and drinking and stopping for breath and spitting on your hands and such. They're all compuls'ry and they put you in shape to hump yourself on your job—which lallygagging and mooning around with females don't, but contrariwise. It ain't ne'ss'ry. Look at me. Ever know me to do the like? Ain't I warned you time and again that the first thing you knew you'd be getting stuck on some cute little trick and plumb destroying what usefulness you got?"

"It went in at one ear and out of the other, I reckon," says Al. "The way you've talked about women, I thought you was joking. I know you ain't never comprymised yourself with any of 'em, but I set that down to us not seeing none of 'em since I had the honor and pleasure of making your esteemed acquaintance and the only two dances there's been this summer taking place whilst we was shipping at Ogalala. All the same," Al says, "when you talk about its not being ne'ss'ry, your shirt tail is out half a yard and fluttering in the breeze. It's ne'ss'ry, because a girl expects to be courted, and her being ne'ss'ry, too ——"

"How?" Curt asks him.

"Well," Al replies, "you're a patriotic American, ain't you? What would become of this grand and glorious country of ours if we didn't keep up our population? There wouldn't be no rising generation without women, the way I figure it, and with the Canadians on the north and the Mexicans on the south of us, we'd be in a great fix. Time ain't nothing to them 'Cajuns, and it ain't even that to the Mexicans, and anyway, they wouldn't grudge it when it come to increasing and multiplying."

"You don't get the idee," Curt told him. "I ain't no fanatic. I ain't setting out to force everybody to think like I do. It couldn't be done, and if it was done, I wouldn't be no smarter than other folks and wouldn't reap no benefits. Me, I aim to flourish like the green bay tree; I made up my mind to that, and I ain't been letting no grass grow under my feet since I've been in the Territory. Another season or two and I'll be running my own little outfit and paying you forty a month and the run of your teeth."

"If the Stock Association don't get too nosey," Al put in.

"I can account for every hoof of stock that bears my brand, and my cows don't have no more calves nor oftener than other folks' cows," Curt says. "There wouldn't be many to account for if I'd been putting in my time hunting trouble done up in dotted Swiss muslin and tied with pink ribbons. I ain't been a-spending my substance on store clothes and silk handkerchiefs and scented soap and livery rigs, like you've done, according to your tell."

Al studied on that for a spell. "Maybe you're right," he says fin'ly. "You've put it to me in a new light, and it's worth thinking over. You think he's got the right of it, Sam?" he says to me.

"Yes and no," I makes reply. "In some respects," I says, "he may or may not be right, and on the other hand, it's prob'le that he's likely to be wrong if you look at it from the op'site point of view. I'd say that it all depended; although, looking at it impartially, I admit that I may be mistaken."

"That ought to settle it," says Al. "In other words, the whichness of the what desiccates the confabulation of its influence. Well, me, I never did think a fence was a good place to set, so I declare myself in with Curt. That's a right pious idee of yours, Curt, and I'll try it myself."

The next day the sun rose bright in a clear sky, and by noon you wouldn't never have suspicioned that there had been a drop of rain in a month. George Turner had set Curt and Al to work fencing in some stacks and I had gone out with Billy Diston, the other Oarlock boy, to gather in a couple of my work oxen that had got off from me and was running with a bunch of George's cattle on the north side of Pass Creek. I needed them oxen for my next Sidney trip; but when we'd rounded 'em up I come to the conclusion that I'd put 'em in George's corral when we got back to the ranch and then take in the dance at Hoagland's. Billy allowed it was a-going to be some consid'able dance, with the new melodeon that Hoagland had just bought for Susie to go with Matt's fiddle. Also there'd be a bunch of young folks Ted Petty was a-going to bring over from Minnekahta, including of Miss Cora Fanshawe from Deadwood, who was a-visiting Rose Gilman, the fair daughter of Pete Gilman, the popular hardware dealer and farm implements. Billy had a heap to say about the expected doings. He'd seen this Cora lady, and there wasn't

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I Seen a Couple of Fellers Off a Piece on the Prairie, and When I Waved to Them They Come Up, and They Was George Turner and Curt Vincy

GAS AND THE GAMES

By John R. Tunis

ILLUSTRATED BY ROBERT W. STEWART

WHO fills the stadium? On one Saturday last November 500,000 spectators watched collegiate football contests in various parts of the United States. Four hundred and fifty thousand graduates and their friends saw the Yale eleven play during 1929. Why did they go to the games? Probably nothing like that number could be gathered together out of devotion to sport or loyalty to Yale. They were there partly because of newspaper ballyhoo.

To discover what has brought about phenomena of this kind—for it can easily be duplicated at other seasons and in other sports—exactly to find out what causes are responsible, you must first drop back in history some thirty years. In those days the sporting news in the press was of a much-restrained nature. As early as 1898, it is true, the big football games among the colleges had begun to get headlines on the front pages of the Sunday newspapers; but except for football, amateur sports figured hardly at all in the news of the day. Little attention was paid to lawn tennis, golf had yet to become a sport for the millions, while polo, swimming, and the various indoor winter games so popular at the present were seldom mentioned. Instead, the fillers of space upon the sporting pages of the period were mostly professional sports—horse racing, boxing, and especially baseball. Why especially baseball? For the simple reason that baseball at the time held a grip upon the entire nation that is at present divided with football and other sports. Then baseball was indeed our National Game.

Building Permanent Circulation

NOW, the average American daily lives not on its subscribers but on its advertisements. To get advertisements, however, it must get readers—in other words, the first problem of the newspaper editor was one of circulation. How to obtain circulation? Various things are circulation builders—wars, for instance, political news, and so forth. But wars cannot be manufactured overnight, and political news is seasonal and limited. English newspapers have successfully tried health insurance, accident insurance, word puzzles, and the like; some few American newspapers also. Not long ago a big city daily gave an automobile away every day for the best joke submitted. More than 12,000 letters a day poured in, a special staff of men was hired to deal with the contest, staff reporters were sent out to investigate the authenticity of the jokes, and the cost was immense, the price of the daily automobile being the least expense. Here was a circulation builder. But directly the contest was over, circulation fell off again. So the editor looked about for some sure and steady means of increasing his readers.

One day it dawned upon this gentleman that there was, perhaps, no better way of securing circulation than by making baseball fans. This was his reasoning and this was the way it actually worked out. You played up baseball on the front page, you smeared the score and the results all over the inside pages, and soon you began to make Mr. American Citizen a fan merely by the reiteration of the fact that the Athletics and the Cubs were having a terrific fight in their respective leagues. You appealed to the inherent sporting idealism which lies latent in every American, and before long you had made a fan. Once having made a fan, you made a reader. More important was the fact that he took the paper home at night and left it around the house. When you had got fifty or sixty thousand of him and his womenfolk, you had an exceedingly powerful weapon to use upon prospective advertisers. Small wonder that the newspaper owner of thirty years ago played up baseball and other professional sports at a time when the nation was not as sports crazy as it is today.

Skip two decades. The war is raging in Europe, but on this side of the Atlantic we are interested in a big chap named George Gipp, of Notre Dame, who was running riot on Western football gridirons, while Ty Cobb was leading the American League in batting. That one page devoted rather anonymously to sports in the big-city newspaper in 1900 had grown; it was doubled, and at times during the height of the sporting season even tripled. Total sports reading matter was more than 1000 inches a week in the average newspaper as against 400 inches in 1900. But a change in the contents of the sporting pages is also noticeable. More than half the sport space was being given to amateur games that were hardly mentioned fifteen years previously—games like golf, lawn tennis, swimming, polo, and others.

Playing Up the Amateur Sports

THE increasing interest and the value of the sports page to the newspaper business office are nowhere better shown than by comparing that one page of sports in 1900 with the two or three pages in 1915. The newspaper which was giving away cars early in the century had turned its efforts to sports and was playing them up on the front pages with headlines. Was this good business? Was this policy successful?

Well, the circulation of the paper increased—not in one huge jump, as it did when the cars were given away, only to fall back once the contest was over—but steadily, consistently—56,000 in 1900, 67,000 in 1910, to 87,000 in 1915. The editor of that newspaper began to realize he was on the right track.

In 1920—five years later—the newspaper which, in 1915, was carrying 1000 inches of sports news a week had increased the space to 1500 inches. And of this sum, more than 1000 inches was devoted to amateur sports. A new reading public was being educated to a perusal of the sports pages, and no one appreciated this better than the newspaper owners. But the greatest change of all came between 1920 and 1925.

In 1925 the total sports matter had jumped to 2000 inches a week. The surprising thing, however, was not so much the increase, as it was the inclusion of new material—material of an editorial nature. The bare comment on games, the mere outlines and details and accounts of sport were being supplemented by background, by columns of chatter and gossip, by cartoons and photographs and sketches which had not been seen five years previously. The new sports-reading public was being diligently catered to by the newspapers in many ways; in some dailies a regular column on women's sports showed that the interest in and the advent of the feminine sex in athletics was not being passed by unnoticed. Sauce for the goose was obviously apple sauce for the gander. Sports were no more a thing for father; they were a subject of concern

Once Having Made a Fan, You Made a Reader. More Important Was the Fact That He Took the Paper Home at Night and Left it Around the House

More Than Half the Sport Space Was Being Given to Amateur Games That Were Hardly Mentioned Fifteen Years Previously

and a topic of lively discussion at the dinner table for the entire family.

What has made football the game it is today—a sport that is fast taking the place of baseball as the great national game of the United States? The fact that it appeals as a hard, two-fisted game to millions of clean-blooded Americans? That it quickens the heartbeat and hastens the pulse of the expert and the uninitiated alike? Yes—perhaps—but something more. What then? The fact that it is essentially an American game, played by Americans for an American crowd, a game the like of which—as those who know sports internationally will testify—you can see in no other land? Maybe. But still again, there is a deeper reason yet. The thing that has made football what it is today, that has pushed it into the front wave of sports in the United States, is the press. Newspaper publicity fills stadia, and don't you forget it.

Off the Diamond Onto the Gridiron

CANNY men with their fingers on the public pulse saw the gradual effect baseball was having in the business of getting circulation, and cast about for something to supplant it when the November winds made such a game impossible. Their eyes fell upon football. Here was a typical American sport. It translated into terms of action the sporting idealism of the American race. It was a college game, and a game that had grown fast and was likely to grow faster. So, the moment the baseball season died away, the hordes of sporting reporters were turned loose upon the gridirons. If you wish a happy thought for the day, reflect that if baseball had been an all-year-round game there would be many less football stadia today.

Under the circumstances, it is easy to appreciate why the editor and the sporting editor are willing and anxious to play up baseball and football.

The American sports lover must not be told that the athletic life of the land is in anything but a healthy condition. To do so would amount to being a traitor to the cause. It would disillusion the newspaper reader; it might quench the inherent idealism in sports which is born and bred in every youngster in the United States. But most of all, it would discourage a potential customer. It would break and not make circulation. Accordingly, the sporting news must be played up as glorious and magnificent; the dull, the shoddy, the second-rate in sports must be left unsaid. A friend of mine on a big Pennsylvania daily once covered a football game between two well-known universities which was so tiresome and so uninspired as an afternoon of real sport that he could with difficulty keep awake. Merely to see what his sporting editor would do, he began his account of the game like this:

> In a game between two third-rate elevens that was featured by a vast amount of fifth-rate football, the University of —— defeated —— University in a game that ended in a burst of thrills in the last moments, when Doe kicked a field goal in the final ten minutes of play.

This was heresy. To make the report exciting, to stimulate the American sporting idealist, and thereby make him a devout and devoted follower of the sports pages, the story appeared the next morning in a different guise:

> The sun sank over the rim of the Blank Stadium in a burst of dying red while twenty-two haggard heroes fought an epic contest upon the battle-scarred gridiron at —— University yesterday, and 50,000 frenzied spectators yelled themselves hoarse while —— rose to the occasion and kicked a field goal in the last ten seconds of play to win a bitter battle for —— University.

This is not fiction; it is fact—football fact. The idea that football—all football, every football game that takes place—is not an epic struggle, not a great and mighty and stupendous sporting event, but a rather dull and tiresome affair; that the players were not all Jim Thorpes or Red Granges, but young men in moleskins who fumbled and made mistakes and errors of judgment—that was not good newspaper copy. My friend who wrote the story stating the contrary should have known better.

Baseball over, comes football, as the movies say—or used to say. What then?

The Football Team is the Advertising Medium of the College Today

It is true that the winter months are not propitious for the sports ballyhoo, that it is a bad time for the sports racket. But the press can make much of little. There is no business proposition in the world that gets as much free advertising space in the press as professional baseball, unless it is professional boxing. To check up on the accuracy of this, you have only to compare the theatrical advertisements of an average newspaper and the space allotted to dramatic reviews with the baseball and boxing advertisements and the space devoted to these games. But boxing is a space filler in those turgid winter months when sports are dead and public interest in athletics is at a correspondingly low ebb.

As everyone knows, the boxing game of late years has become big business. First one and then another heavyweight champion retires a millionaire. Let us suppose you are a professional fight manager with a second-rate fighter signed up. If he wins his early bouts, you are justified in taking him into the big time, you can bring him along to the larger cities, where the boxing trust can make or break your man. And if he continues to get by in his encounters in the ring, you will pick up the sports pages before long to find him described as Likely Heavyweight Contender. And you are off on the merry chase for gold. If circumstances continue to favor you—if the champion can find no opponents, and knows he can easily defeat your man—it may well be that within a short time your protégé will be linked to fight the giant in the Battle of the Century.

Playing Up

THEN the newspaper pressure begins. His photograph signing the contract appears in all the picture sections. The sporting pages are full of implications and predictions and references to the impending clash and your man's chances. As the day draws near, the half columns turn into columns, the pictures multiply, the training camp is a meeting place for all the sports writers of all the big dailies in the country.

(Continued on Page 44)

SOLD OUT

By THOMAS McMORROW

ILLUSTRATED BY RAEBURN VAN BUREN

I WAS seated in my car in the Buckingham Duchess, having a look at the financial pages of my newspaper to see what my investments were doing. I venture to say that I hadn't been informing myself more than a very short while, when Mr. Limbuster, the super, came down to me and spoke to me in a nasty tone of voice.

"Are you deaf as well as dumb, Wott?" he said. "Hear that bell, don't you?"

"I understand perfectly about all that, Mr. Limbuster," said I, not fancying him at all. "This house is like a perfect madhouse—bells ringing all the time."

"For you!" he cried.

"Oh, very well, Mr. Limbuster," said I, not stopping to banter with him; and I closed the door of my car and ran it up to the seventh floor to answer the call. There was nobody there; I might have known it. The ladies in the Buckingham Duchess are like that—it's an apartment hotel for ladies, you understand—they ring the elevator bell like perfect mad, and when you finally answer with the car, why, they've walked downstairs. Not that I'm complaining; it's the nature of the sex, and I trust I have not come to the age of forty-three and an independent position in life without learning something of woman. I take it all very philosophically.

"Yes, my dear?" I called, stepping out into the corridor and looking for my prospective passenger, but in vain.

However, not entirely in vain, as nothing is in this life if one is open-minded—I saw Jennie Dugan—she that was—making up one of the ladies' apartments near by. Jennie and I were affianced—engaged, you know—engaged to be married. I'm frank with you because I would not have you think I make free with females in general; that sort of thing is low, and I should not have been employed in the Buckingham Duchess had I been addicted. But Jennie and I were on a footing, and so, for a bit of fun—and what is life without a bit of fun?—I stole quietly in behind her and clapped my hands over her blue eyes and kissed the back of her delightful neck.

"When You're Wanted in Your Car We Got to Broadcast for You Over the Radio, But When You're Not Wanted, There's Two of You and Two More Coming"

She started and laughed, and said in a soft voice, "Oh, Mr. Limbuster, you rogue, you."

"Why, Jennie!" said I, not liking it.

"As if I wouldn't know your red mustache, Davie," she laughed, so pleased to have deceived me.

"But that's not the point, Jennie," I said, quite stern with her, and offish. No one, I trust, can accuse me of being brutal to women—men who love horses, they say, are cruel to women, and I prefer motors, even taxicabs—oh, vastly—but a man must always make women understand. "I'll be short and plain with you, my girl."

"No, what I like is never the point," she pouted. "You can't help being short and plain, Davie, and I love you for it, and I wouldn't look at Mr. Limbuster if he was twice as tall as that chandelier, and handsome; but you know I don't like a red mustache, and why you keep it up I can't imagine. You just love to make me suffer." And she put her arms about me and kissed me with a slight sob, closing her eyes.

"Jennie," said I, bringing out the newspaper, "I've won quite a bit of money in the stocks, and if you can't pay me back that dollar and a half you've had of me, I'll let it run on till next week and it will be quite all right." You understand my treatment, if you understand women; they love a man for himself, and all that, but they won't have a mean, small man.

"How much, Davie?"

"Why," said I, "it will go to nigh a hundred dollars."

"Oh, Davie," she said, "you are so passionate!"

Shortly thereafter I heard Mr. Limbuster calling her in the corridor; and in a very different tone, too, from the way he had said, "Are you deaf as well as dumb, Wott?"

He called, "Oh, Jennie."

I stepped to the door and I folded my arms and I said, "Are you calling anyone, Mr. Limbuster?"

"What in the blazes," he said, greatly daunted and confused, as you may well believe, but striving to hide it by bristling up to me and seizing me by the shoulder and shaking his fist in my face. "Are you here, too, you little wart hog?" he bullied. "I'd like to sink that in you up to the solid-gold cuff button. When you're wanted in your car we got to broadcast for you over the radio, but when you're not wanted, there's two of you and two more coming. Go down and turn in your uniform!" I could have leveled him with a blow, the big bully, but what does one get by violence? We must have discipline.

"As you please, Mr. Limbuster." . . . For twenty-five a week and tips? And you know what tips amount to in the Buckingham Duchess—pshaw. In any event, Miss Cranford entered at the time—she whose apartment Jennie was readying.

That passed off pleasantly, but there was a disagreeable aftermath. I went below and changed into my street clothes and called up Miss Cranford's apartment on the house telephone to wish Jennie good-by. I heard the telephone taken down, and I whispered, "Is this you, sweetheart? Jennie! Is he gone yet?"

And quite as cautious, a whisper said, "Yes, but Miss Cranford is here."

Then whispered I, "Kiss me, sweetheart," and I received quite an eager kiss over the wire. I kissed back and was kissed again, and then I was taken aback to see Jennie beside me; she had come down to wish me farewell in person. I cried aloud, "Why, Jennie!"

And Mr. Limbuster cried roughly, "Who in the blazes am I kissing down there?"

And Jennie cried jealously, "Who are you kissing good-by, you sneak?"

I could not very well say "Mr. Limbuster," because—well, how could I, you know? It was most awkward. Jennie was in a tantrum, and I could not stay to convince her of the truth, because I knew that Mr. Limbuster would arrive momentarily and altogether furious, and though I should have enjoyed thrashing him, as he richly deserved, I had to remember that there was a lady present. I left the Buckingham Duchess at once. Some things are better passed over in charitable silence, aren't they, now?

I went to the agent's office on Columbus Avenue and had my salary of him; he said that he could not stop out of her wages the dollar-fifty that I had lent Jennie, and I said that I wasn't pressing the matter but merely mentioning it. I am a stickler in money matters, but after all the loan had been advanced more in sentiment than in a business way. And then, with the day to spend, I went to the offices of my brokers—Trout & Renard—on West Forty-eighth Street.

I am on a very different footing in Trout & Renard's, you may believe me. There is not someone eternally shouting, "Wott! Wott! Wott!" like the blows of a hammer until I have to stop my ears. In Trout & Renard's I am Mr. Wott, as any gentleman should be. In a word, I am not only respected but popular.

The offices are managed by two chaps named respectively Bert Casagher and Walter Waler. Mr. Casagher—or Bert, as he is frequently addressed—is a dashing chap, slender, but well-formed, with merry blue eyes and black eyebrows, and a most attractive smile; his associate—frequently known as Walter—leans more toward majesty, being of the proportions of a large pugilist; an illusion which is furthered by his closely cropped head. These gentlemen—for they are gentlemen—sit beside each other at desks near where one enters, so that their glances may range the customers' room and hold everything under control; they are ordinarily silent and collected, leaning forward with loosely folded hands and gazing endlessly at the illuminated ticker over the quotations board. From time to time, as the number of one or the other flashes in characters of red fire in a panel to one side of the board, they lift their telephones—which are of the chic European type—and give to their clients the best and shrewdest advice. Before them and ranged down the side of the room are the four desks of informative and affable chaps known commonly as customers' men; the body of the room is given over to the customers and is comfortably and even luxuriously furnished with armchairs, smoking stands and cuspidors. One may recline at ease here by the hour or day and devote oneself to meditation on the status of one's investments, as one never may, I assure you, in the basement of the Buckingham Duchess. An atmosphere of bonhomie reigns.

"Good morning, Mr. Waler," said I, helping myself to two cigarettes from the package on his desk—it is quite all right, I assure you. "And what of the market?"

"Did Anybody Else Here Give an Order to Sell Out Mr. Wott at the Market?"

"Tobacco is being distributed, I see," he vouchsafed, frowning thoughtfully. "Not short, are you, Mr. Wott? . . . You don't tell me. And I have good reason, too, to expect an immediate run on American Match. . . . Here, have a light, Mr. Wott."

"Thank you, Mr. Waler. Tobacco, eh?" I had no Tobacco, but if there had been a distribution it would be well to buy a bit. If you are not familiar with market customs, let me explain that when a stock rises to heights that put it quite beyond the investor, it is at once lowered. For example, we will suppose that Tobacco has risen to 400; the directors, finding that they cannot sell stock at that price, lower it at once to 40 or some such attractive figure. The public hastens to buy, driving the stock up again, when the directors repeat the maneuver, and so *ad infinitum*. It is the law of supply and demand. One must, however, be alert to sell when one has a good profit; one must not let the directors catch one napping or one will be sadly left. And there is no recourse, I assure you, when one's stock goes down. The wise investor will give over his business or avocation, which can yield him only a bare living at the best, and will sit eternally by the ticker to catch these market swings. There were many such shrewd chaps in the offices of Trout & Renard—doctors, lawyers, business men, mechanics, housewives—who had abandoned their ordinary work to devote themselves exclusively to making fortunes, and with very gratifying results. I knew many of them personally, believe me. Here was a lady who had fifty thousand dollars profits in Nickel Can, and a lawyer who was sitting tight on Electric Chair with no less than one hundred and eighty thousand dollars profits, and a master bricklayer who was in Rubber Nail and twenty-seven thousand dollars the better for it. Now, I, too, was free to nourish my investments, instead of being under the heavy thumb of that impossible Mr. Limbuster. I hurried to the order window and jotted on the pad, "Buy 2 Tobacco G. T. C. at 40," and gave it in at once.

"Oh, Mr. Wott!" called Mr. Waler, beckoning.

"Now, Mr. Wott," said he, frowning, "I want to give you a piece of advice. Why don't you put your orders in through one man? You've been putting in orders through me and through Bert and through the boys there, and now I see you putting in your own. You're going to get yourself in trouble, mark my words. You're nobody's customer, Mr. Wott, and nobody is looking out for you in particular. If one of us makes a mistake in your account, the firm will make good, but if you take care of yourself you will have no redress. And we all make mistakes now and then, Mr. Wott."

"If it's a matter of giving you my business, Mr. Waler ——" I began, smiling shrewdly.

But he said, "Oh, no, though it is a very valuable account. We're all on salary, Mr. Wott."

"Then shall I say prestige?" said I.

"That's the word," he said gratefully.

I had reason to recall this conversation later, as you will shortly perceive, but it did not impress me at the moment. "Pshaw," said I to myself, smilingly, "I understand perfectly about all that."

One circulates, dispensing and receiving information and opinion. The stock market, you are probably aware, is not conducted on modern business principles—it is not a one-price institution. A stock may be quoted at 25, but, when you choose to buy it, Trout & Renard will not sell it to you for less than 27; or again, through some inadvertence, they may sell it to you for twenty-four dollars and fifty cents. These changes, which are quite confusing, are known as fluctuations; one must chaffer, offering less—putting in under the market, as they say. You would have a like case if you should offer four cents instead of the customary five for a ride in the Subway, and should then seat yourself to wait, saying "I might get it." Frequently one knows in advance the price at which stock will be sold in the near future, and then one buys or sells accordingly and hastens to advise everyone to do likewise. This is very kind and generous, but there is this camaraderie, if you can believe. And so, seeing Mr. Casagher speaking in a corner to a large operator—a chap who bought and sold stocks by the thousands—I sauntered over and joined them.

Mr. Casagher said, "I've been eighteen years in the Street, Ted, and therefore I don't know a thing about this market. I've been wrong on it for two years and you won't mind me being wrong on it once again—shorten your commitments! Speaking as an ordinary darned fool, I can't see where a stock paying 4 per cent and with a book value of eighty-seven dollars is worth any 256."

"Ah," said I, "I understand perfectly about all that, Mr. Casagher, but you forget that we must discount future earnings. Nobody ever lost yet by being a bull on the United States! Let me give you a bit of my own experience. Some time ago I bought ten shares of Trapp Investors at 8¾ ——"

They ceased conversing at once and stared at me attentively, but before I could complete the illustration Mr. Casagher said, "Let's go into a private room." We adjourned to a private office, since he would have it so, though I didn't mind being overheard, and there I detailed my experience with Trapp Investors and they listened like men in chains. But I had to bring my story to a close, as a boy went by the door at this juncture with the loaves and fishes, as the office lunch was quaintly called.

Messrs. Casagher and Waler and the customers' men do not go out for their midday meal, as the market is open during the noon period. They have several loaves of bread brought in, with choice sardines, anchovies, and the like, and one enters the room where these edibles are bestowed and helps oneself. My relief at the Buckingham Duchess came on commonly at twelve o'clock, and it had been my custom to hurry to my brokers' to learn of the market, and thus I had developed a relish for anchovies. I was eating anchovies hastily, as one eats under the pressure of business, when the customers' men began to arrive, and with them Mr. Waler.

"Another raid on foodstuffs, boys," he said, shaking his head. "Help yourself, Mr. Wott. I don't know what we'd do with the anchovies if it weren't for you—probably have to eat them."

The customers' men were equally pressing, truly most hospitable, nor would they touch an anchovy. This proved fortunate for them, but no better than the good chaps deserved after standing about and watching me with beaming eyes. For, believe me, the anchovies had not been at all tasty—strangely bitter—and hardly had I finished them and made a tender for the sardines than I was oppressed with a sense of disaster. In a word, I became actively ill. But even this episode was productive of good; when one is afflicted and downcast, one learns who are one's friends, and isn't it so? I had always known that I was liked in Trout & Renard's, but I did not know how warmly. Even the board clerks—agile and dexterous young chaps who dodge about and change quotations—deserted their pivotal tasks to come in and commiserate with me; and the margin clerks—though they had little else to do in that big bull market—took turns in holding my head. It was all very gratifying, except that I contracted such an aversion to all manner of preserved fish. I could not stomach it again—no, I could not—though they cried to me, "How about

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They Ceased Conversing at Once and Stared at Me Attentively, But Before I Could Complete the Illustration Mr. Casagher Said, "Let's Go Into a Private Room"

THEME SONG

By Nina Wilcox Putnam

ILLUSTRATED BY H. R. BALLINGER

JUST kindly remember that even a worm will turn, and when it does, it's exactly the same on the other side, Mr. Jackson!

I don't know why, but when a person who has been walked on all their life suddenly gets fed up with being cast as a doormat, everybody expects 'em to be completely different. And so they pull that line about the worm turning, and watch to see the worm grow whiskers and be a lion, and worms don't—not even in Hollywood! Yet I'd bet that when the Motion Picture Mirror sent you around here to get the dope on Benny Boston, you expected to find him so fierce he'd likely crack you one in the jaw and then ask you what you wanted. Am I right? And yet what did Benny do? Blushed up to his ears, and ran upstairs, leaving me to talk to you! And you're surprised? Well, then, just remember what I said about worms. They don't change just by turning, and that goes for theme-song writers too.

No; no, indeed, Mr. Jackson, I do not consider Mr. Boston a worm! I should say not! Why, my regard for Benny goes way back East to New York, when I first commenced to fight with him. . . . Over what? Well, Mr. Jackson, I suppose it will seem unimportant to a big motion-picture-magazine interviewer like yourself, but Benny and I used to fight over my clothes, because he never noticed what I had on, and I like to consider myself a well-dressed girl.

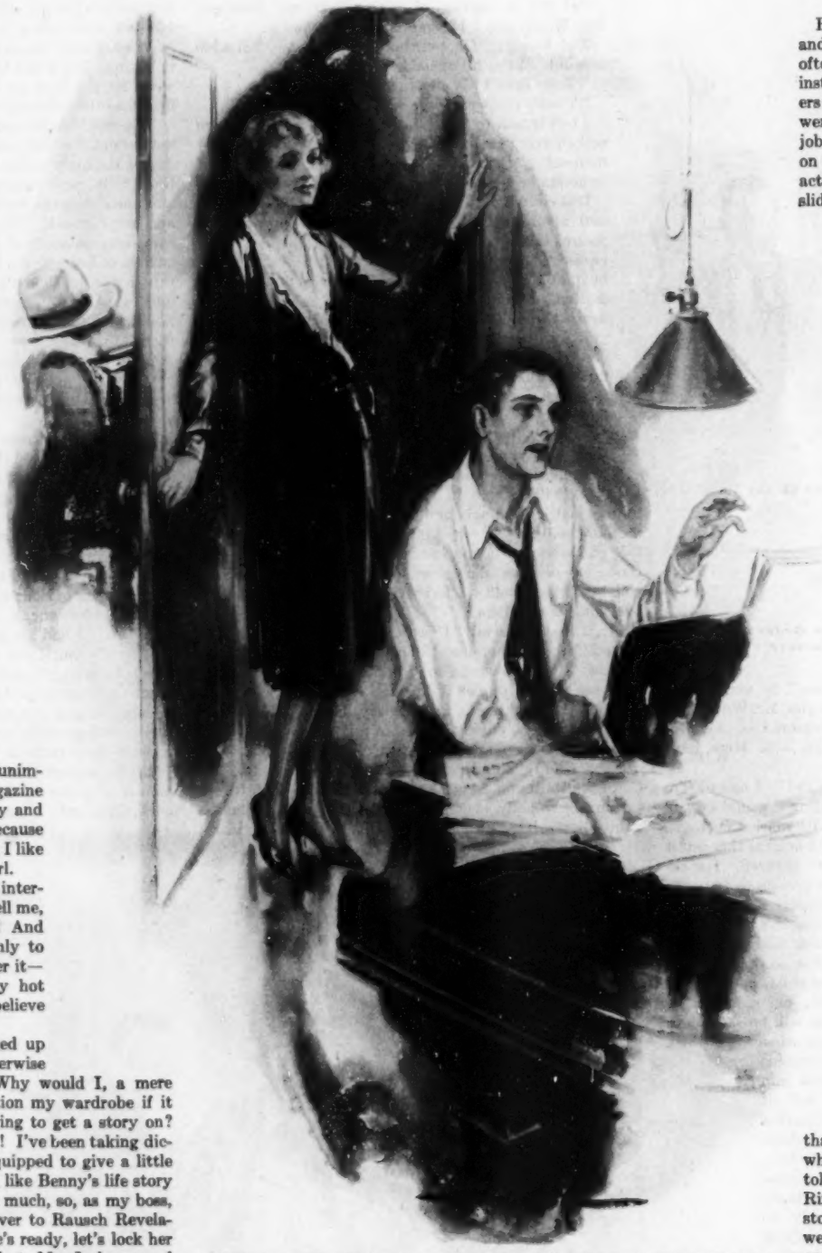
"It's not the silks and satins I'm interested in, Kitty baby!" he used to tell me, and consider it flattery, mind you! And so, when I finally got him not only to notice that sweater but to remember it—well, it must have been a pretty hot sweater, eh, Mr. Jackson? And believe me, it was!

Certainly the sweater is all mixed up with Benny Boston's life story, otherwise I wouldn't have mentioned it. Why would I, a mere motion-picture stenographer, mention my wardrobe if it didn't concern the man you're trying to get a story on? I know what you need, don't worry! I've been taking dictation so long now, I guess I'm equipped to give a little for a change. And probably you'd like Benny's life story right from the start? I thought as much, so, as my boss, Mr. Wangle, our studio manager over to Rausch Revelation Reels, would say, "if the mike's ready, let's lock her up." You tell me if I speak too fast, Mr. Jackson, and I'll spell all the hard words for you.

Well, to commence with, we'll have to go back to the old days in Tin Pan Alley, and the deal between Eddie Rimmel and Benny. Of course, you know Rimmel's songs, Mr. Jackson; I don't hardly need to mention Half a Heart or Tweedidle Dum or Crazy Baby. He's had more hits than Dempsey ever gave! And of course he owned the Rimmel Music Company, which published his own songs, and where Benny worked when I first met him.

Yes, sure, I worked there, too; although with all them pianos going at the same time, and with saxophones squeaking, pluggers rehearsing and royalty checks rolling in and banging against our doors, it's a wonder how I got any typing done at all. But I did. I was Eddie Rimmel's own stenog, and what I didn't know about his private business wasn't worth a dollar's blackmail. I was never crazy over Rimmel, but please, Mr. Jackson, don't call him a grapefruit—I'm on this eighteen-day Hollywood diet and I hate to be reminded of it.

Well, anyways, as I was saying, when I first met him, Benny was working for Rimmel on a starvation contract. He drew thirty dollars a week against royalties that never came in, because Benny just naturally couldn't seem to make a noise that could be heard above the traffic. He could write down sheet music with both hands at once or upside down, and nail a tune to the staff as fast as one of these handless composers could sing it to him. And he was hot at orchestration too. But his own tunes were generally pretty wet. Even I had to admit that, and I liked Benny, even if he only had thirty a week and a mother.



There Was Fire in His Eyes, Because in His Misery He Had Turned to the Only Resource That Was Any Help to Him—His Work

Yes, Boston is his real name. I believe it was originally something else, but his parents were troupers with an old-style burlesque show that went on the rocks in Boston through crashing into the censor, and so, his father having died and his mother wanting to forget the past, she thought it a good idea to spend fifty bucks on naming herself after the town that took her off the stage. So Benny has a legal right to the name, anyways.

Well, Benny, who always had a craze for stage music, began by singing in Boston saloons, and then he was out with an act for a while, but the life didn't suit his quiet, shy nature. It was natural to him to Say It With Music, so he quit vaudeville and got a job playing the piano in a moving-picture house in Cambridge.

He liked that work, so he's told me, and used to follow the pictures real good, often making up pieces to go with them instead of sticking to Hearts and Flowers or whatever current popular number went good with comedies. He kept this job several years and took music lessons on the side from an old boy—a retired act that used to sing songs with colored slides to illustrate them in the old days, but now ran a small boarding house where Benny and his mother lived. This teacher still had the slides, and would sometimes show them to Benny, who got an idea for a piece looking at 'em, and wrote Sing a Song of Yesterday. It was a real nice tune, and Benny thought it was so good, he personally took it down to Tin Pan Alley to try and sell it.

Well, he did. He sold it outright to Rimmel for a hundred smackers, and thought his fortune was made; especially when Rimmel, in addition, offered to give him a small drawing account to do harmonizations and orchestra scores, and, in his odd moments, write original stuff. The moments were certainly odd, all right, for Benny had been handed a sucker contract, and under it, if any jack had come in from Benny's originals, it would have automatically leaped for Rimmel's pocketbook. However, Benny was too green and innocent to know what had been put over on him, and besides, Song of Yesterday was a flop and there was no royalties to worry over. So Benny thought his boss was his best friend on earth, bought himself a yellow bamboo cane and a green felt hat, and took possession of his cubicle and a loose-jointed piano, as happy as if he'd been the prince of West Forty-sixth Street.

But he didn't turn out any tunes worth printing. He even tried waltzes, which any sap can alibi with, but it was no go. No matter what he wrote, there was always something lacking in it that let it die where it fell. One day when he was giving dictation, Rimmel told me just what the matter was; for Rimmel knew everything, including who stole Charley Ross, only he was afraid we office force would forget he was the one they copied the encyclopedia from if he didn't constantly remind us of the fact.

"The trouble with Boston," says he with an air of finality, "is that he ain't got guts enough to go out and sell his stuff. He's got no more idea of how to get one of his songs properly plugged than a jellyfish has of how to get plastered. It's not that his stuff is rotten; it ain't, or I would never have signed him. Lots of rottener songs than his have sold thirty thousand and up, but they've been plugged. I believe the kid's too shy to approach a ham with an offer of a cut-in on royalties!"

Well, in a way, Mr. Jackson, Rimmel was right. It was perfectly true that Benny Boston had no idea of being able to pull the old army game with his stuff. By which, of course, I don't have to explain to you, Mr. Jackson, that I mean getting acts to carry his tune, bands or orchestras to play it, and maybe a big actor to appear on the cover as co-author. Benny just couldn't do that. It takes personality, push and a thick skin, and Benny had none of 'em.

But Mr. Rimmel was wrong when he thought that was all that ailed Benny's work, and before Benny had been with us a week, I knew what his real trouble was.

Benny carried his business and artistic shyness into his private life, and believe it or not, he had never been in love!

Well, naturally, out of common kindness, Mr. Jackson, I immediately undertook to cure that. I didn't mention my big-hearted plan to anyone, because what would I get for falling for an Alleyite on a wabbly drawing account, except a horse laugh? But somehow I couldn't help fal'ing just the same. Benny was sort of lost and weak-looking when he got away from his piano, as if he'd let go of the only thing he had to cling to in a stormy world. Artistic temperament is what you magazine writers call it, I guess, and Benny Boston had it in large quantities. In fact, it was the only thing he'd plenty of.

So I started my own version of Button Up Your Overcoat on him, and, first thing you know, I was in deep myself. For Benny, deriving from Boston as he did, was a real gentleman at heart, in spite of the yellow cane and green hat; and a girl who works around loud-mouthed offices such as I have, learns to appreciate that. And so, with no more prospects before us than a lot of silent photoplays now have, we were informally engaged. There wasn't any ring, Mr. Jackson—not even an installment one—because I wouldn't let him. Benny was in debt to Rimmel on his royalty account right then, and far be it from me to let him tie himself up for a chunk of cracked ice that couldn't even be hocked in an emergency. I never believe in rolling a guy that hasn't got it, if you know what I mean, although there are plenty of girls who will accept a fountain drink even if it costs a boy his breakfast coffee.

Well, anyways, things were jake with us except for the fact that Benny couldn't seem to make up any tunes that caused the neighbors in Tin Pan Alley to glue their ears to the walls trying to hear it before the public did. And only for ma we would have gone on happy and contented with each other, and not worrying because the silver lining in the clouds Benny wrote about so often couldn't be cashed in on.

You see, Mr. Jackson, ma had the idea I was terrible good-looking. She's Funny That Way. And, of course, people often do tell me I look a lot like Lila La Farge. And ma, ever since I was old enough to put on short skirts, had been goofy about getting me into the pictures. She always claimed I wouldn't be the first stenographer who made it, and so far she was right. Come West, Little Girl, Come West, was her favorite song, but as long as she had a traveling mind, but no railroad fare, I hung on to the old job at Rimmel's. And then grandpa died and left her the insurance, and so ma economized on the funeral and had enough left over to take us to California—and then try and stop her!

I fought and cried over it, because I didn't want to leave Benny, but in the end it was he made me go.

"Look here, Kitty," he says. "You got to be fair to yourself. If I stood in your way I'd never get over it. What have I to offer you now? I can't give you anything but love, baby! But I'll work like the devil and, first thing you know, I'll get dough enough to come out and join you."

He was thinking only of me, and in the end he and ma between them talked me into going. In a way I was terrible excited and pleased. I hadn't read your magazine for nothing, Mr. Jackson, and all the other motion-picture books as well. I'd even written in once and asked Greta Garbo's nationality and got a big kick out of reading the answer over my initials in your Among the Twinklers column. But gee, I certainly never thought I'd be giving out one of those interviews commencing "I found the famous So-and-So in her charming Beverly Hills home, clad in a simple suit of diamond-mounted pajamas." You know what I mean, Mr. Jackson; you write 'em all the time!

Well, as I was telling, Benny saw ma and me off on the train. He brought me violets and a book. That was Benny Boston all over—cultured, you know, the same as Gene Tunney! And I was wearing the snappiest traveling suit that ma had bought out of the insurance money, and Benny, as usual, didn't notice it until I pointed it out, and then he didn't really see it.

"Oh, hon!" he says. "T'ell with the glad rags! Send 'em on to California and let me keep you! You're the only thing in the world that matters with me, and now you're going!"

Well, he cried, and I cried, but the engineer didn't give a darn and started the train on time as per schedule. It was too late to weaken then; although I might have done so and jumped straight out the car window into his open arms after the train commenced to move, only ma held on to me and her determination, both at the same time. For, honest, Mr. Jackson, Benny looked so sad I thought he was going to die of misery right there on the platform.

But he didn't die. Instead, he went on back to the mines and wrote the song hit of the year. You remember it, of course, Mr. Jackson—When Skies are Blue, So Am I. Sure, that's Benny's. Everybody was singing it inside a month. It's what, in the music business, we call a natural. That means a song which catches right on without any plugging at all. It hit the public fancy a wallop from the day of publication, and in less than three months had sold two hundred thousand copies, to say nothing of the phonograph records, for it was recorded almost at once. Benny told me afterwards how he come to write it. It seems that all the way back from the Grand Central he'd kept looking up at the sky to keep from having to wipe the tears out of his eyes.

It was a perfect day and the sky was as blue as a sapphire. But Benny kept saying to himself, "It's a lovely day, but I can't use it; the sky is blue, but she's gone, and the sky has nothing on me for blueness!" Then all of a sudden it hit him what a good line that was for a song, and he could hardly wait to get to his piano. Then it come just as easy.

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"What Bet?" Says He. And I Had to Remind Him About How He'd Boasted You Couldn't Fool Him on Tunes

THE TORRENT OF LAWS

By Richard Washburn Child

DECORATIONS BY WYNCIE KING

IN 1929, before the year was out, 52,017 bills had been introduced in our legislatures. Enacted 16,921 new laws! Where are we going to find respect for law in 16,921 new laws?

The world has never witnessed such a stream in the whole course of its astonished career—except in this poor America—trying to be law-abiding, wanting to have obedience. All these laws are either changes made in our system of common law or additions to it in the form of regulations, restrictions and provisions for administrative government.

We may admit at once that there is some need of changes in the common law—our basic system, imported from England. These changes should be made with caution. Often they are made recklessly in forty-eight different states.

The reason why changes should be made cautiously is that the system of common law is a good system. It conceives the idea that common law is the accumulated social will based on experience—long experience—and the precedents of judicial decisions. In its natural virility it commands respect; it is more stable than the passing fancy of society, and certainly, when properly administered, demands obedience from the individual. It is true that it suffers no end of abuse. Most of that abuse has little to do with the common law; it has to do mostly with the grotesque administration of the common law. England purged herself of much of the biliousness of technicality, procedure, pleadings and ponderosity nearly sixty years ago. We are still jaundiced by the solemnity, the frivolous, nonsensical delays, hairsplitting, game of wits and intellectual tiddledywinks, which submerge the intent of common law and so often make long-retarded decisions smell of hocus-pocus, and just as often strip justice into shreds and justify the citizen's derision and distrust.

Barnacles of Technicality

THIS is not only the feeling about the prohibition law, which, unfortunately, has been allowed to shade every other consideration. It is not only true of the normal criminal law—the protection offered to our persons and property—where administration is so often so bad that wily criminals hang their heads in shame if they finally have to take punishment, but it is true of the civil law—lawsuit law—and its creaking mill, which attempts, with comparatively little corruption in most places, but with antiquity in efficiency, to mete out justice.

It is not the common law, but its administration which is to blame. Legislatures, therefore, should not hastily change the common law—which, as I have said, is really a system of great wisdom based upon the precedents and experience of the past. If made flexible it would be ready to marry that experience to the changing conditions of modern life, so that the common law would continue to be a living, adaptable law, making no haste, but accommodating its service to all the changes of the modern world—urbanization and industrialism, as distinguished from the importance of land tenure and agriculture; complexity and speed, as distinguished from simple life and long-pondered decisions in heavy old-fashioned verbiage.

Today one must admit that the common law not only fails to sail in new seas but to even greater extent is covered with barnacles of technicality, until not only does justice fail but often fails because of the existence and not the absence of courts and their absurdities.

Out of hundreds of cases available, let me tell this one which was widely reported in the press: A truck of A Corporation was hauling bricks for B Company. Driving, so it was said, on the wrong side of the street, it ran over a girl three years old. She lost her leg.

After six years of crutches and wooden legs, the girl arrived before the bar of justice. The judge dismissed the suit against the A Corporation, whose employe was driving the truck, and gave the jury the suit against the B Company. Damages $15,000. Now an appeal from this to the Appellate Division. What did the judges say?

They said it was not B Company but A Corporation which was liable. The trial judge's mental foot had slipped! And what else was said? This was said: The cripple now had no remedy against anyone! Said the learned judges:

"This disposition produces an unfortunate result for the infant plaintiff herein. She is entitled to a judgment against either the B Company or the A Corporation. She is now without a judgment against either. This result accrues because the trial court improperly dismissed the complaint as to the A Corporation, and incorrectly held that the B Company was responsible as a matter of law for the driver's acts.

"This error of the trial court would be excusable, but for the fact that it resulted from the court's improper refusal to examine the authorities which were proffered by counsel for the B Company, which authorities, when applied to the facts in this record, require the reversal herein.

"If they had been examined they would have guided the court to a dismissal with respect to the B Company and a refraining from a dismissal with respect to the A Corporation.

"The trial court did not safeguard the infant plaintiff—a ward of the court—by noting an exception to the ruling made, in case it should subsequently be held to be erroneous. The plaintiff has not appealed, hence the court cannot apply the rule of disregarding the want of an exception by way of furthering justice.

"The result of all this is that upon this record the A Corporation is absolved from responsibility despite clear legal liability for the very serious injuries suffered by the infant plaintiff, and the other defendant is now freed from liability on this appeal, because, despite well-settled law, it was erroneously cast in damages at trial term. This court is powerless to save the infant plaintiff from this miscarriage of justice, due to the foregoing factors."

It is not the common law so much as the procedure, technicality and administration of it which are to be blamed for a demand to replace it for torrential statutory law passed by legislators.

Common law is constantly being pushed out of its place by the creation of commissions which directly or by indirect means are given powers of courts. The torrent of laws brings into existence labor commissions, agricultural commissions, trade commissions, commerce commissions, public-service commissions. Commissions and more commissions! And with them power to subpœna witnesses, power to inspect and pry, power to make decisions and issue regulations.

No small danger attendant on this reaction against the courts by replacing some of their functions by commissions is the growth of bureaucracy. Which is to blame for it—the behavior of antiquated court machinery and lack of simple common sense, or the passion for legislation which lies in little fanatic minds?

The Evils of Centralization

I HAVE so often tried to set forth in THE SATURDAY EVENING POST all the evils of centralization, of commissions, and all the plain tendency to "let Washington do it" that I have no quarrel with the chairman of the Committee on American Citizenship in his October report to the American Bar Association. The report to the bar association says:

"That six Presidents continuously for a period of thirty years have attempted to reform the administrative branch at Washington is conclusive proof of the bureaucracy's claim to efficiency. Its inefficiency must be glaring, its extravagance flagrant, to thus engage the attention of every President for thirty years. The fact that all these Presidents failed in their efforts is striking proof of the iron grip that the bureaucrats have on Congress.

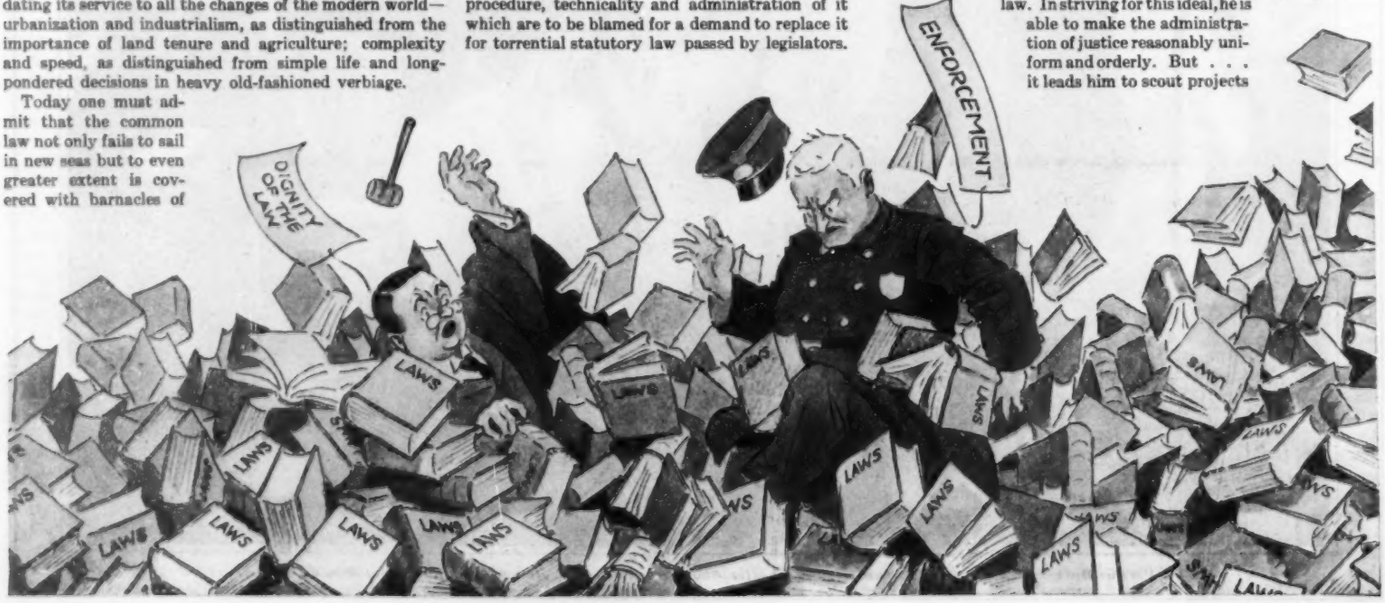
"Those of us who have come in contact with these departments on the civil side know that there is in every one of them a great deal of superannuated and senile personnel that would not be tolerated in any business. . . .

"Whatever power is given to the Federal Government must be taken from the state local governments or from your individual rights and liberty. But this transfer of power, this destruction of local self-government, goes on swiftly, with the ready acquiescence of the people to the demands of the bureaucrats for more and more power."

Says one eminent judge: "Your so-called torrent of laws has, among other things, brought into existence through legislation a new hybrid in government—the commission—a mixture of legislative, executive and judicial functions. I doubt whether we would have had half of these hybrids if our court system had not been so feeble and unsatisfactory to the public demand."

This public demand is not always wise, but no more can be said for the lawyers who oppose flexibility and efficiency of administration of the common law.

Says the head of one of our law schools: "The lawyer's ideal has been a permanent, fixed, certain law. In striving for this ideal, he is able to make the administration of justice reasonably uniform and orderly. But . . . it leads him to scout projects



for reform and to look askance at all attempts at change, lest . . . we open opportunities for the willful and the capricious."

Thus we have the legal fraternity of America exhibiting signs of digging into their dugouts while public opinion when hot and hasty is "capricious and willful," and legislators when hasty and hot are "willful and capricious."

The truth is that our torrent of laws has endless examples of bills passed and introduced because common law, lagging behind civilization and legal machinery and the bar, will not move at all, while the whimseys of an impatient and outraged public and of ill-prepared representatives in legislative sessions are saying, "Let's move fast. Let's have a law!"

Law in the Educational Field

A PARTIAL cause, then, for our torrent of law is the frantic attempt to make up by hasty legislation the need, or supposed need, for reform or replacement as is shown in this situation described by Elihu Root: "Some years ago, in Washington, I had a count made in the Library of Congress to see what body of law was coming out each year, and the report was that in the five years preceding, there had been over 2000 statutes enacted in the United States and printed in the volumes of laws of the different legislatures, and in the same time there had been over 65,000 decisions of courts of last resort delivered and printed in 630 volumes of reports. Manifestly that is an impossible situation."

It is not only "impossible" all around but it is "impossible" because of this first reason I give for it—a passion of representatives to cure the delays, the maladjustment, the solemn, gilt inefficiency of courts of common law under creaking procedure.

What with special laws attempting, in the absence of functions of the common law, to cover all phases of our new industrial, scientific, gasoline and electrically driven civilization; what with regulations having to deal with traffic and a variety of prohibitions and unheard-of attempts to regulate conduct, quite extraneous from the normal democracy's function—the orderly relation of man with man—there need be no great surprise that every legislator, mindful of the pressure of some organized part of his constituency, mindful of his little peanut political future, throws into the overflowing basket his constituents' decision that there "ought to be another law."

The economic world and the development of personal conduct have progressed, I believe, with steady sense this way and that in the stream of legislation, successfully continuing to withstand and overstand the torrent of laws. We pause to state that nearly 100,000 new laws were introduced in a year like 1926.

There are nearly 2,000,000,000 laws on our statute books. Seventeen tons of type are idle in the Government Printing Bureau. When I was a cub Washington correspondent in 1907, this accumulation of weight began a codification of United States laws. Nearly a quarter of a century later it was still unpublished because the additions, changes and accumulations have been so headlong.

All this effluvium is a product of the curse of the parliamentary disease—government by talk and government by hasty lawmaking and too much government. The people are disgusted. Whoever heard of tears being shed over any legislative adjournment?

Your respect for law, and mine, is tempered by the effect we believe law has upon economic and social orderliness, upon scientific social growth and freedom of the individual for personal development. When we see that much of the torrent of law which has been swashed onto our forty-eight statute books and into our Federal laws—an amount of law exceeding all the world's record and accumulation from Adam's day till now—when we see that this torrent consists of laws vague, inapplicable or mistaken, then respect for law has to be invoked by mere mouthing of phrases about obedience, about respect for majesty of law.

Says Charles Evans Hughes: "If our laws were deemed to register our progress, there would be little disposition to boast." Add this to the fact that the average legislator, pressed by some organized minority, yields to acceptance of regulations wholly outside the function or business of government, then the misfit quality and ridiculous quantity of our laws are hardly to be borne by a people truly desirous to be law-abiding.

Legislators have a leaning toward controlling the public schools. A bill before the Virginia legislature commanded that in the schools the Einstein theory should replace the gravity discovery of Newton. A bill in Indiana forbade changing school textbooks more than once in ten years. One in Missouri would make children learn the penal code. Another in New York would have demanded that all school children should have free eyeglasses.

Alfred C. Coxe wrote, in the Columbia Law Review: "In every department where government touches on the well-being, property rights and industries of the people, there has been tinkering, change and confusion. Each legislator is imbued with the notion that his success depends on the number of bills he pushes through. Every constituent who has a grievance to redress embodies his ideas in a bill and gives it to his member, whom he impresses with the fact that his reëlection depends on his ability to make the bill a law. Grafters working to devise new schemes to raid the Treasury and fanatics working to find new methods of punishing the sinfulness of sin add to the total of worthless legislation."

Prohibition Among the Puritans

WRITES one investigator of statutory law: "American citizens who believed the climax had been reached in the attempt to regulate personal habits have been newly overwhelmed by a flood of tobacco-banning laws, fashion-regulation bills, Sunday-sports laws, and the like. They sometimes forget that parallels between the Puritan laws and the laws of today are amusing and amazing."

This is quite true; the first general letter of April 17, 1628, from the officials of the New England Company to the settlers in Massachusetts, held a command to "suppress the planting of tobacco except for physic and medicinal purposes." No tobacco was to be shipped from the colony. After a vain attempt to enforce the law prohibiting the smoking, planting and shipping of tobacco, the law was repealed, only to be enforced again in 1638. Smoking, however, was prohibited on the grounds of danger from fire, due to the lighting of pipes from gunpowder! A fine was imposed on smoking in barns, fields, forests, inns and public houses, where said act might be an annoyance to others. This last was an attempt to regulate the servants and forgive the masters. In 1646 a law was passed making smoking lawful only on a journey five miles from any town. The last prohibitory law was

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BETWEEN TWO FACTS

"I Don't Understand It," He Exclaimed. "I've Been Careful. I Haven't Done a Thing I Hadn't Ought to Have Done"

By Clarence Budington Kelland

ILLUSTRATED BY ERNEST FUHR

IT IS not," said Jefferson McTodd, young professional of the Lark Meadow Country Club, "every golf course that can boast an octogenarian foursome."

"Do they play every day?" asked Abigail Vance, who was taking her Wednesday morning driving lesson.

"Every day. Nine holes—no more, no less."

"Rain or shine?"

"Nothing less than a cloudburst can stop them."

"It's a spectacle," said the young woman, pausing in her occupation to watch the old gentlemen drive off. "And the high spot of it is, they hate one another."

"I beg your pardon!"

She nodded her head in that gamin way which was so disturbing to Jeff. "They despise one another."

"Yet play together and lunch together every day!"

"It doesn't make any difference how odd human beings are," Abigail said wisely; "some of them are even odder than others."

"We set our clock by them," said Jeff. "Eleven o'clock is their hour. They have a sort of perpetual starting time. On the stroke they appear on the tee, and it doesn't make any difference who is there or how many players are waiting, they simply wade in, tee off and play."

"Nine holes?"

"Yes. They never go through anyone or let anyone go through them. Their average is sixty for the nine. They finish within a minute or two of one, have their showers, and at half-past, bowls of crackers and milk are on the table for them."

"I wonder what they talk about," said Abigail. "I wonder what old gentlemen like they are find to interest them in life."

"They don't seem to talk much," answered Jeff, "and if they do, it must be memories. Maybe each of them takes a turn telling the others what a devil of a fellow he used to be."

"Do you know, it's sort of sad. Four men over eighty. They can't plan. They must know there is no future. Just a long, long past." Her eyes filled, and Jeff thought she looked more extraordinarily desirable than ever. "Just four old men waiting."

"I wonder," he said musingly.

"Waiting and hating," said Abigail.

"Why hating?"

"I don't know exactly. But everyone knows they can't abide one another. They're positively venomous. But I suppose they have to have something to fall back on. Love gone forever, ambition become futile; the only active emotion left is hate, and possibly they have fallen back on it in desperation."

"Men don't hate as a pastime," said Jeff.

"As they love," gibed Abigail.

"Exactly," answered Jeff. "Love may be a pastime. You may make a game of it, and win or lose, and get a heap of pleasure out of the playing. And it is a business that can consume all a man's mind and energy. And it is something else, greater and more compelling than either. But it comes when a man is young and his life is full, and when events and necessities are urging and jostling him, so he never can give it the attention it deserves. Which is wrong. It has to be a spare-time job, when it should be full day with overtime."

"An authority on the grand passion," laughed Abigail.

"But hate," said Jeff, "is for old men. The young man who can hate is abnormal. To me, Miss Vance, it is a dreadful thing to see four old men making an avocation of hatred. To see them seek one another out day after day as an indulgence in a vice that seems to me to be the most dreadful of all vices. A habitual hater! Imagine it! It sickens one. It makes one believe in devils and selling of souls and the Black Mass."

"Eloquent on the subject of love and oratorical on the subject of hatred," exclaimed Abigail admiringly.

"Something pretty murky is going to come of it," he said somberly. "You can't get away with that sort of thing. It's abhorrent—abhorrent to the sunshine on the green grass, abhorrent to this wind that moves the leaves in the woods, abhorrent to the flight of birds and to everything that is clean and everything that is beautiful."

"Gosh!" said Abigail, but her voice was a little hushed and her eyes regarded Jeff curiously, and with something of amazement and bewilderment mixed with sudden alarm.

"For a golf professional," she said, "you have a line."

He was offended. This thing of four ancient haters had impressed and disturbed him, and her flippancy grated upon him—seemed, in short, to savor of ill taste. He was too young and too vitally concerned to perceive that it was not ill taste but only the off-key creaking of a girl's defensive mechanism. She dared not enter his mood.

"It is not a line," he said shortly, "and I beg your pardon for talking too much."

She knew she had hurt him and that she had diminished herself in his eyes—a knowledge which displeased her, rendered her somehow apprehensive and angry with herself. She wanted to inform him that she was not flippant or hard, that she understood and sympathized, that she was no mere glazed surface, shallow and brittle, but a woman capable of comprehending and adding to his thought—whose mind was able to meet his mind. But she could not

explain herself or extricate herself. All she could do was plunge deeper. One word of sympathetic understanding would have made him forget her flippancy, and she knew it—but she could not utter it.

What she said was "Rats!"

She saw him bite his lip and flinch. "Suppose we continue the lesson," he said coldly.

The lesson was completed in silence, save for what automatic technical advice his position demanded of him. At the end he picked up her bag and waited mutely for her to precede him to the shop.

"Mr. McTodd ——" she said in a little, eager voice. He lifted his eyes to hers, dark and hurt and disappointed. She could have altered their expression in an instant, simply by completing the sentence she had commenced with his name. But she could not prevent it. Perhaps she was more shocked than he to hear her own voice, with a jeering lilt in it, saying to him, "Mr. McTodd, the word I made use of was 'Rats.'"

He was rude—inexcusably rude—for he turned his back squarely and walked away from her. She reached down and pinched herself vindictively.

"Darn!" she exclaimed. "Oh, darn! Darn! Darn!"

Jeff sulked through the remainder of the morning; his state of mind was that of a connoisseur who has purchased an old master and suddenly discovers it to be the work of a faker—but magnified to the nth power. He even thought of resigning, of quitting, of crawling back to his father, the great T. P. McTodd, and asking for his old job back in the office. What was the use? Why go on making a thrilling game of life? Why strive to escape from the humdrum when one's freedom led only to something more deadly? When the warp and woof of dreams proved themselves at the first touch to be no gracious, glorious fabric, beautiful with true glamour, but shoddy—mere shoddy for the bargain sale!

It was a few minutes after one by the clock on the wall, when the locker boy burst into the shop.

"Mr. Beddell's awful sick!" he cried out. "You better come quick! He's fell down in the showers!"

It was a strange picture that Jefferson came upon in the tiled shower room. Upon the floor, twisted half upon his face, lay the tall, ungainly, powerful body of Roger Beddell; his shock of stiff, white hair dank and clinging from the water of his bath. About him stood grouped his three octogenarian companions, naked but for towels about their middles, stiff, erect, scowling. Little Orrin Payson, bald even to the eyebrows, stringy, emaciated, stood between rotund, ruddy Peter Clarke and Mark Winters, splendid even now in the remnants of that figure which had made him the great athlete of his long-buried day. One thing they had in common—a curious impassivity, marked by a fixed scowl.

Jeff bent over the prostrate man, touched his damp forehead, glanced quickly away from his open eyes, searched for the beat of pulse in his wrist.

"Gentlemen," he said, "Mr. Beddell is dead."

"Poisoned!" squeaked little Orrin Payson. "Poisoned!"

"Shut up!" snapped Mark Winters, closing and unclosing his great fists.

"Poisoned I say, and poisoned I mean," reiterated Payson.

"Hush," said Jeff, speaking to the old men as if they were unruly children misbehaving at a solemn moment. "Tell me what happened."

"We had a drink together," said Clarke grimly. "Payson took his and came in here. He always did. Drank as he regulated his shower. We heard his glass crash on the floor. That is all."

"If," said Jeff, "he has been poisoned, that is not all. It is not the commencement."

"Heart," said Mark Winters sententiously.

"I hope so," said Jeff. "Boy, notify police headquarters. They will send the coroner and do what is necessary."

"He was eighty-two," said Peter Clarke.

"My age," said Orrin Payson in his creaking voice, "but I was a month older."

"Eighty-two," repeated Peter Clarke. "What an age to be poisoned."

"Heart," said Mark Winters again.

"Impatience," said Clarke hoarsely—a natural hoarseness—and with the same curious calmness that rested upon all of them. "A year or two years seems long to some folks. None of us has more than a year or two years. Impatience!"

"Maybe," said Orrin Payson, his voice insinuating, "one of us couldn't bear to go without seeing him gone first. Eh?"

"Nonsense," said Mark Winters.

"Will you gentlemen," directed Jefferson, "be so good as to dress and wait for the officials? You will be wanted. Who of his family should be notified?"

"We'll attend to that," said Peter Clarke.

"He was poisoned," said Orrin Payson with a gloating note in his voice, "and somebody 'll hang for it."

"Heart," said Mark Winters for the third time.

It was odd, thought Jeff, that two of the old men should assert that Beddell had come to his death by the agency of a lethal drug while the other should deny it. Odd, also, that not one of the three had suggested self-administration.

In twenty minutes the police and coroner arrived, and such investigations were made as were possible on the spot, in which Jeff did not intervene, but of which he was a spectator.

The coroner, half humming, half whistling through his teeth, knelt over Roger Beddell, to look up presently at the officer who accompanied him.

"Cyanide is my guess," he said and nodded. "Yes, it'll turn out to be cyanide. Hum."

"Not heart?" asked Jeff.

The coroner shrugged his shoulders. "Know him pretty well, don't you?" he asked of the three old men.

"Yes," said Peter Clarke for all of them.

"Know of any reason?" asked the coroner.

"Reason for what?" asked Orrin Payson's thin voice.

"Reason for suicide."

(Continued on Page 56)

"I Beg Your Pardon," Said a Familiar Voice. "I Hope I Didn't Wake You Up." There Was Ample Sarcasm in the Tone

LIVE STEAM

By MURNEY MINTZER

ILLUSTRATED BY ANTON OTTO FISCHER

Pinkey Was Suddenly Driven to His Knees by a Glancing Blow and Felt a Body Flounder Momentarily

THE ship's company wore an air of bewildered surprise when it was mustered aft to watch the admiral hang the Congressional Medal of Honor around Pinkey Lester's neck. But the most astonished man on the Montana's windswept quarter-deck was Pinkey himself—if a reaction that is entirely unconscious can be called astonishment. For by that time it was impossible for the little fireman to formulate a connected thought.

"It is in just such devotion to duty, such unthinking courage ——" Now that he had warmed to his subject, the admiral was glaring at the assembled bluejackets as if he had just uncovered an organized conspiracy to conceal Pinkey's abilities from the eyes of authority. Over beside the after turret, where the engineer's division stood stiffly at parade rest, the leading petty officers stirred uncomfortably, looked around accusingly at the chief water tender, the head of Pinkey's department.

Standing there exposed to the gaze of all the others, listening to the slightly self-conscious speech, Pinkey was longing for the sound of retreat, planning his escape to the grateful obscurity of the fireroom, convinced that sooner or later he would find a catch in this latest practical joke that life was playing on him.

He was a ridiculously tiny figure against the rank of officers in dress uniforms and the massed bluejackets. In spite of the neat creases in his own liberty blues, they sagged in unexpected places on his bent frame with an elusive disarray that was faintly reminiscent of slouching outcasts and park benches. If his hair had been really red or if he had been something more than the acknowledged runt of the whole ship's company, he might have called up some memory of prestige among his shipmates to carry him through this trial.

But his hair was not red but a particularly discouraged-looking shade of pink, and he was so undersized that neither he nor anyone else had ever understood how he had passed the recruiting examination. As far back as he could remember, he had grieved over these fatal handicaps to one who aspired to be a man among men, and the disappointment had given him the permanently apologetic expression that invited attention to his physical deficiencies.

Joining the Navy had been the last of many hopeful efforts to assert himself in the world. It was the uniform that counted, he had been told; that a man in uniform was marked as an upstanding, two-fisted fighting man wherever he went. But Pinkey had quickly discovered that the uniform itself meant little—at least where it was common to all. Where he had expected to cloak himself in a secure armor against disparagement, it seemed that the uniform only emphasized his peculiarities, held them up as a permanent record of past failures, marked him as one who has been knocked unprotestingly about an indifferent world.

The admiral's voice faded to a distant murmur, crowded back behind Pinkey's fumbling thoughts. The ship was swinging to a flood tide and the wake of a passing car ferry slashed loudly along her water line. Over the heads of the officers facing him, he watched a lumbering yellow bus trundle along the face of Riverside Drive.

Nothing that had happened, nothing that he could glean from the admiral's eloquence, threw any light on why he should have been singled out from the whole ship's company. Blaney seemed to be concerned in it, somehow. But Blaney was a first-class water tender—almost a chief—Wrench Blaney, big and self-assured; the embodiment of Pinkey's ideal engineer. And as far as he could remember, during those few swift seconds down below there, he had failed Blaney; even approached perilously near a clash. And for that, it seemed, they were all praising him, calling all hands to witness the honor the service was doing him.

"Is this little rat in my watch?" Blaney had glared contemptuously at the little fireman the day he took over No. 4 fireroom. "Here you, Pinkey"—everyone hit upon that convenient name at first sight of him—"grab that slice bar and show me you can lift it, or I'll stuff you inta a reserve bunker where you belong." Blaney had grinned around to make sure that the other men were appreciating the ready threat in his tone.

Pinkey could handle the twelve-foot iron bar well enough in spite of his diminutive size. Long before the new superior appeared, he had earned his place in the black gang. He had even, after a few months below, achieved a contentment that he had never known before. It was peaceful in the hot obscurity. The feel of the ship's straining fabric, the heavy, damp smell of scorched metal, coal, streaming sweat and the dull roar of steam and gas, all merged into a sensual fabric that insulated him from the others even while it joined him to them in a common effort. As long as a man stood up to his work, struck down enough coal to keep the steam up, nobody bothered him.

He began to find an obscure satisfaction in his nearness to the source of power. Even as a non-ratey coal passer, he had felt that he was contributing to the enormous concentration of force that flowed from the boilers. So it was that by the end of his first cruise he had developed his worship of the boilers into something like a creed—a creed of power. But on the surface he was unchanged—the same pale blue eyes, wide and staring, meeting even the most good-natured raillery of his shipmates with a pathetic earnestness that disarmed them all.

Given half a chance, the others would have accepted him into the intimacy of the black gang, for where work was concerned he was becoming a first-class hand. A man who studied the whims of his boilers with the rapt devotion of a priest before the altar was bound to learn faster than the average. But he refused equality with a timidity that seemed almost stubborn.

He had been rated up to second, and then to first class fireman, but there, of course, he stuck, for it was impossible to picture little Pinkey as a petty officer, giving orders to chesty, muscle-bound coal passers. By that time, although he would have been the last to realize it, he was actually filling a water tender's billet in everything but the name, looking out for the upkeep of the pair of boilers in his fireroom and, more than half the time under way, feeding water himself at the check valves on the gratings overhead—the most responsible job in the fireroom.

That, if he had only known it, was why Blaney had been assigned to his watch.

"Blaney, eh?" The chief engineer had frowned at the log-room yeoman when he scanned the names on a draft of rated men who had just reported aboard. "I've seen that bird before. So that's the kind of stuff they use for petty officers these days." He scanned the station bill on the bulkhead over his desk. "Put him in No. 4 fireroom with that carrot-headed little fireman." The chief prided himself upon knowing the names of all his men, but he was forced to refer to the list now. "Lester—that's the man. And you tell Mr. Hardison to see that Blaney leaves the little fellow alone."

Blaney had been impressive that first day below. He looked—and acted, where the audience was not too critical—like the hardest man in the service, carrying his two hundred pounds with a swagger that sent timid subordinates scuttling into the bunkers.

"Get this!" He had fixed Pinkey and the others with a hard-eyed glare and a forward jab of his permanently undershot jaw. "This is a workin' watch. No cripples"—the epithet was driven directly at Pinkey—"need apply." Having delivered this ultimatum, he retreated to a pile of coal that had just been struck down and leaned back comfortably. "An' now let's see you guys make steam."

Feegan, one of the other firemen, edged closer to Pinkey, leaning down as he hosed off a pile of glowing ashes. "G'wan; take the water." The wisdom of four cruises gleamed in Feegan's eyes as he peered sidewise at the water tender. "He ain't goin' to do no work."

Somewhat doubtfully, Pinkey obeyed, glad to retire to the greater obscurity of the upper gratings. And apparently Blaney was pleased with the arrangement, for after the first few days he rarely relieved the little fellow at his job. Mainly he spent his watch below in a dead fireroom where the dice clicked whenever the chief engineer was out of the way.

Rumors soon reached the fireroom that Blaney was a different man among his peers, the other petty officers. But none of the half dozen men in his fireroom crew was quite ready to put the general skepticism to the test. Feegan was apt to ignore Blaney's orders; even at times laugh openly at the water tender's threats. But Blaney's attitude toward the tall Irishman was openly conciliatory.

As for Pinkey, he took the newcomer at his face value. Admiration glowed in his eyes as Blaney strode in masterfully when the watch was relieved or condescended to look on while Pinkey repacked a pump. Possibly it was the older man's bluff assurance that won the little fireman's worship; or the bulging barrel of his chest on the rare occasions when he manned a shovel to demonstrate how a fire should be fed. Certainly, the big man gave them few opportunities to judge his working knowledge. But his careless, if sometimes threatening, tolerance spurred the little fellow to win his approval. And in spite of the intimacy of their contact, Pinkey worked with such blind devotion that No. 4 fireroom got on better than ever.

The day after the fleet left Guantanamo for the north, the Montana started her twenty-four-hour endurance run—a grueling test of the full-power steaming endurance of the whole plant. With a warm wind astern, it was hot below—so hot that dripping firemen gulped down quarts of tepid oatmeal water and cursed furiously at the allowance of canned tomatoes that the paymaster provided them. Watch and watch the black gang alternated at their steaming stations, four hours of straining labor below alternating with brief intervals of unconsciousness in corners of the berth deck where they flung themselves like sprawling piles of incredibly dirty clothes.

In the third watch of the run, the second time Blaney's section took over No. 4 fireroom, the punishing heat began to strike home. The coal passers came out of the bunkers with white, pinched faces. Kloss, a Pennsylvania Dutchman almost as big as Blaney, shivered while he stood in the full blast of heat from the open door of his fire box. A moment later he clutched at his stomach and pitched forward, his face a greenish-white mask, his legs twisted in stiff agony.

Pinkey, who had been tending water as usual, took the stricken man's place and Blaney reluctantly left the cool spot under a blower and mounted to the gratings, cursing openly at fat Dutchmen who couldn't stick out a watch.

Down in front of the boilers, Feegan avoided Pinkey's eyes when the little fellow picked up a shovel, but his eyes smoldered as he watched the hospital corpsmen carry Kloss out. And a new tension was born in the fireroom, a new apprehension appeared in the firemen's faces as they stole glances at Blaney, lounging on the gratings over their heads.

(Continued on Page 43)

"Get This! This is a Workin' Watch. No Cripples"—the Epithet Was Driven Directly at Pinkey—"Need Apply"

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PHILADELPHIA, JANUARY 25, 1930

Prosperity and the Senate

WHILE the break in stock prices was under way in November last a New York banker, in the course of a lengthy speech, gave as the second of two "direct and particular forces" responsible therefor, "fear engendered in the mind of the business public by the action of the Coalition bloc in Congress in connection with the tariff bill." The banker in question was promptly called before a Senate committee supposed to be investigating the activities of lobbyists, and subjected to a severe grilling. His opinion concerning the cause or causes of the stock-market break may have been erroneous and would be challenged, no doubt, by many bankers, business men and economists. But his outspoken remarks reflected a very common irritation throughout the country at the delay, confusion and disorder which marked the autumn session of the Senate.

We understand fully that it has become the smart, the fashionable thing to ridicule the Senate, and that much of the criticism should be discounted for that reason. To criticize the Senate is a cheap and easy way to raise a laugh and bring a nod of approval. Although the extreme sensitiveness to criticism of certain elements in the Senate seems rather new, questioning the ability of individual senators is a very old sport in American history. But we are not concerned with thoughtless derision or with styles and fashions in superficial accusation. Our purpose is, we hope, much more important than that.

It will be recalled that in the early autumn, discontent with a new tariff bill resulted in a coalition of Democratic and insurgent Republican senators. Finally the Republican Old Guard threw up its hands in despair and surrendered, with the tariff bill languishing as one of the results. But this was the least of the threatened consequences. Several of the Old Guard, disgusted and pessimistic, showered their enemies with epithets. One prominent man, shortly thereafter to become a senator, while testifying before a committee of that body, openly declared that Western states with small populations and meager industries should refrain from even attempting to mold tariff legislation. Thus the danger was threatened of a tariff cleavage along the lines of the Alleghany Mountains, with an even larger political cleavage between East and West. Conditions were plainly developing which might well produce three major parties in the next presidential election, the third being a new Western Bull Moose or insurgent party.

We are not discussing the relative advantages to the country in having a Republican or a Democratic President and Congress. The issue is not a partisan one at all. But there is a common-sense, businesslike American desire widely prevalent now to get things done, and it is seriously doubtful if progress can be made with the Republican Party bounded definitely on either the east or the west by the Alleghany Mountains or the Mississippi River. Nor will the business future look especially bright if the same party is to fall into the hands of extreme reactionaries or extreme radicals. One need not even discuss the possible merits of the Democratic Party to realize that this is not a propitious time for the Republicans to cease to become a national party.

But there is more than this involved. Regardless of partisan emotions and convictions, Mr. Hoover is President of the United States. He was elected by a very large vote and many millions of men and women of all parties look to him as the most constructive leader the nation could have at this juncture. Nor is this feeling lessened by recent financial events. But the foremost threatened sacrifice of the recent Senate split was the President himself. His administration was confronted by a permanent and hostile majority. A barrier had been erected straight across his path. The real danger of the situation lay not in this or that schedule of the tariff or in any particular technicality of tariff making but in the obstacles being erected in the way of presidential accomplishment. After all, there is a profound conviction that Mr. Hoover was elected more in spite of than because of the distinctly professional political crowd, and his discomfiture might not be displeasing to some of the members of the Senate.

To analyze or describe the Senate is an impossible task. It contains men of every description and caliber. There are those who are moved solely by their feelings and others by their obsessions. There are those who begin to bluff and strafe only when the galleries fill up, and others who carry on as intelligent a debate as the body ever heard but whose efforts attract no attention from the galleries or the press. Then there are the ambitious senators, in the right as well as the left wing, those who have presidential ambitions at regular but fruitless intervals. As Senator Gillett, of Massachusetts, remarks as he retires in his seventy-eighth year, the Senate is a forum which presents innumerable opportunities for publicity "which a candidate for reëlection would have been apt to grasp because they are so helpful in augmenting reputation at home, although they may accomplish no other useful purpose. The Senate is a splendid sounding board."

Thus the Senate contains numerous prima donnas who suffer from the delightful anguish of political ambition and other mighty emotions. But fortunately there are others who, like the President and the people, are interested largely in getting business done. Naturally and almost inevitably there was bound to come together in course of time a group of senators who would support the President and capitalize, if one wants to put it that way, the public confidence in which he is held. It is only reasonable to suppose that in the party which the President heads there must be senators who, while perhaps not great statesmen, do represent some of the common sense and businesslike qualities which the people approve, and who, unless and until they have excellent reasons to the contrary, will follow the President.

It so happens that because of death, retirement and other causes the Senate is filled with new members. Gradually from this group there has emerged a new bloc of Hoover Regulars, or the Young Guard, to which have been added not a few of longer experience. They have been sarcastically dubbed Boy Scouts, the Freshman Class, the Beginners' Bloc, and the Baby Bloc. It is dangerous to commend one group and condemn another in any legislative body. But we feel that it is only elementary common sense to suppose that out of the large Republican membership in the Senate a bloc should at times make itself felt in effecting reasonable legislation and following the President to the extent that public opinion justifies. Nor need such a group be sectional in character; and indeed, as far as can be seen, the Young Guard contains adherents from both East and West. It may yet develop that schism between these sections even in respect to the tariff is unnecessary.

No doubt to the public mind the President stands for order, cohesion and responsibility as compared with shifting divisions and coalitions. But a legislative body is capable of these qualities as well. The Senate is ruled by seniority as by a fetish, and the younger men in point of service are commonly kept down. But even here leadership and the center of gravity do change with time. The emergence of the Young Guard may have been merely an episode, but it produced or at least indicated a real change in political psychology. For one thing, it gave the President a fair chance, and to the extent that its influence lasted indicated the future possibility of less oratory and more action. For, after all, the plain common sense of the people and the prevailing businesslike desire to be on with the job have a way of obtruding themselves even in the most unlikely places.

That is an important and encouraging fact to remember, and considerably modifies the fear that the Senate will or can impair prosperity.

College Fraternities

IN THE past, the question of college fraternities has been looked upon as a local and private one, in no way the concern of the public. But the enormous attendance at colleges and universities has brought this type of organization to the fore, and recent outspoken comments of Doctor Wilbur, Secretary of the Interior, who is likewise a university president on leave, have served to call further attention to the subject. Fraternities can be, have been and are very good and very bad. Doctor Wilbur says that in too many cases they have grown like mushrooms, with not enough adversity to face reality. The real question is whether they are doing the job before them.

All people, especially the young, crave companionship, and this the fraternity supplies. It serves a distinct economic need as well. Most of the resources of universities have gone into classrooms, laboratories, athletic fields, and the like, rather than into adequate housing facilities. This gap fraternities and sororities fill for many students. At its best, the fraternity is a very real help to scholastic and other worthwhile campus attainments, and in practically every case promotes the desirable trait of loyalty. But there is a reverse side to all this. Loyalty often degenerates into an absurd self-admiration and inflation. Far from promoting scholarship, some fraternity chapters have made loafing their one goal. Nor has the economic function been well performed in all cases. Too often housekeeping and financing are not only amateurish but slovenly. Also, it is a question whether the too often attendant juvenility, horseplay and general effect of bedlam will fit into the newer university developments. The differentiation of higher institutions of learning and the rising importance of all manner of serious, businesslike professional schools are changing the whole picture.

After all, it is a great adventure to attempt to educate such large numbers of adolescents away from home without the corrective influence of military, church or other disciplines. The old alumnus, returning to his fraternity house, is most often struck by its dirty, messy appearance. Boys and girls are naturally careless, but in several other important countries military or other severe disciplines are used to handle the situation. Under our free-and-easy system college students can be about as sloppy in their quarters as they wish. Probably some form of adult association, such as that provided by house mothers or resident tutors, must be developed. Fraternities seemed to develop quite naturally in the older and simpler American college, but whether, in the more complex and perhaps rigorous educational system which lies ahead, they will be anything but a rather childish nuisance with their easy-going spirit is a question. By moving to higher levels they might readily eliminate themselves from their present rather weak defensive position and grow into an extremely useful instrument as well.

COLLECTORS' WIVES

By Kenneth L. Roberts

THE honest and outspoken collector of antiques will frequently admit to being baffled by matters that are beyond his comprehension. It is often difficult for him to explain why he is violently attracted by a fine piece of antique furniture until he learns that it is not an antique at all but a clever reproduction, and why he is then repelled by it, not to say gagged and revolted. Sometimes he is puzzled as to why he buys small glass bottles, even though he is able to explain his obsession by various reasons that seem to the layman to be more or less meaningless. He is completely befuddled, on many occasions, by the peculiar varieties of antiques that he purchases at auction sales. To nearly every collector, however, the most puzzling phenomenon of all is the attitude of his wife toward antiques in general, and particularly toward the antiques that are purchased by her collector husband.

It must be understood and allowed in the beginning that all antique collectors are sensitive persons, actuated in their collecting by an almost uncontrollable love of beauty. It is even claimed by prominent collectors that antique collecting, if properly encouraged, may do much to defeat the materialism so often noted in America by visitors from other countries where materialism, theoretically, does not exist. If the youth of the nation, they contend, are trained to appreciate fine antiques, then money grabbing, blatancy and ignorance will completely vanish, and America will eventually become a paradise of beauty lovers—a great training ground for all the arts.

As a rule, I have little or no faith in predictions of this or any other sort, having had wide experience with highly respected predicters of football scores, stock-market movements and world catastrophes of divers sorts. They are almost invariably wrong. Yet I am personally acquainted with a man who predicted that the winter of 1928–1929, in Italy, would be the coldest winter known in one hundred years. It turned out to be all of that; and despite the dearth of plumbing in Italy, there was more of it frozen in that country than has ever been frozen in England, Canada or Siberia. Thus there is no use in thinking that all predictions are valueless. The antique enthusiasts may be right. America, properly trained in the appreciation of antiques, may indeed become 100 per cent, as the saying goes, cultured and refined.

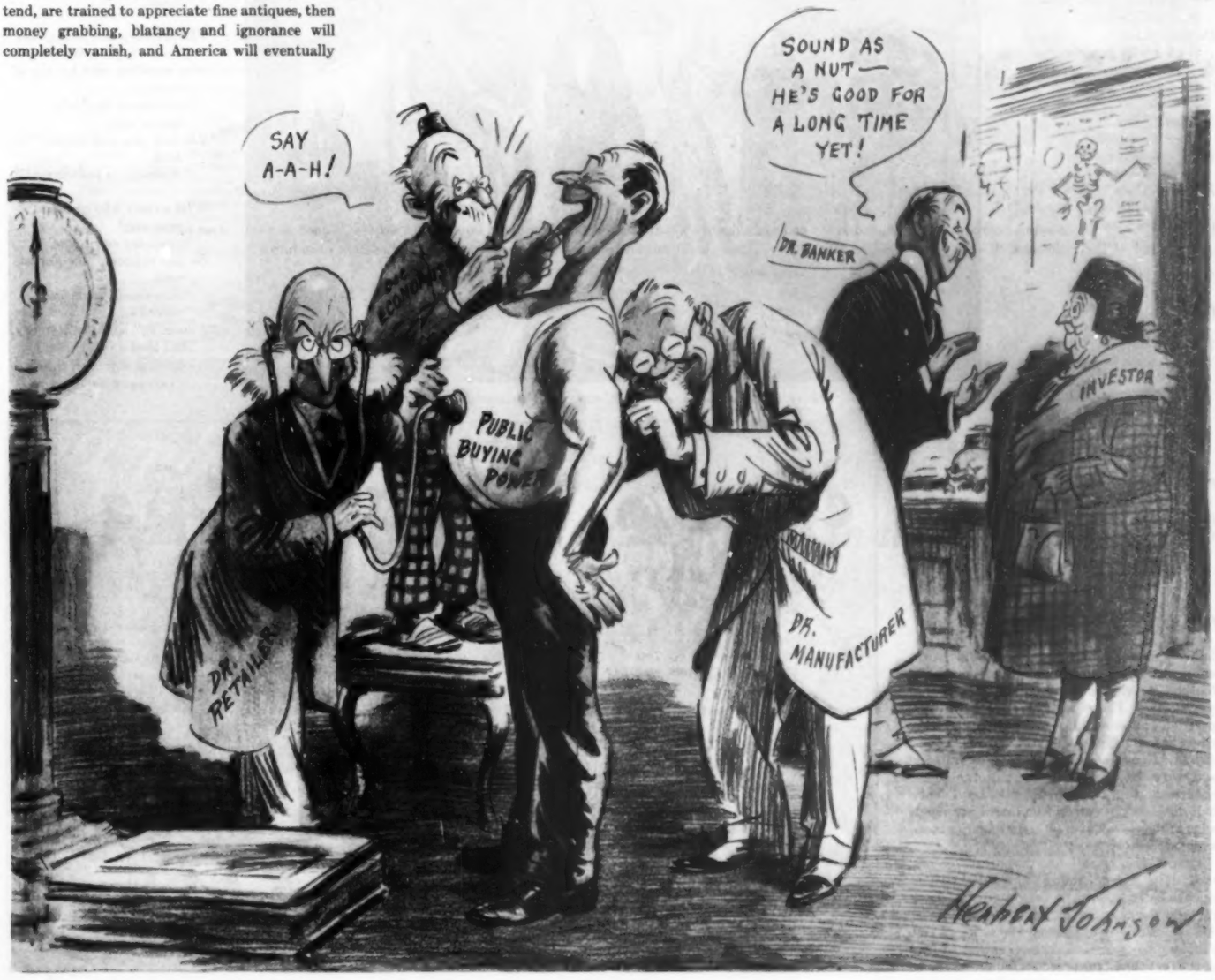
In many long years of antiquing and antique collecting, however, I have had opportunity to observe a large number of collectors and their wives; and it seems to me that if the children of America are to be trained to appreciate fine antiques, some forward-looking antique enthusiast would do well to found and endow a school for collectors' wives—a school where the wives of collectors can be instructed in their husbands' sensitiveness and love of beauty, and taught how to behave when a husband comes home with a small glass pitcher with nubbins on it and a blue rim around the top; and when they further learn that the pitcher cost $750, minus the Federal amusement tax, and is considered dirt-cheap at the price.

It is unfortunate but true that collectors' wives, as a general rule, find it difficult to develop the keen æsthetic sense that fills, or is supposed to fill, the true collector. Not long ago I happened into an antique shop and found a collector and his wife in an argument over just such a question of æsthetics. The argument hinged on a simple swell-front bureau whose drawers bore the original handmade brasses.

The collector was in a state of some excitement over the piece, but the wife was having no trouble in restraining her enthusiasm.

"This is a great opportunity," he was saying to her, "and what I say is, if we can get it for $250 we ought to grab it!"

(Continued on Page 131)



A GOOD RISK

POST SCRIPTS

"Hello, Uncle Jim—May I See the Baby?"

Specifications

THE man I love
Must be a fella
Who won't wear rubbers,
Pack an umbrella,
Or go to places
With a trick cravat
Or a white-trimmed vest
Or a derby hat.

The man I love
Must never wear
Sheik side whiskers
Or polished hair;
He mustn't say "Check"
Or "I don't mean maybe,"
Or wise-crack much,
Or call me "Baby."

The man I love
Must not fear waiters
Or box-office clerks
Or speculators;
These are the tests
That should be heeded,
And nothing else
In the world is needed.

—Berton Braley.

Xmas Marks the Spot

THEN there's the husband who promised his wife an operation as a present and marked the spot: "Do not open until Christmas."

It May Come to This

NEW YORK.

THE Carnage Foundation for the Advancement of Football released for publication today a bulletin of 976 pages, dealing with an investigation into the manner in which football is regarded in American colleges and universities. The report was compiled by expert football scouts and is expected to shake educational athletic relations to their foundation. It was shown that in three colleges and two universities the presidents of these institutions are paid more than the head football coaches, and several instances are cited where full professors draw higher salaries than assistant coaches.

One of the sensational disclosures shows that at a widely known Eastern school a science hall was constructed despite the need for additional room in the stadium. At a Middle Western university the student enrollment has fallen off 50 per cent by reason of the fact that a proposed stadium was abandoned and the funds used to relieve crowded classroom conditions.

Charges of professionalism and commercialized education abound in the report. Although names are not made public, the bulletin declares that many undergraduates majoring in history, English, chemistry, economics and other subjects have lost their amateur standing and are accepting pay for acting as assistant instructors or tutors.

It is alleged that at one college, the name of which is carefully guarded, special inducements are even offered in an effort to enroll undergraduates who made high scholastic records in prep schools, and that practically no attention is given to the possible participation of these youths in football.

Efforts to obtain statements from several widely known football coaches failed.

"The report is astounding enough without any comment from me," one declared. Said another: "I shudder when I think of the future of higher education in America." —TOM S. ELROD.

Lady of Fashion

I WANTED the moon, I cried for the moon;
But now, since you brought it, I've found
It's the merest shade too white. I'm afraid
It's a trifle—no more—too round.

—Mary Carolyn Davies.

The Standardized

THE arts were underneath a cloud,
And jazz deranged the land;
The Forum and the Mercury
Harangued to beat the band;
"If everything could be debunked,"
They said, "it would be grand!"

"The time has come," the Forum said,
"To talk of many things;
Of books and boobs and banditry,
And racketeers and rings,
And whether birth control is right,
And why machines are kings."

The Mercury was feeling sore
Because he thought the Forum
Was meddling with his bag of tricks,
And wished that he'd ignore 'em;
"The way you crab my act," he said,
"Amounts to indecorum!"

"With writers who can strut your stuff
Increasing every year,
Do you suppose," the Forum said,
"You're still considered queer?"
"I doubt it," said the Mercury,
And shed a bitter tear.

—Corinne Rockwell Swain.

(Continued on Page 79)

"Never Mind if You are Ruined, Father—You Still Have Us!"

"So THAT'S THE PONY YOU'RE ALL TIME TALKING ABOUT!"
"GOSH, WHAT AN UGLY OLD MUTT!"
"KNOW WHAT WE DO IN THE CITY WITH MUTTS LIKE THAT? WE GRIND 'EM UP AND MAKE 'EM INTO HOT DOGS!"
"C'MON AND SHOW ME SOMETHING ELSE TO LAUGH AT!"
☆!!!☆
Margi

Henry and His Pony

SOUPS *for* VARIETY

Your choice
Order any of these Campbell's Soups from your grocer

Asparagus	Mock Turtle
Bean	Mulligatawny
Beef	Mutton
Bouillon	Ox Tail
Celery	Pea
Chicken	Pepper Pot
Chicken-Gumbo (Okra)	Printanier
Clam Chowder	Tomato
Consommé	Tomato-Okra
Julienne	Vegetable
Vermicelli-Tomato	Vegetable-Beef

21 fascinating helps in meal-planning!

What can you buy at your grocer's that will supply such a delicious luncheon or supper in next to no time—that will make your dinners constantly different and attractive—that will solve many a problem for the children's meals? Campbell's Soups—already-cooked! For luncheon today—Campbell's Vegetable Soup—"a meal in itself"! 12 cents a can.

There's nothing that thrills me
With hustle and zeal
Like the promise of Campbell's
Good soup for my meal!

MEAL-PLANNING IS
EASIER WITH DAILY
CHOICES FROM
CAMPBELL'S 21 SOUPS

BIG RICH

By CHARLES BRACKETT

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR WILLIAM BROWN

"Something Pretty Terrible Has Happened," Joe Gasped. "You've Seen, Then," Susan Said

III

THERE would be no one stirring at Sea Meadows for hours, so Joe went to the stables and got a horse and went for a long ride.

When he returned to Sea Meadows, a sleepy second man gave him coffee and eggs and hot biscuits, and, fortified by them, he went into the library to make the only step in the conquest of Mrs. Spruance of which he could think. Someone had said she was interested in old china. There must be books there relating to the subject. There were quantities of them.

Joe spent two and a half conscientious hours learning about pastes and glazes. Then he suddenly felt that he'd stifle if he didn't get out and do something. There being no opponent for tennis about, he went to the swimming pool and, finding some trunks which fitted him better than the unfortunate pair of the day before, passed a delightful hour in cool activity. He hadn't had so much sleep himself, and finally he stretched out in the sunlight on the side of the pool toward the house, thinking that it would be pleasant to get in a short nap.

Either he had drowsed off or was drowsing off when he was disturbed by a sound from the wood path or beyond it—Shad's sharp whistle. Not being in the mood either to see Shad or to be summoned by a whistle, he closed his eyes again.

Very shortly he heard a step on the short stone flight leading from the wood path. In a moment, he thought, almost in his sleep, Shad would roar something to waken him with a start. But Shad didn't. Instead, the steps advanced with a very suspicious lightness. Joe was sufficiently awake now to know what was up. Shad was going to try to roll him into the water, and a great, angry joy welled up in Joe, because he'd been needing to get his hands on Shad, and this was exactly the right moment, with Shad caught in a smarty act and the pool directly at hand.

If Joe opened his eyes he knew Shad would know better than to continue the attempt, so he merely listened to the steps until they were almost on him; then shot out one great hand in their direction, seized an ankle and tossed.

He opened his eyes at the same time, of course, but he'd completed the gesture before they registered, with a merciful reluctance, what he had done. What they registered was the wistaria-clad form of Mrs. Hanson Spruance disappearing into the pool, head down. Joe lost consciousness. Not that he fainted, but there are losses of consciousness far more profound than the swoon.

He did quite competently all that had to be done. He dove in for Mrs. Spruance, lifted her above the surface of the pool, carried her up the steps, and placed her in a chaise longue in the tea house, but he did it all within a wall of coma penetrated by only a few sharp details: The fact that Mrs. Spruance had worn a toque of wistaria straw which ran over her face in a dreadful gray gore; the fact that water poured from Mrs. Spruance's nose and mouth as though she'd been in the pool a considerable length of time; the fact that she couldn't speak, only heave with what gave every evidence of being frustrated rage.

Joe didn't subject her to the mockery of an apology. When she was in the chaise longue he merely gasped, "I'll send somebody!" and ran like a bat out of hell toward the house.

In the wood path he almost collided head-on with Shad Hermann, who was sauntering up it in a bath robe.

"What's your hurry?" Shad asked.

"Go to the pool," Joe panted.

"What's the matter?"

"I've just thrown Mrs. Spruance in."

"You've what?"

"I thought she was you."

Shad was no help. All he did was begin to yell with laughter, leaning against the nearest tree.

"I wish I had time to settle with you," Joe flung at him, and tore on.

The second man was doing something on the terrace.

"Find Mrs. Spruance's maid," Joe commanded him breathlessly, "and send her to the pool. Mrs. Spruance fell in."

The man stared stupidly.

"The madam! Feeling about water like she does!"

"Send her maid to her at once!" Joe roared at him, then proceeded up the stairs two at a time.

In the upper hall there was a maid dusting.

"Where's Miss Spruance's room?" Joe demanded of her.

"She ain't up yet," the maid replied.

"I've got to see her. Where's her room?"

The maid led him into a wing and rapped on a door.

"Who is it?" Susan's voice inquired.

"There's a man wants to see you."

"It's Joe," Joe called.

"Open the door."

Susan was in her bed, her breakfast tray over her lap, and a newspaper in her hand.

"Something pretty terrible has happened," Joe gasped.

"You've seen, then," Susan said.

"Seen! Seen what?"

Susan held out the paper, her thumb nail marking the headline of a paragraph. Joe read the words in the paper and forgot his own news.

"Whew!" he said.

The headline stated that Gavin Pelham, president of the Peerless Pin Tag Company, had sailed the day previous on the Vercingetorix for a two months' vacation in Scotland.

"You see, that's the end of the shoddy little plan," Susan said, her face very grave. "There's no use pretending that Shad would be content just to stay engaged for two months. He's impatient to be married already."

"It never was a very good plan." Joe offered what crumb of comfort there was in that statement. "Now, the best thing to do is marry me today and see if I can't make something out of the wreck. I'm good at that sort of thing. Honestly, I am."

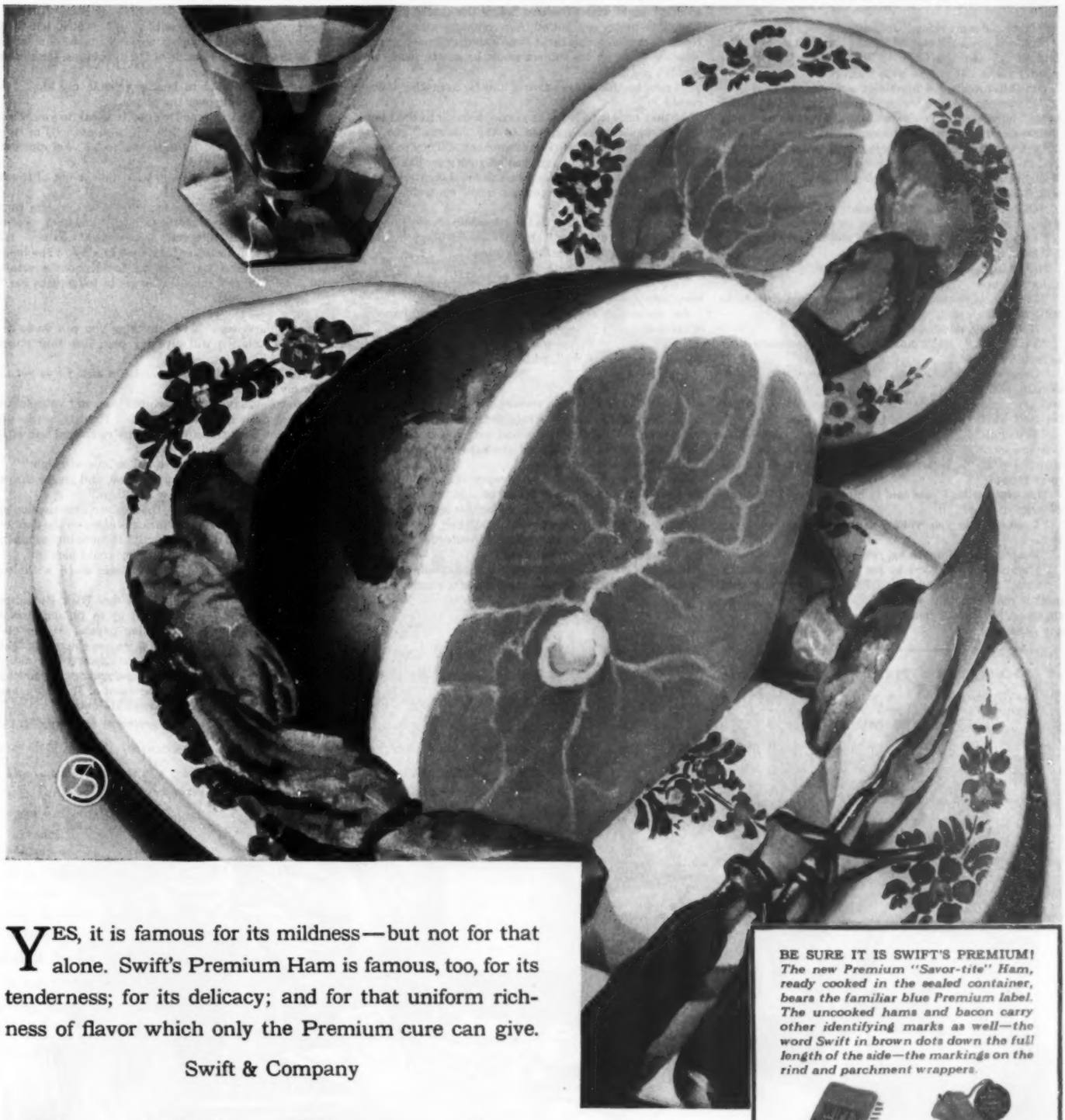
The maid stood, jaw dropped, eyes bulging, more entranced than she had ever been in her life.

"Go into the hall, Nellie," Susan told her—which was bitterly cruel—and then when they were alone, she said to Joe, "No, Joe. There's exactly one thing for me to do. It's really to marry Shad."

"Give up your whole life?" Joe roared at her. "You're crazy!"

(Continued on Page 30)

Swift's Premium Ham . . . Mild



YES, it is famous for its mildness—but not for that alone. Swift's Premium Ham is famous, too, for its tenderness; for its delicacy; and for that uniform richness of flavor which only the Premium cure can give.

Swift & Company

BE SURE IT IS SWIFT'S PREMIUM! *The new Premium "Savor-tite" Ham, ready cooked in the sealed container, bears the familiar blue Premium label. The uncooked hams and bacon carry other identifying marks as well—the word Swift in brown dots down the full length of the side—the markings on the rind and parchment wrappers.*

Swift's Premium

Hams and Bacon

(Continued from Page 28)

"I've thought it all out," Susan told him quietly. "If I'd been born a boy I'd have gone into the business. Even if I'd wanted to be an artist or an explorer or something, I'd have had to take charge of it and give up my life to it. I don't see why, just because I'm a girl, I shouldn't do as much."

"It's a different thing," Joe said.

"Before, you were worried about Shad," Susan reminded him. "This is much fairer to Shad. Perfectly fair. He doesn't think I'm in love with him."

Joe didn't make any fumble at consistency.

"If you can get away with your scheme, will you stick to it?" he begged. "You didn't expect to get an offer from Peerless under two weeks, anyway. I'll promise you this. I'll get Gavin Pelham back here before two weeks are up, and I'll get him back pretty excited about Hicks-Spruance. Will you give me a chance? For the Lord's sake, say you will, Susan."

"Of course, if I can," Susan said. "I'm certainly not going to make a point of hurrying up my marriage."

"I wish you'd promise that you won't marry him."

"I can't let everyone down."

Her small face was steely with purpose.

Joe groaned.

"I suppose this means you can't go to the Adirondacks with us," Susan said.

"Had it been decided that I was to go?"

"Yes. . . . Didn't mother see you? She started out to look for you."

"Great guns!" Joe cried. "I haven't told you. I was sleeping beside the pool and your mother came up to me, and I thought it was Shad going to roll me in, and I threw her in."

"You didn't!" Susan cried, and clapped both hands over her mouth. From behind her hands there came the sound of guilty laughter, but her eyes did nothing but feel sorry for Joe.

"Oh, my darling!" she said to him at last. "My poor, unlucky darling!"

"I came to ask you what I can do? What can I say to her?"

"I can't think of anything, can you?"

"Nothing sounds good to me except running away."

"Run," Susan advised him. "There's just a chance that mother may find that rather engaging. No apology could do any good."

"Susan, I love you more every word you say," Joe told her.

"Don't expect my words to keep up that high average," she warned him.

"If the plan that I've got in the back of my mind works out," Joe said, "the great danger will be that your mother or Shad might shake the tree before the apples are ripe. They'll be pretty well cut off from communication with all Hicks-Spruance people up at Shad's, and any message that comes to Shad on the subject would be apt to reach him through me, but ——"

"I may be able to take care of it as far as mother is concerned."

At that moment Nellie, the maid, burst into the room.

"Something has happened to the madam," she announced with almost delirious excitement. "They're bringing her upstairs and her face has all gone gray like."

The thought of being discovered in her daughter's room by Mrs. Spruance in her present mood made Joe's own cheeks pale.

Susan pointed to a door on the other side of the chamber.

"That's my bathroom," she told Joe. "Go through it, and there's a door on another corridor."

"Bless you," Joe breathed.

"We leave for the north at about eleven tomorrow. I'll telephone you before. Now run."

Joe opened his mouth to make a very beautiful speech of farewell.

"Well, really!" a voice was wafted down from the direction of the stairs. "Well, really!"

Joe ran.

The Spruance trust held seventy-seven thousand shares of Hicks-Spruance stock. From consultation of a list at the office, Joe learned that Shad owned ten thousand. That left thirteen thousand of the existent one hundred thousand shares outstanding.

Joe had two hundred and seventy thousand dollars. He'd made it and he liked it, but he said to himself, "If you aren't willing to risk your money for a girl you care about, you certainly don't care about her very much." And to comfort himself still further he added: "If I lose it I can make some more, anyway."

It wouldn't be so easy without a regular salary and a backer, however, and for Joe the days of a regular salary and a backer were numbered. People had tried to get him away from Shad, and he knew he could get a similar position at any time, but he also knew he wouldn't. Never again. His mind was made up, his plans all laid, and he was raring to start by ten o'clock Monday morning, but he thought it advisable to hear from Susan that the camp project was certain.

Susan didn't telephone until 10:43, which left him floundering in the despairing belief that she'd married Shad as the simplest solution of her difficulties, for almost three-quarters of an hour.

"I never was so glad to hear a voice in my life," Joe said, when hers came over the phone.

"This is the first instant I've had to speak to you when I could be sure of privacy," Susan told him. "I'm supposed to be on my way to the station, but I've stopped at the Belmont."

"Do you think you can keep your mother out of touch with Hicks-Spruance?"

"I've just telephoned her secretary and told him that I'm very worried about mother's health and that two or three weeks of absolute rest are essential to her. He promised not to forward anything pertaining to the business, and if anything vital comes up, to telephone a certain friend of Shad's and ours, and so get in touch with her."

"Who?"

"You, of course."

"That's marvelous. Now, anything you can do to assure Shad's isolation will give my plan just that much more chance."

"I'll do my utmost, darling, and I'm afraid I've got to run for my train."

"I know you have, but remember this, will you, Susan dear? That place is heaven on earth. Nobody can be up there and not seem transformed. You've started out with too bad an idea of Shad, anyway."

"Are you warning me not to fall in love with him?"

"I'm just warning you that it's June, and please throw me a thought in purgatory now and then."

When he'd heard her hang up the receiver, Joe telephoned Bill Hardcastle and three other friends of his on the floor of the Exchange, and put in an order for them to buy as much Hicks-Spruance stock for him as they could pick up.

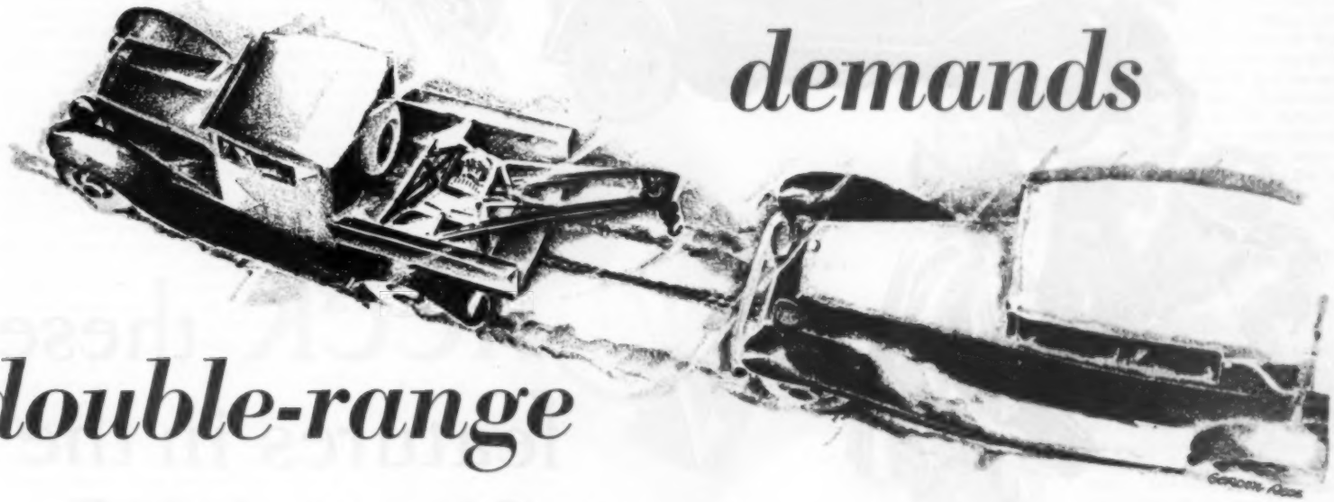
It opened that day at 11¼ and closed at 16, with Joe owning twenty-five hundred shares.

The next day Hicks-Spruance stock went up to 19, and two of the evening papers gave as the reason for its rise the rumor that the Hermann interests were taking over Hicks-Spruance, following the engagement of Miss Spruance to Shadwell Hermann.

(Continued on Page 83)

"You're Fired," Shad Repeated. Joe Stayed Calm

Why cold-weather lubrication *demands* *double-range* Mobiloil Arctic



32° F. That's the freezing point—the lubrication danger point.

Winter driving can be hard on cars unless precautions are taken and carefully followed. Some of the most important are:

1. Do not drive with the choke control out. It will quickly dilute even the best oil, if left open for long periods.
2. Be sure that the anti-freeze solution in the radiator is kept at full strength.
3. If the roads are icy or snowy, use tire chains.
4. Be sure to use Mobiloil Arctic in your engine and Mobiloil "CW" in your transmission and differential.

Mobiloil Arctic is the best of all winter oils, for it has the double-range quality that makes starting easy on the coldest days, yet gives full, rich lubrication when the engine is warmed up.

If you have not already put in New Mobiloil Arctic, drive in to a dealer who displays the Gargoyle Mobiloil sign today, and get new engine protection and new driving comfort from this high quality double-range winter oil.

Shift gears easily

If you have struggled against a hard working gear shift lever and clashed the gears while trying to make them mesh, you'll appreciate the new Mobiloil "CW."

With it in the transmission and differential, you get full protection of gears, a lightening of the load on the engine, and summer-like gear shifting.

VACUUM OIL COMPANY

Makers of high quality lubricants for all types of machinery

Make this chart your guide

It shows the correct grade of Gargoyle Mobiloil for certain prominent cars. If your car is not listed below, see complete Mobiloil Chart at your Mobiloil dealer's.

Follow winter recommendations when temperatures from 32° F. (Freezing) to 0° F. (zero) prevail. Below zero use Gargoyle Mobiloil Arctic (except Ford, Models T, TT, use Gargoyle Mobiloil "E").

NAMES OF PASSENGER CARS	1929 Engine		1928 Engine		1927 Engine		1926 Engine	
	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter
Auburn, 6-66							A	A
" 8-cyl.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	A	Arc.
" other models	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	A
Buick	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	A	Arc.
Cadillac	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.
Chandler Special Six			A	Arc.	A	A		
" other models	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Chevrolet	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Chrysler, 4-cyl.			A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
" Imperial 80 and Imperial	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	A	A	A	A
" other models	A		A	Arc.	A	A	A	A
Dodge Brothers	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Durant	A	Arc.	A	Arc.			A	Arc.
Elcar, 8-cyl.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	A	Arc.
" other models	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	A
Erskine	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.		
Essex	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Ford, Model A	A	Arc.	A	Arc.				
" Model T					E	E	E	E
Franklin	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	BB	BB	BB
Gardner, 8-cyl.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	A	Arc.
" other models							A	A
Hudson	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Hupmobile	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
La Salle	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.		
Lincoln	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.
Marmon, 8-cyl.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.		
" other models			BB	A	A	A	A	A
Moon	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Nash, Adv. & Sp. 6	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	A	Arc.
" other models	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Oakland	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Oldsmobile	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Packard	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Peerless, 72, 90, 91	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A
" other models	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Pontiac	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Reo	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Studebaker	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Whippet	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Willys-Knight, 4-cyl.							B	Arc.
" " 6-cyl.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.

the New GARGOYLE Mobiloil ARCTIC

for Economical Transportation

CHEVROLET

Check these features in the New Chevrolet Six!

The new Chevrolet Six offers many improvements—every one of which increases its dollar-for-dollar value. Check these improvements when you consider the Chevrolet Six. The features listed on this page are typical of the numerous advancements—affecting every phase of the car's performance, comfort, safety, endurance and dependability.

- A great 50-horsepower six-cylinder valve-in-head motor — smoother, quieter, and with increased power throughout the entire speed range.
- Stronger, lighter pistons — bushed with high-grade bronze to insure smoother operation and longer life for both pistons and piston pins.
- A new enlarged hot-spot manifold that insures complete vaporization of the fuel—improving performance and efficiency.
- Larger and stronger rear axle gears —made of the finest nickel steel— add to Chevrolet's outstanding durability and long life.
- Four Delco-Lovejoy hydraulic shock absorbers on all models eliminate road shocks and increase riding comfort.
- A new automatic acceleration pump that provides the flashing acceleration which modern traffic conditions make necessary.
- Non-locking weather-proof brakes, fully-enclosed internal-expanding type, assure smooth, positive brake action under all conditions.
- New, larger, full-balloon tires with smaller wheels, improving roadability and adding to safety, comfort and appearance.
- Two-beam headlamps with foot control—permitting courtesy to approaching cars without the danger of dim lights.
- An adjustable driver's seat in all closed models—a turn of the convenient regulator and you have the driving position that suits you best.
- A complete new instrument panel— including a new dash gasoline gauge and every instrument for perfect control of the car.
- The new Fisher Body non-glare windshield—an additional safety feature, giving clear vision at all times.

The Greatest
CHEVROLET
in Chevrolet History

Chevrolet Motor Company, Detroit, Michigan
Division of General Motors Corporation

A SIX IN THE PRICE RANGE OF THE FOUR

WHEN BEGGARS RIDE

By George Agnew Chamberlain

XIV

ABANDONED in his office—library, sitting room, den or what not—Mr. Dumont waited and waited. He summoned patience just as he might have called upon any other minion, and forced it into his service. He went so far as to seat himself at his desk and attempt to resume the sorting out of his papers, but presently he arose and went to stand beside the couch. Recollecting certain echoes of first aid he decided that Sybelle's head should lie flat, and taking her under the knees, he raised her in his arms so that he could place her on the couch with her body fully extended.

He was amazed at her lightness. Though there was not the slightest suggestion of fragility, no threat that any amount of hauling about would pull her apart, she still seemed abnormally light. More echoes occurred to his mind, upsetting some memory of the far past. Was it possible generic woman had grown specifically ethereal, though tough, making a mock of the ancient curves of the beauty still secretly revered by his vanishing generation and yet mysteriously holding her own as the one perpetual disturbing factor? It was a deep, a confused and confusing question.

He remained pleasantly spellbound until, at long last, Nelson appeared in the open door.

"The doctor, sir."

Doctor Bourrelot disclosed himself as possibly the most unhurried individual of all time. His lagging steps followed slowly upon Nelson's announcement and he entered with the pessimistic air of one certain he is not going to be amused. He was a small man. He wore a virgin spade beard and carried a medical case in one hand, his square-topped hard felt hat in the other. Clicking his heels together, he murmured, "M'sieur," and bowed woodenly with the obligatory courtesy which no Frenchman ever omits and only a Frenchman can make as effective as the kick of a mule.

Mr. Dumont explained the situation as best he could in stumbling though fairly efficient French, but the doctor showed a Gallic disregard for all asseverations pointing to innocence. Anything so unusual as a new situation he had long since conceded to be inconceivable, consequently he could be neither entertained nor disappointed by the antics of an old man in juxtaposition with the traditional young girl, though unconscious.

He advanced upon his patient, manhandled her freely, fell on his knees, thrust his nose between her lips, jerked himself into a jackknife posture, snapped open her eyelids with expert thumb and forefinger, and gazed thoughtfully at her pinpoint pupils. Then he straightened, shrugged up his shoulders, and forgot to let them down again.

"Hashish," he enunciated phlegmatically. "Ganja, bhang—cannabin poisoning."

"No!" exclaimed Mr. Dumont wonderingly.

Acting under the doctor's instructions, Nelson carried the body into an adjacent bathroom, and in due course carried it back again. In the interim Sybelle had been subjected, totally unbeknownst to herself, to the ordeal of the stomach pump, as well as to other processes which can be likened only to the thorough fumigating and subsequent airing of an infected house.

The doctor glanced apathetically at her still unconscious form as he packed up his paraphernalia and prepared to leave. "She will regain consciousness in five minutes, unless she goes to sleep," he predicted. "In half an hour she will have fully recovered. I take my leave."

Mr. Dumont protested incredulously. The doctor insisted. Mr. Dumont strove valiantly to explain how much more he needed a touch of common humanity, the comfort of moral support, than any amount of medical skill. Doctor Bourrelot remained cynically unmoved. Mr. Dumont edged on the vociferous. The doctor, still persisting, snapped shut his bag, and even forgot himself so far as to put on his hat.

"I'll thank you for a hundred and fifty francs!" he shouted, not because he was genuinely excited, but because shouting had somehow become the mode.

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN LA GATTA

He Was Amazed at Her Lightness. Was it Possible Generic Woman Had Grown Specifically Ethereal?

Mr. Dumont hurriedly handed him a bank note for a thousand.

"There you are, doctor."

"I can't break that," snapped Doctor Bourrelot.

"Let us not speak of breaking it, m'sieur," countered Mr. Dumont, forcing what he hoped was a pleasant smile.

A sardonic gleam lighted in the little man's eyes as he turned to Nelson. "Have you a hundred and fifty francs?"

"Yes, sir," said Nelson.

"Give it to me." When Nelson had complied with the request, the doctor handed him the thousand-franc note. "Keep the change."

"Nelson," commanded Mr. Dumont angrily, "tell him to stay here at his own price. Make it plain that he names the price—any price."

"There is no price for sleep," muttered the physician after giving Nelson his sober attention, and started for the door.

"Shall I run down and lock him in, sir?" asked the ever-resourceful Nelson.

"No, no, let him go," said Mr. Dumont resignedly. "Hurry down to show him out." Then he added admiringly, "It's too bad, because I've just begun to like him."

A moment later he was arrested by a faint sound as of the fluttering of a damp leaf. He turned to find the corpse in the agony of coming to life. It kicked, it bent convulsively at the middle, rolled from side to side, clutched at the back of the couch, dragged its torso erect, swung its legs to the floor and flopped, elbows on knees, head into clutching hands. Again Mr. Dumont was assailed by a dim and faded memory.

"That's no good," he advised. "You'd better lie back on the cushions and take it easy."

She raised a pallid, dull-eyed face. "Who are you?" she breathed.

"That's not important at the moment, is it?"

"No," she admitted, "nothing's important." She felt around vaguely. "Where are the cushions?"

Somewhat to his own surprise, he found himself promptly capable. He stepped forward and with an unaccustomed agility not only arranged the cushions in a heap at one end of the couch, but seizing her beneath the arms, lifted and placed her against them. She herself condescended to straighten out her legs.

"Isn't that better?" he asked, standing off from her vicinity.

"Nothing's better," she stated with finality. "Everything's always worse."

"I believe your name's Trumbull."

"Is it? Yes, Sybelle Trumbull. I'm almost sure that's right."

"Any relation to Sidney Caldwell Trumbull?"

"Daughter." There was a considerable pause, during which she attempted to move her eyes, only suddenly to close them with a wince of pain. "Where am I, Dodo?" she inquired finally.

Color tinged Mr. Dumont's swarthy cheeks as his eyebrows snapped into an amazed arch. "You were deposited senseless on the curb in front of this house," he stated. "For no other reason than your helpless condition, I had you carried in and sent for a doctor. Your companions, such as they were, did not see fit to linger."

"Who were they?" asked Sybelle.

The eyebrows came into play again. "I'm sure I don't know. Are you in the habit of experimenting on hashish with strangers?"

"Is that what it was? Thanks. I'm in the habit of doing what I please, and now I'm going to sleep."

"Not here," said Mr. Dumont firmly. "You're going to stay awake until you get out."

"All right," said Sybelle, turning to nestle her cheek down against the cushions, but facing him. "Throw me out, old dear."

He looked restlessly toward the door, which had remained open. No sign of Nelson, of Hallam, of Mrs. Brent or her daughter came to ease his increasing tension. Walking resolutely to the couch, he snatched the cushions to the floor and lifted Sybelle brusquely into a sitting posture. She braced her hands at either side of her swaying body, let her head droop forward, and presented all the appearance of one inexorably determined to sleep, whatever the position.

"Wake up," he commanded.

"What for?" she asked drowsily. "I don't care about anything, so what are you going to do about it? I don't care who you are, where I am, where I was or where I'm going. You can throw me out or not throw me out, just as you like. I don't give a peddler's tin pan."

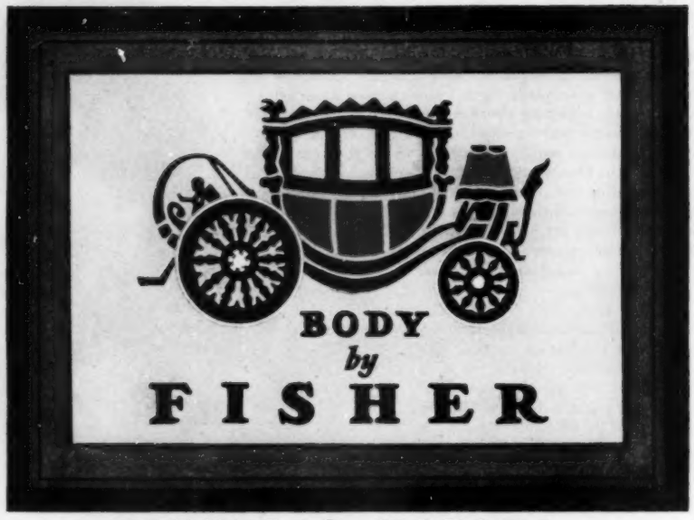
He drew up a chair, sat down, leaned forward, and locked his hands across his knees. "I've read about your kind," he commenced conversationally, "but I've never

(Continued on Page 36)

LA SALLE

OLDSMOBILE

VIKING



GENERAL MOTORS

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No motor car buyer need sacrifice body quality to price. Notwithstanding their definite and marked superiority, Fisher Body cars are obtainable in every price field.

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How is it possible for Fisher Body to provide values so much greater? Three fundamental and all-important factors enable Fisher to build far better quality and far greater value.

The first factor is the enormous resources of Fisher. Owning its own lumber, fittings, hardware and glass manufactories—among the largest of their kind in the world—Fisher closely controls every manufacturing step, from raw materials to finished product.

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The third factor is Fisher Body's unequalled production. Fisher Body builds more closed bodies than any other body manufacturer, thus realizing economies possible only to such production.

Let these facts help and guide you when you select a motor car.

(Continued from Page 33)

seen one—felt one, so to speak. You're young, very young, and I imagine you could be extremely good-looking. Do you mind explaining to a confused old man why you shouldn't be keen to live and to get somewhere before you die?"

"Dream talk," murmured Sybelle, and straightened her head to look at him curiously. "You're a queer old bug; you smell of naphtha. What's this anyway—a storage warehouse? Who wants to live, and what for? Come across. Do you still like to eat, to go to bed and get up again? Does it give you a thrill to brush your teeth, take a bath and shave for a party seven hundred and fifty times a year? Do you still say your prayers? Answer that one," she concluded bitterly.

"Are you in love?" asked Mr. Dumont with his brows puckered.

"No."

"Consumptive?"

"No."

"Liverish? Is there anything at all the matter with you?"

"Not a thing; I'm so healthy I can crawl through a clothes wringer every night and wrap myself around an egg in the morning. But if you want the story of a life, why don't you chase yourself down to Maxim's and buy it for a hundred francs?"

Again he colored. "Miss Trumbull, I gave your father his start; the great mistake was that it was altogether too good a start. He made money faster than he could grow up to it and what it did to him is the only possible excuse for you. I'd like to introduce myself. My name is F. V. Dumont—Frederick Vanrenslaer Dumont."

"Oh," breathed Sybelle, a gleam of intelligence brightening her eyes and for the first time giving them direction. Then she recovered herself. "I could pull the old one about being Mary Queen of Scots, but I won't. . . . What about a drink, Freddy?"

He sprang to his feet, his fists doubled, and the blood pounding in his temples. His temper had been put to many a strain of late, but never to anything like this. He would have liked to shake her, to slap her face. No, to lay her across his knee and spank her until she howled! He cast a furious glance at her. Had she been amused at his discomfort, it is possible that what remained of his equilibrium would have crashed, but by good fortune her expression remained completely blank. Not only did it bring him back to his senses but it struck an unexpected chord of pity. He resumed his seat.

"My dear child, what's the matter with you? You're well, young, wealthy—what's the matter with you?"

"How do I know?" asked Sybelle. "If there was anything I wanted, I suppose I'd be all right; but there isn't. I don't want a thing."

"Though you're not Mary Queen of Scots," began Mr. Dumont, in a tone from which all exasperation had evaporated, "I'm really Mr. Dumont. I've spent half my life cleaning up other people's messes. I might say cleaning up messes is my ruling passion, and if you haven't any objection, I'd like to clean up yours."

"Amuse yourself," said Sybelle, "but first get me a drink."

He went to a side table where Nelson, according to his thoughtful habit, had left a covered heap of sandwiches, a bucket of ice, a decanter, and several splits of Perrier. He mixed two drinks, handed her one, and sat down with the other.

"What's this?" she asked after a sip. "Scotch?"

"The fact that you don't know gives me my opening. I told you I've read about you in general, but unfortunately, the trend of affairs has been such that I've never had a chance to rub up against your troubled epoch. It's abnormal for any human being not to want anything, and since you've convinced me that's your case, I would like to have a try at giving you a lift. Do you mind if I go on?"

"Not a bit. I got the drink. I'm a square shooter."

"You were rude enough to remind me I'm old. Well, I am; I'm old enough to have gone for a bicycle tour as a boy. Among the things I especially remember was the shock of coming upon an Italian laborer eating his lunch. It consisted of two slabs of black bread separated by a half inch of solid lard."

"Help!" gasped Sybelle, her face sickening.

"That's the way I felt," continued Mr. Dumont calmly, "except that my heart filled itself with pity. I had a well-stocked knapsack and offered him a share in its good things, but he turned from them with a disgust equal at least to yours and mine. It took me ten years to think it out, but in the end I learned the lesson of my life. If you want to hear it, I'm willing to hand it to you for nothing."

"Pauperizing the poor?" asked Sybelle lightly.

"Every young thing, like I was and you are," he proceeded quietly, "stands with its face against the same wall. That wop with his sandwich pushed down the wall for me and opened an unending vista."

"Hand me the dream," murmured Sybelle, but with a subtle change in her tone.

"Not a bad name for it," said Mr. Dumont, "since it's unending and forever unattainable. I wonder, though, if you'll get this. The lard sandwich was the measure of the wop's enjoyment—I mean, it marked the bounds of his sensatory equipment."

She frowned. "Now you're trying to make me think."

"They say a man's a fool to give advice. Sell it for millions, they tell us, but never give it. And yet, here I am, itching to flag you simply because you're young and strong, mussed but lovely, and with a long road ahead. I'm sure you've got a brain, so please do think. Starting from the lard sandwich, I began to perceive that you and I and every other human being is inexorably bound to live up to, but never beyond, the reach of an individual perception."

"Greek," said Sybelle, straightening to stare at him.

(Continued on Page 121)

"I'm Through With Living Up or Down to Other People's Lives. I'm Going to Live My Own"

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IT lives again!—the thundering throb of "Song of the Vagabonds", in the glorious golden voice of Dennis King, star of Paramount's all-color musical romance "The Vagabond King"! Once the greatest triumph of the Broadway stage, now the supreme triumph of the talking, singing screen—Paramount's New Show World. ¶ Blazing with gorgeous Technicolor throughout...vibrant with stirring melodies... packed with thrills and adventure, excitement, romance! ¶ With Broadway's favorite romantic stars, Dennis King and Jeanette MacDonald in the leading roles, and a great cast. The New Show World of Paramount at its most brilliant height! ¶ And only Paramount with matchless resources and unrivalled man power could unfold before your eyes this glittering panorama of song, color and romance in all the blazing glory of the original, the greatest of all musical romances! ¶ Don't miss the outstanding eye-and-ear treat of the year. Ask your Theatre Manager now when he is planning to show "The Vagabond King". *"If it's a Paramount Picture it's the best show in town!"*

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THE BUSINESS TIDE

By David Lawrence

NOT often is there a business deal which may truly be said to unite the East and the West—a merger which has as its basic reason what might be termed the economic geography of the United States. Not often, it might be added, does capital flow clear across the continent from New York to San Francisco to make a fifty-million-dollar investment. Such was the recent consolidation of the Columbia Steel Corporation of California and the United States Steel Corporation.

How was the deal negotiated? What was its moving purpose, and who carried on this large transaction for the two companies? I asked these and other questions of Herbert Fleishacker, San Francisco banker, who three years ago planted the seed of the idea in the mind of George F. Baker, Jr.

"I went to see Mr. Baker," said Mr. Fleishacker, "because I knew him to be one of the largest and most influential stockholders in United States Steel, and I felt instinctively that we had something which we could hardly develop ourselves. We had invested a good deal of money in the steel industry on the Pacific Coast. We knew that ultimately hundreds of millions of dollars would have to be put into our industry and that sooner or later one of the large Eastern companies would have to become interested in order to develop operations on the Coast. It is not generally realized that, owing to the large demand for cans for the packing of fruits, salmon and vegetables, the Pacific Coast is the largest consumer of tin plate in the world. There is no coking coal in California but plenty of it in Utah and Colorado. We had two large furnaces, one at Torrance, outside of Los Angeles, and another at Pittsburg, California, and we have been putting out a full line of steel products with the exception of structural steel. You know it was one of the dreams of the late E. H. Harriman that a large steel industry might be built up on the Pacific Coast, and that is why the Southern Pacific Railroad to this day has large independent holdings of iron ore in California and Lower California.

"Now that United States Steel has acquired our company we expect that the demand for tin plate alone will probably mean trebling or quadrupling the plants, so that it is not unlikely that within the next five years we shall have at least a hundred-million-dollar investment on the Pacific Coast in steel alone.

"When I first saw Mr. Baker, three years ago, he promised to look into it. He brought me in contact with the officers of the Steel Corporation. We met several times, but never until a few months ago were we ready to get down to brass tacks.

"We discussed it in the early summer of last year and argued back and forth about the price at which the stock would be exchanged. Most business deals, I suppose, are serious affairs with a good deal of contention on both sides. While we realized, of course, the importance of the transaction, I must say that both sides kept good-natured and good-humored throughout.

"I remember, for instance, on the day when we were trying to agree on price, Myron C. Taylor, chairman of the finance committee of the United States Steel Corporation, and James A. Farrell, president, and I had been discussing a particular price per share. Mr. Taylor happened to mention a price that I thought was rather low. All of a sudden there was a deafening roar outside of the building which caused us all to look up. Mr. Farrell said, 'What was that?' And I remarked that it was the protest of the multitude against the low price. Whereupon Mr. Taylor, quick as a flash, retorted that he was quite sure it was applause. We went to the window and saw the Bremen being welcomed on her trip up the bay after a record-breaking voyage to America.

"That day we settled on an option to the Steel Corporation, which had to be exercised within four months. I must say that I have never seen a more thorough job of checking than during those four months. Some of these big deals may seem quite commonplace nowadays but there is nothing casual about the way they are investigated before the final contract is made.

"Under the terms of the option the United States Steel Corporation had four months, in effect, to make up its mind whether the investment was as represented. Not only did Mr. Taylor and Mr. Farrell come to the Coast themselves, but they brought with them Comptroller Filbert and the presidents of all but one of their eighteen principal subsidiary companies, and that executive happened to be ill at the time. It was a long, thorough audit. I have been in transactions involving an equal amount of money in the purchase of properties, but I doubt whether I have seen anything more comprehensive than the inspection made by the United States Steel Corporation of the property they bought. It is unquestionably one of the reasons for their success."

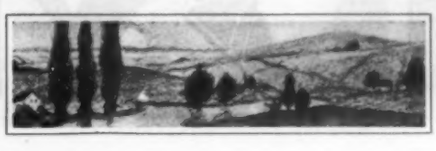
The first thing that suggests itself, of course, in the enlarged operations of a steel company is whether this presages a large amount of construction, but, curiously enough, the demand for structural steel on the Pacific Coast is still not large enough to warrant mills for that specific purpose. It has been calculated that all the structural steel requirements could be met in thirty days and that it is much cheaper to ship by water through the Panama Canal all the girders necessary for buildings. But the by-products of steel are numerous—they go all the way from tin cans to rods for concrete construction and wire fences. And some day when Minnesota has less iron ore available, the United States Steel Corporation can reach out to its iron deposits in China and bring the ore by water to California. Not long after the United States Steel acquired the Columbia Steel Corporation there came another Eastern giant—the Bethlehem Steel Corporation—which took over the Pacific Coast Steel Company in California, so that competition thrives on the Coast in the steel business in anticipation of the industrial expansion that moves slowly but surely abreast of an increasing population.

The Eternal Question—How's Business?

WHAT the many business leaders who gathered in Washington for the President's conference said in public represented in most instances a crystallized opinion within a particular industry. There were notably few who ventured to make any general survey. And yet in the private conversations in the lobby of the Chamber of Commerce Building and at the hotels these same business men asked one another persistently about "the business outlook." It was a striking illustration of how little business knows about itself even in these days of quick communication and intensive statistical research. One business man may know conditions within his own field very well and is in a position to forecast to some extent what is likely to happen. He listens with rapt attention to the story of conditions in another industry. But even after hearing two or three such curbstone surveys he is often as much bewildered as when he asked his first question, for he discovers that nearly every business has a seasonal slump and also that the search since the war for a normal year with which to make comparisons has not yet been successful. The truth of the matter is that the facts of business were never generally known before the war, and that the mobilization of industry for defense started American business on the road to introspection. It is, of course, evident that charts and indicators furnished by leading economists make a definite impression on the business mind, but the outstanding characteristic of the conference at Washington was that business men looked to one another for inspiration. They reminded one very much of the college team that gazes intermittently up at the bleachers for the support of the rank and file. What business possesses is a heart, a soul and a mind, and unless there is a spirit of forward-moving there is hesitancy in its stead.

Within a week after the Washington meeting some of the same men said they felt better about the business outlook. I asked some of them what accounted for the restoration of confidence and what was the meaning of their renewed determination to go forward with plans made before the stock market declined. The usual answer was that "everybody felt better about it." It might be called business psychology and it might be regarded as a form of self-reassurance. But whatever it is, business men seem to rely on it when industry pauses; and after having asked one another for impressions they take on a broader and more confident feeling about their own affairs.

Not the least of the defects in what might be characterized as business by impression is the tendency to accept secondhand and even thirdhand information as the gospel truth. The expert analysis widely circulated nowadays has a powerful influence in coloring the minds of business men. Some forecaster with a gloomy perspective suddenly distributes a program of pessimism and instantly he wins converts to his cause. Probably there will always be bears and bulls. Probably there will always be sophisticated comments from the metropolitan centers which will percolate to the smaller cities and rural districts and cause no end of torment to the sensitive minds which prune their expenditures at the slightest ill wind and thus contribute themselves to a diminished activity. But it is none the less true that a few shocks like those in the autumn of 1929 will cause many an American business man to gather his own facts, to do his own thinking, and to read between the lines of the professional prophets.



President Hoover's Way

THREE years ago I sat in the office of the then Secretary of Commerce when a clerk came in and laid on Mr. Hoover's desk a single sheet about ten by twelve inches, containing twenty-five separate charts grouped together. It was full of curves, mountains and valleys.

"I keep track of business every week by that page of charts," said Mr. Hoover.

"Are the charts specially drawn for you?" I asked.

"No," said Mr. Hoover, "they are charts available in different parts of the Government and I have them brought together and grouped so that I may look at them every week."

It occurred to me that if Mr. Hoover could derive any knowledge about business conditions from looking at a set of charts, maybe people outside of the Government would also be interested. And from that day to this the Department of Commerce has been making public that same group of charts every week. They are important only if one follows them from week to week, but they are nevertheless significant of what the man who is now President of the United States has always regarded as some of the fundamentals worth while knowing in order to study the currents of business.

Bituminous coal production month by month leads the list. Then there is the daily average of building contracts. Lumber production, petroleum production, Detroit factory employment, copper prices, iron and steel prices, steel-plant operation and car loadings complete what might be called the production group.

In the field of commodities, there are charts respectively on wheat receipts, cotton receipts, cattle receipts, hog receipts and the current prices of wheat and cotton middling at New York. These may be said to comprise an agricultural survey.

Then there is the financial series, such as the chart showing loans and discounts for member banks of the Federal Reserve System, the Federal Reserve gold ratio, debits to individual accounts, stock-market prices, bond prices, brokers' loans, call-money rates, and the rates for time money.

The whole list is rounded out with a wholesale price index and a comparison of the number of business failures for each month of the current year with those of the previous year. In order to form some kind of basis, the weekly averages for the years 1923-1925, inclusive, are fixed on the graphs at 100, or normal, so that above or below this line may be seen the comparative curves of 1929 and 1930.

But President Hoover does not depend on charts alone. As Secretary of Commerce he started the custom of receiving at least three or four times a year the editors of the trade and business papers of the country. He continues the custom at the White House.

Not long ago the group came for its periodic opportunity to question the Chief Executive. But he turned the tables on them. It was just before the recent stock-market decline and he was very curious about the business situation. He asked each trade-paper editor searching questions about conditions in his domain. The editors themselves went away with very little presidential information.

Mr. Hoover not only knows what the charts and graphs mean, but he supplements them with personal interrogation whenever he finds an opportunity to talk with those who may be presumed to have a broad knowledge of a particular field of business. And he tries, moreover, to understand the fundamentals of all basic industries. That's Mr. Hoover's way.

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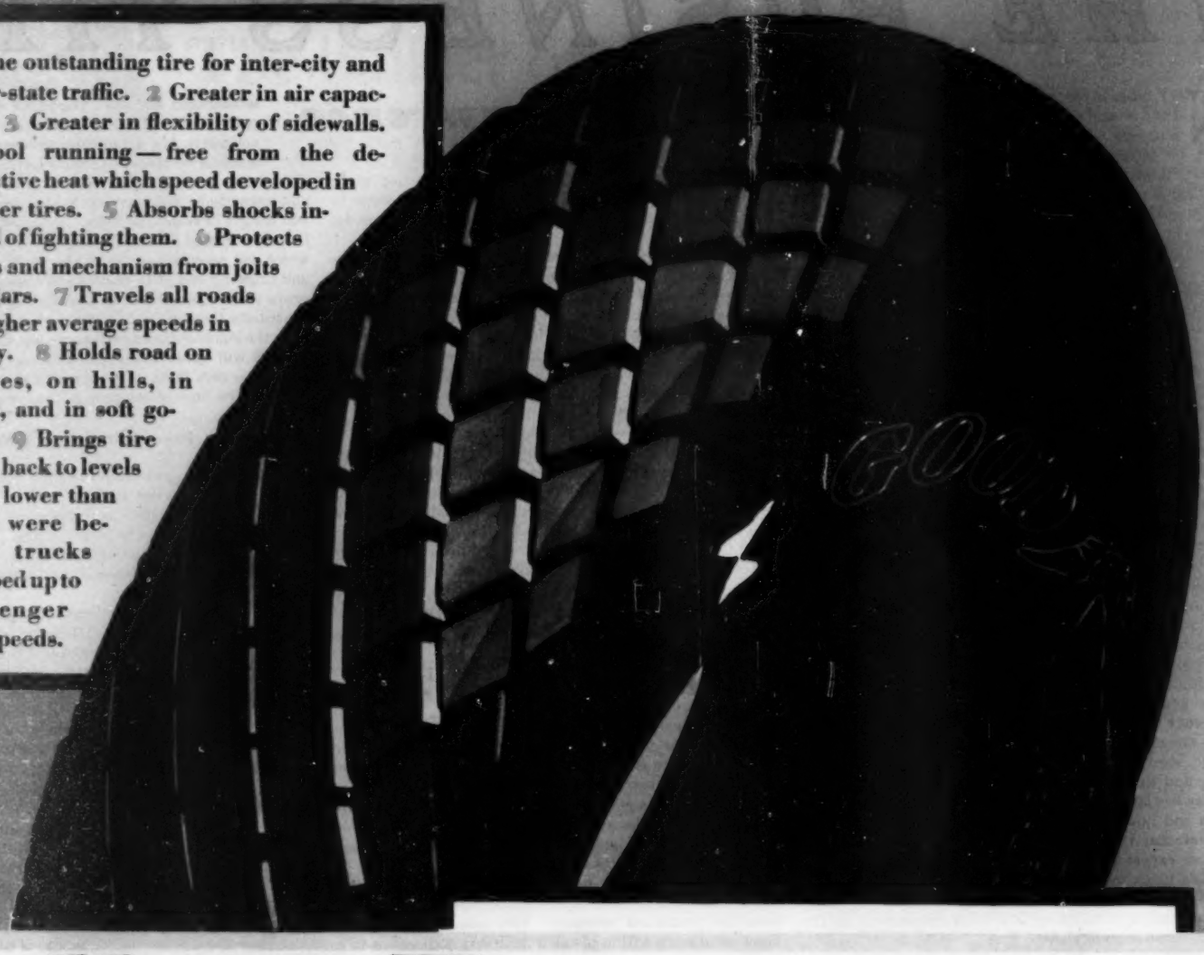

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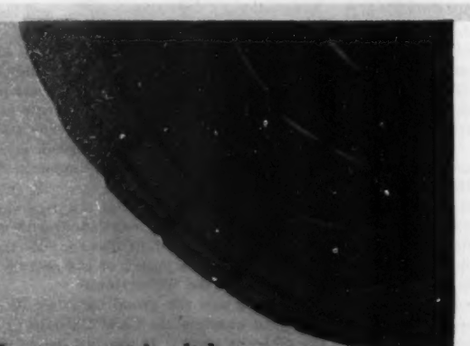

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GOODYEAR

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LIVE STEAM

(Continued from Page 23)

When a boiler is being forced to the last pound of steam, water must be fed to it only in small quantities or its steam production drops. And even if the water tender dared neglect his water glasses, the height of a full-power run is no time to train firemen. But it was characteristic of Blaney that he ignored both of these things. At the price of constant vigilance a water tender can carry his water just above the bottom of the glass, nicely maintaining a balance between too much water and the consequent cooling off of his boiler and the empty glass which means disaster or, if he be lucky, at the very least hauled fires and a dead boiler.

It was not in Blaney to pit his own watchfulness against the possibility of ruptured tubes and the swift death of live steam. Instead, he poured in water and left himself time to hang over the railing and curse the men before the fires. So, as soon as he had relieved Pinkey, the pressure in No. 4 fireroom began to sag.

"An' you calls yourself a fireman!"

Pinkey swabbed sweat from his eyes with the grimy towel that hung over his naked shoulders and saw Blaney's red face glaring down at him.

"Look at that gauge! Look at it, you fool!"

It seemed to Pinkey that Blaney's face expanded until it blotted out the steam and water lines above. Perhaps, if his head had been clear of the heat madness, he might have guessed that too much water and not faulty firing was dragging down the steam. But he was too full of his own fight against creeping weakness, too furious at the insatiable appetite of the fires, to hear the sympathetic growl that went up from the others.

Twice the signal gong from the engine room rapped sharply, the pointer jerked warningly to "More Steam" on its dial. The second time, Crossley, who stood beside Pinkey, poked him with the handle of his shovel.

"Why don't you jump up there and tend water?" he yelled above the scream of the blowers. "He'll have the chief in here on us!"

But Pinkey shook his head, darted another pleading look at the gauge glasses over his head, kicked the fire door open and thrust in his slice bar. To his worried eyes the fire box seemed dull and clogged with clinker. As he turned his face aside before the blistering heat, he stole a glance at Crossley. Like Feegan, the man beside him had served a long time in firerooms, knew what a good fire should be. That was it. Crossley had always been the most softhearted man in the fireroom. He was showing it now, Pinkey told himself, trying to get him away from the boiler front because he wasn't man enough to keep up his fires.

"Give me that shovel." It was Blaney at Pinkey's elbow. If the water tender had read the warning in the second reminder of the steam gong, he managed to conceal his uneasiness. "What's the matter with you?" he shouted threateningly. "Sick? Look at that steam!" He shoved the little fellow toward the ladder. "Get up there and take the water while I put her back where she belongs."

When the chief engineer appeared in the doorway a moment later, he stared in quick suspicion at Blaney's display of energy on the floor plates. Then he climbed to Pinkey's station.

"I thought you could tend water?" Pinkey started as the hoarse voice bellowed in his ear. His eyes dropped guiltily as he saw who it was. But he scarcely heard the furious words that followed, for already the pressure was starting upward again, and down below, Blaney's broad shoulders were heaving mightily—the obvious reason for the improvement.

"I'll throw you clear out of the black gang," the chief promised as he turned to go. He could see the steaming competition slipping away from him, and for the moment he was blind to the white, miserable face of the man who seemed to be failing him.

"One inch of water in the glasses! Not a drop more!" he shouted as he climbed down the ladder. Then his eyes fixed themselves upon Blaney, and a gleam of understanding came into them as he saw the unsullied sweat rag that was draped over the water tender's shoulders. The big man, apparently oblivious to the presence of the chief engineer, was furiously thrusting at his fire with a slice bar.

"I'll break any man who lets the water get above half a glass!" The chief's mouth was close to Blaney's ear, although his face was turned toward Pinkey. Blaney flinched visibly as the officer repeated, with biting emphasis: "Break him! Savvy?"

He paused in the doorway and, apparently by accident, his eyes met Blaney's as the water tender straightened and glanced around. Then, without another word, he turned and disappeared.

For perhaps five minutes after the disappearance of the officer Blaney labored mightily at the fires. The steam gauge was already telling a different story, and aft in the engine room the chief was laughing into his first assistant's ear as he shouted the result of his trip forward.

Then Blaney reappeared on the gratings, mopping his face with a sweat rag that was no longer white. "All right, Pinkey. Now I got you out of trouble, see if you can keep out."

For a time Blaney applied himself strictly to watching the gauge glasses. The others, relieved of the struggle against falling steam pressure, began to look forward to the end of the watch. In the hazy glare of the lights over the boiler fronts the fireroom settled back into the silent struggle against heat and tired muscles. Occasionally, when Pinkey opened his door, Feegan stole a worried glance at the white face caught in the shaft of red light that cut through the dust and steam. But save for his drawn cheeks and tight lips, the little fellow betrayed no sign of weakness. But beside him, Crossley's long legs were wavering uncertainly as he swung around to fill his shovel, and in the momentary breathing spells when he gulped fresh air under the blower, he muttered ceaselessly through slack lips.

But Blaney was recovering from his scare, and soon he was leaning over the railing again, shouting threats and criticisms at Pinkey and interrupting his amusement only occasionally to open the check valves momentarily. He was chuckling at one of his own sallies as he glanced at the glass, then stiffened with a rush of terror and rubbed frantically at the face of the glass with his hand.

"My water's gone!" Blaney's voice pierced the roaring undertone of steam like a knife. He flung himself down the ladder, his face working convulsively.

All of them had heard of instances of low water in steaming boilers. Crossley, as it happened, had been in a fireroom once before during that particular emergency. But none had ever heard of a water tender who had abandoned his station; their minds refused to grasp the fact now. But the action tapped some hidden spring of fear in Crossley and reached the others as an explosion of unreasoning animal terror.

Only Pinkey, too exhausted to sense fear, saw a swift vision of the destruction of his shrine, his fireroom ripped and torn by the devastating power of live steam. Before he could turn, the others flung themselves at the escape ladder to the berth deck. It was no fault of Blaney's that he was not in the lead, but a heavy shoe crushed down on his fingers and he fell back.

Pinkey, swept along with the rush, heard a dull grunt deep inside of the forward boiler. A dazzling white column shot out through an open fire door; the room filled with deafening noise and the roaring dry heat of live steam.

Kicking, yelling curses, little Pinkey fought the thrust of the other men, conscious only that his boilers were being ripped apart, that cold water was still pouring into a nest of red-hot tubes that any moment would melt away as the first had done.

It was blind instinct that made him throw himself toward the blower outlet where the stream of cold air kept back some of the white cloud and the accompanying invisible death of the dry steam. Vaguely, in his labor-drugged mind, the thought was taking shape that he had failed his boilers, that the fault somehow was his. In his despair, the blast of steam, the blinding fog and the deafening noise were only physical obstacles. Isolated from his shipmates as he had been, he had heard little of what happens when live steam breaks its bounds, and neither then nor afterward did it occur to him that one breath of it would scorch out his lungs.

His foot struck something, and looking down, he saw Blaney clawing up a floor plate to get into the bilges, diving for the lowest point in the room. Then more fog swept around Pinkey, opaque vapor filled the room, and abruptly he was alone.

Overhead somewhere a man screamed hoarsely. The voice was cut off instantaneously, as if a hand had clamped down upon the throat from which it issued. Pinkey was suddenly driven to his knees by a glancing blow and felt a body flounder momentarily. As he turned, it was abruptly stilled. Dimly through the fog he saw a strange red caricature of Crossley's face staring up at him.

Retreat up the ladder was cut off. With a queer sense of satisfaction, Pinkey realized that he had known that all along. But the single idea in his fumbling mind left no room for thought of either retreat or rescue in the seconds that he hesitated. Ten feet forward of where he crouched was the reach rod that would open the safety valves, relieve the pressure on weakened water tubes. Beside it were the feed valves that would make the saving of his boilers certain. And the draft from the blowers was strong. The vapor seemed thinner on the right side of the boiler face. He could just make out the red glare from the open fire door. Close to the floor plates the fog seemed thicker, and vaguely he reasoned that it must be the damper, heavier vapor.

An insane figure slid down the ladder at his back, blindly ran into the face of the boiler. Pinkey caught a swift impression of ragged red tatters and blank, staring eyes. He staggered, bit through his lip at the stunning pain across his back as a strand of live steam flicked across him. As he sprawled on hands and knees to reach a discarded jumper on the floor plates, weakness surged over him, urged haste.

He wrapped the cloth around his nose and mouth. Then, drawing a deep breath, he hurled himself at the face of the boiler. The still body of the last man down the ladder tripped him. He struck the boiler front, and hot iron bit into his flesh, but somehow his fingers found the reach rod.

A little later a ghastly figure appeared in the door of the after fireroom, tugging at the body of an unconscious man. The raw, seared flesh stood out in great blisters on a face that was surmounted by a mop of pale pink hair. But the roar of steam had stopped.

Inside the door they found Feegan, still breathing. And except for minor burns, Pinkey had brought Blaney out unharmed. The others who had gone up the ladder were beyond help.

Afterward, in the sick bay, they had tried to tell him what he had done. But he had only grinned uncertainly, asked how many tubes were ruptured in his boiler. When they attempted to praise him, he looked uncomfortable, even slightly suspicious, wondering how soon they would discover that he had done nothing.

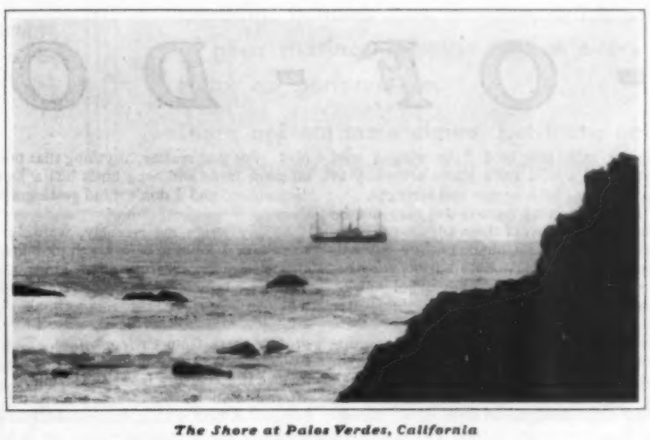
"So, for a devotion above and beyond the demands of duty——" the admiral's voice gained new life as he approached the end. Pinkey dragged back his wandering thoughts as he saw the chief engineer frowning at him, and he forced himself to listen to the words—"I take great pleasure in awarding the highest honor at the command of this or any other country to George Dewey Lester, Water Tender First Class."

An instant later the officers were shaking hands with him, blurting sincere, if self-conscious, congratulations. But behind his mystified expression, Pinkey was pondering this latest miracle. "Water tender first class? Even an admiral must know the difference between a fireman and a water tender first class!"

It was the same faltering, uncertain little figure that climbed out of its hammock in the midwatch that night and sought the engineer's bulletin board with stubborn incredulity. In the dim glow of a standing light he studied the lists of engineers' watches posted there; his eyes moving hesitantly, as if he feared what he would see.

When he saw, he clutched the edge of the board with both hands, thrust his nose against the glass. "Lester, G. D., Water Tender First Class." And then came another, greater shock. For just below, on the same memorandum of changes in ratings, was another name. "Blaney, C. M., Fireman Third Class."

And it was a stranger who climbed into Pinkey Lester's hammock again—a confident, quick-eyed little man who swung up with a surge of energy, stared around in the darkness as if he had suddenly found himself at home in the crowded darkness of the ship.



The Shore at Palos Verdes, California

GAS AND THE GAMES

(Continued from Page 13)

Now, what is the result of all this overexploitation? Of this overtouting of professional fighters, professional baseball players, of the yards of columns written about the football players and the golfing stars of the country? One effect has been that these young men have seen a way to capitalize their fame to their own benefit. Thus we have some of them endorsing various advertised goods. And their opportunities came simply through the ballyhoo of the press. What sport is today, the press has made it. Indirectly or directly, it has engineered rivalries, played up compulsions to win at any cost, featured "breaks" between rival colleges in football—all in order to keep its extras and sporting editions filled with meat for the customers. It has raised performers to pinnacles of publicity, so that they are losing their heads before they know it and going prima-donna. It keys them up to a point of nervous breakdown until many honestly confess they hate the game they play. It makes a mockery of sport by giving space to the antics of Channel swimmers, marathon dancers and flagpole sitters. Until, from the point of view of a game—a good game, a clean game—played for the fun of it, and nothing else, the whole thing is a rotten mess. And for this state of affairs the press of the country is to blame.

But wait a minute. Is it wholly and entirely to blame?

Overemphasis, like charity, begins at home. It is certainly true that the newspapers of the United States have played up sports for their own ends until the thing has reached colossal proportions. But if they are responsible for much, not all the responsibility can be laid at their door. Colleges and universities are growing up everywhere these days like weeds. Someone dies, wishes to perpetuate his name, and leaves money to found a college. Immediately an administrative faction springs up around the two weeks' old campus, and a football eleven with athletes dug up from everywhere comes into existence. If this team composes a few rough, tough specimens, so much the better, for they will probably win a few games, and this will give the college advertisement. Remember that the football team is the advertising medium of the college today. Accordingly, the subsidized eleven—see the recent Carnegie Report for details—goes out to fight for its salaries and Dear Old Blank, aided and abetted by the university publicity man. Most colleges, large and small, now possess a publicity man. And this is the sort of thing he has to say, this is the sort of stuff that floods the sporting departments of the nation's press from August to December and makes the editors just a little annoyed when they are accused of having done harm to sports. We're off ——

6695 pounds of beef and brawn will trample the sod of John M. Doe Field beneath the specially constructed cleats of forty ambitious gridmen next Monday afternoon, when Dad Roe's muscle-mauling squad go out for the first practice of the year—that tendon-bruising period which precedes the opening of the season.

Who is Dad Roe? What does it matter? My quotations are not the product of a fertile imagination; they are actual press releases from the colleges and universities of the country which poured into the sporting department of a large metropolitan daily during several days last September.

And here is a chit from the head of a university news service:

THANKS. Please accept —— thanks, and my own, for the grand support you gave us in the stadium opening. It was not the fault of the newspapers that the stadium was not filled. We can't do everything with the weather man. Thanks also for your considerate handling of the story of the game.

Possibly you are beginning to realize that the business of tracing the genesis of the overexploitation of athletics in the United States is not so simple as it appears. And perhaps, from the samples quoted, you perceive that if the press is responsible for much, it has not been alone in its efforts to capitalize the public interest in games and sports.

Thus a manager and the department of public relations at another university hurry along with the information that the drug department of the football squad contains 12 miles of tape, 19 miles of bandages, 190 ankle rolls, 50 gallons of liniment, 500 pounds of salt for toughening the skin, 10 pounds of ointment, and 10 gallons of sore-throat remedy. The cost of the equipment runs into thousands and it takes, so we are told, $130 a man to equip the varsity squad alone. One can readily believe this.

From Campus to Consumer

And so it goes. The football team, as you see, is the advertising medium of the college, the space-getter for the university. From college and university in this broad and fertile land of propaganda, the bombast and the blather pour in until the newspaper's sporting department is buried and swamped under the morning mail. One college went so far one year as to add a really original note to the chorus of yammer and yowl by sending around to all newspaper offices and other sources of possible publicity, a large poster with a drawing of their football players in action, their names underneath, at one side a list of dates of the games to be played, with the prices of seats at each.

A large Western university maintains a special press bureau in New York to be certain that the metropolitan newspapers receive sufficient material about the college and that the college receives sufficient space in the papers. Each morning they are in communication with the campus by long-distance telephone, and each afternoon they issue a press release with football news of the university for the Eastern sports editors.

The daily newspaper gives its readers what they want, after, it is true, having fashioned their tastes. The readers want news of football. The colleges know this and seize the opportunity to get themselves talked about. A vicious circle. Says the Carnegie Report:

It (the college) desires for itself the publicity that the newspapers can supply. It wants students, it wants popularity, but above all it wants money, and always more money.

And one sure way of getting money is to keep before the public eye and become talked about, and the best way to get a college talked about is to furnish the press with that material which will most likely be used as copy. The athlete and athletics are this material.

A good scientific discovery by a member of the faculty, a cure for cancer or diabetes, will perhaps receive headlines in the press for several days. A star is sure of three long years of front pages. When the father of football died, it was proposed to erect a memorial gateway and drive to his memory, to cost half a million dollars. The money was raised without difficulty. When one of the greatest scientists any university in this country ever produced, died, it was proposed to construct a modest memorial tablet that was to cost five thousand dollars. The money could not be obtained.

With reams and bushels of propaganda pouring in not merely every day but every hour upon the harassed sporting editor of the city newspaper, when every college in the vicinity is hammering away for space during the athletic season, when graduates are calling on the telephone, demanding to know why their own alma mater is neglected in the sporting columns, it is indeed difficult to know what course to pursue. The newspapers started the sports craze, but now they are swept away in the tidal wave like everyone else.

No one can deny the hand the American press has had in the overexploitation of sport. Nor can it be denied that this overemphasis has been profitable as regards both circulation and advertising. But they are certainly receiving every possible assistance in this overexploitation today from those who often do the most complaining about it.

The moment a game becomes popular here, it becomes necessary to organize it. Hence the various organizations which are also active in the business of space grabbing in the press. This, for instance, is the way one association goes about it:

"The use of the following copy, or any part thereof, in your editions of Sunday, August nineteenth, will be sincerely appreciated," says a heading on a sheet emanating from its offices. And then follow yards of chatter about tournaments and players in the immediate future. The revenue of this association last year was well over $100,000, of which the larger part came from gate money received at the various tournaments held by clubs and sectional associations. To raise money you must get spectators, to get spectators you must broadcast your tournaments. This was done by billboard advertising on the main highways, by paid advertising space in newspapers and magazines; but particularly by accounts of the coming championships appearing in the press.

To assist the men who prepare these accounts, the association in one year recently sent out from its head office more than 400 releases. And it is by no means the only offender in this respect. Another may send out fewer notices to the papers, but this is not to be taken as meaning that it keeps silent. There is publicity maintained on behalf of the motorboat interests, the yachting interests, the billiard players, the hunting crowd, polo. You can pick up your newspaper tonight as you go home from work and be sure that a large per cent of the material on the sporting pages is there because of some organization or association or society.

Spoiling Sport, but Making Money

Thus, many of the articles you read are written from releases sent out by the sporting association. The man who wrote the release originally is anxious to make money for his own particular association, and the newspaper sporting writer introduces it into his column, or if he is lazy, copies it *in toto*, because he has a job to hold, and he can best hold that job by furthering the wishes of the newspaper proprietor and advancing the cause he supports. That cause is the rising circulation of the paper. And the laudable desire of newspaper proprietors to work more presses, and therefore make more money, has just about ruined not only football as a genuine sport but nearly every other game of any consequence. We have become so used to this, we have become so hardened to the facts which we see about us in our everyday life, that the whole sports racket seems to have a quaint, old-fashioned air about it.

It is a little hard to get the connection. Perhaps some of us have gone too far ever to get it.

All right. Let's go back and start all over again. Who fill stadia? Why, the thousands and hundreds of thousands of Americans who read the sporting pages of the daily press. Correct. Those millions of synthetic fans who are manufactured by the newspapers—with the aid of the colleges and the amateur sporting associations—for their own purposes. Who fills the stadium? The press.

OUT-OF-DOORS

The Most Terrible Bird of Them All

DUSK is gathering. You step out of your door onto the porch, perhaps on your way to the garage to get the car so you may go into town to see a show. Yes, you live at the very edge of a city with a million population. And you see a large brown bird fly noiselessly across your lawn. If you are not too astounded, you note immediately its noiseless flight, its size, its brown coloring. Then you note, with surprise, its most distinctive feature: That it has no neck, but has a very large head set almost in line with its wings. Yes, it seems, even, to be a headless bird. Jack Miner always calls this bird "the winged wild cat," but a wild cat's claws are puny in comparison, both in size and strength.

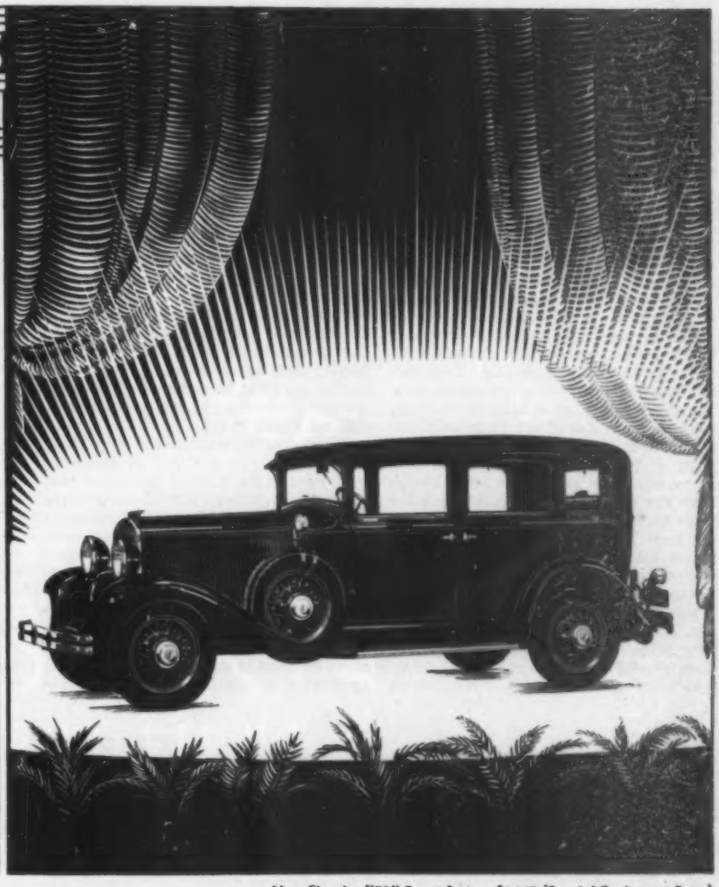
Now, the great horned owl may not be quite the meanest of them all, though he is, according to the Chinaman, the embodiment of all evil. He does kill his prey before he eats it, while I have shot hawks, using a rifle with telescopic peep sight, after they have captured their victim and were holding it, all set for dinner, and then discovered their prey to be quite uninjured. Later, I have watched these hawks through a forty-two-power glass and have found they eat their captured birds alive. Nevertheless, the great horned owl is a mean bird. For that matter, anything that preys on game birds and song birds has a mean disposition, and I don't mind getting after them.

A lady wrote me recently, wanting to know how I could take so much pleasure in killing so many creatures of all kinds. It's not that I take pleasure in killing, but that I like to kill those birds and animals that kill my game birds and song birds. I like to protect them from their enemies. This is real sport, far ahead of shooting doves and quail. If a creature is really terrible, I am interested in it. So are the majority of people. A bird with a disagreeable nature generally has a raucous voice; or, a bird with a raucous voice generally has a disagreeable nature. When a bird has a terrible voice, a weird call, it will have ways that are terribly destructive. And a bird that weighs about four pounds, that is mostly weapons and wings, that has a noiseless flight, that can kill and carry off a bird four times its weight, that bird must be a really terrible bird to the harmless birds of field and swale and woods.

Dusk was gathering at the edge of the little valley. A wintry wind was soughing through the score of tall white pines on the hillside, running past the bare branches of a dozen huge elms down by the little stream.

(Continued on Page 46)

CHRYSLER INSPIRES A PRIDE ALL ITS OWN



New Chrysler "70" Royal Sedan, $1445 (Special Equipment Extra)

Performance that belongs to Chrysler ALONE!

FEATURES: LARGE, POWERFUL ENGINES . . . 7-BEARING COUNTER-WEIGHTED CRANKSHAFT . . . 4-WHEEL HYDRAULIC BRAKES . . . MULTI-RANGE 4-SPEED TRANSMISSION AND GEAR SHIFT . . . RUBBER SPRING SHACKLES . . . PARA-FLEX SPRINGS . . . DOWN-DRAFT CARBURETION . . . ROOMIER BODIES . . . METALWARE BY CARTIER

• • •

All Chrysler models will be exhibited at the Chicago Automobile Show, January 25th to February 1st. Also, special displays in the Ballonn Room and lobbies of the Congress Hotel.

AFTER all is said and done, performance is the true index of a motor car—a car's one way of proving how good it is in basic engineering. And today, by all tests, all standards and all comparisons, the new Multi-Range Chryslers, with four-speed transmission and gear shift, are first among all cars in performance ability.

This statement holds true in pick-up. It holds true in smoothness and flexibility—all the way up the scale of speed. It holds true in hill-climbing. It holds true in ease, quickness and non-clashing quietness of gear-shifting. It holds true in every other phase and aspect of motor car performance.

These are not mere claims, but facts; not something you have to take on anybody's say-so, but something you can easily verify. Demonstration and comparison furnish the proof. One ride in a new Multi-Range Chrysler and you will find out immediately why ownership of a Chrysler inspires a pride all its own.

MULTI-RANGE

CHRYSLER

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THE IMPERIAL	8 Body Styles, $2995 to $3575	THE 77	9 Body Styles, $1625 to $1825	THE 70	7 Body Styles, $1295 to $1545	THE 66	6 Body Styles, $995 to $1095	ALL PRICES F.O.B. DETROIT

(Continued from Page 44)

"What bird was that?" my wife asked as I dropped work to turn on the light. "It flew across that window. A large brownish bird ——"

I opened the door quickly, quietly, but saw nothing, heard nothing. The wild geese in the field beyond the garden were silent. So were the smaller geese and the brants in the garden. Yet, in the morning a brant had disappeared.

That was the only time I knew a great horned owl to come so close to a house. He flew so close that those most observant geese did not notice him and he picked up a little brant without causing any disturbance, right at the edge of a large city.

Great horned owls nest in February, in hollow trees or logs, or in high stumps, far in the dense woods, if possible. They usually lay four eggs, which are always even pairs. As they nest so early in the year, they are never disturbed. They aren't annoyed even by crows at that time of year. I think this is one reason why they are so plentiful. The female owl is always from one to two pounds heavier than the male, and she has a habit, if her mate does not keep her well provided with food, of killing and eating him. An excellent illustration, by the way, of Kipling's female of the species.

Here at The W. K. Kellogg Bird Sanctuary, I have captured a good half hundred owls in the past two and a half years, but there are still plenty of them in the near-by woods, by swale and stream, carrying on their terrible work of destruction among the furred and feathered folk of field and woods.

Their destructive powers are so terrible, their weapons so effective, it is impossible to allow them to make their home in the neighborhood without trying to keep them under control, for they are a murderous tribe. They will take whatever comes handiest—muskrats and cottontails, wild ducks and geese, ruffed grouse and ring-neck pheasants, little piglets, cats, domestic chickens if the hennery door is left open, peahens, guinea fowl, mink, skunks. Yes, indeed, the great horned owl is about the only real enemy a skunk meets. I have known one great horned owl to clean up all the muskrats, not only on one creek but on the several creeks in the neighborhood, leaving not one muskrat. I have also known one great horned owl to kill eleven pheasants in one night, which is killing to kill, not killing to eat.

Where does the great horned owl roost in the daytime? In a clump of hemlocks, right close to the trunk of the largest tree, way up high, though not too close to the top, on the leeward side. Or in dense white pines or white spruces. Failing evergreens, he likes a dense growth of wild grapevine where it has clambered over the willow tree down by the swale. You will always find them in the densest shade the neighborhood affords. No, not as a protection from daylight and the sun but as shelter from crows and hawks and humans. Don't imagine owls are unable to see during the hours of daylight. They are exceedingly capable of looking after themselves. Try getting within gunshot range! Unless the terrain is convenient for you to approach unseen, he'll be off long before you are close enough to shoot—and long before the crows, that brought you to his roost, have left the place.

This morning I brought home a great horned owl from Battle Creek. Why? Because Mrs. Alfred T. Wilkins didn't want it and thought the sanctuary would be a good place for it. They had telephoned me about it. I wanted to be sure it wasn't a little screech owl, so I asked its history. Quite calmly, as though it were the most usual way to do it, Mrs. Wilkins assured me she had captured it by throwing an apron over its head and grabbing its legs! I could hardly believe it. Nevertheless, that was just the way Mrs. Wilkins had caught it on Kalamazoo Street, just as it was about to attack a man. Having its eyes fixed on the man, Mrs. Wilkins was able to get close behind it and throw her apron around it. I know of two or three instances of great horned owls attacking men; have read of several other such attacks, including one where the man died from blood poisoning. All of which makes Mrs. Wilkins' capture quite unusual and noteworthy.

These noiseless, unseen creatures of the night may often be in one's neighborhood for years without the people of the community being aware of them. It is only the occasional owl that makes its presence known by hooting. I know farmers who have lost nearly an entire litter of little pigs without knowing how or why they had disappeared. Quite a number of my farmer neighbors have been greatly surprised to see the great horned owls in the owl cage here at the sanctuary.

"I'm seventy-nine years old," said a tall farmer as he watched these owls one day, "and I never knew there were such critters in this country. I've lived here all my life too."

"Me too," said another farmer who heard his remark.

Of course, not all my neighbors are like these more unobservant men. Many of them are most excellent field naturalists and know all about great horned owls.

The other evening, just before dusk, my assistant took a great horned owl down from a pole trap. He carried it in his arms, facing forward, one of his hands firmly gripping its legs. By the time he had traversed several fields it was dark. As he approached me, I could not see him at all; but, seeing what appeared to be two weak flash lights, not far apart but always at the same distance, I rather wondered what was coming. So I saw the two large, extremely yellow eyes but not the bird, not even the man. Then my assistant came into sight, but not the bird, and I guessed what he was carrying before I saw the two unmistakable horns, telling me my guess was right.

GEORGE HEBDEN CORSAN, SR.
Manager, The W. K. Kellogg Bird Sanctuary.

THEME SONG

(Continued from Page 17)

The people say
It's a lovely day,
But I can't use it.
You're gone away,
Perhaps to stay;
I gave you my love and never thought you would abuse it!

And then the chorus:

When skies are blue,
So am I!
When skies are gray,
Then I cry.
Tears, dear, are raindrops;
Although up above
Blue skies are smiling,
As once did our love.
There in our room, dear,
Stands your vacant chair.
Oh, how I dream, dear,
And picture you there!
Skies may be smiling, but until we meet again,
Sunshine or shadow, to me it's all rain.
When skies are blue
They bring memories of you!
When skies are blue, so am I!

Not so hot as poetry, perhaps, Mr. Jackson, but it came from the heart, and the tune did too. But there's many a slip between the heart and the royalty accounting in this man's business, and the huge success of the song didn't bring Benny any nearer to Hollywood than he'd been on the sad day when he wrote it. Why? Because of Eddie Rimmel, the dirty crook, of course! . . . What's that? Now, Mr. Jackson, I told you not to say grapefruit! I have to think of that eighteen-day diet quite often enough as it is!

Well, of course I'd known that Benny's contract with Rimmel was as full of hooks as a fisherman's overhead, because I was the one who typed it out. Naturally, at the time I hadn't cared one way or another, because I didn't know Benny. But I didn't forget the details, and after we started going together I had several times tried to get Benny to go after Rimmel for a better arrangement. But Benny had been too timid. Also he liked to eat, and he was afraid if he stood up to Rimmel, all he'd land would be on his ear. So he let it go and did nothing; and now, when he produced the hit of the season, all he got out of it was the overdraft against his drawing account and his thirty a week. Poor Benny raged and probably wept some, and so did I when I got his letter telling me about it. He'd taken his contract to a lawyer, but all he got out of that was the privilege of paying a fee. Eddie Rimmel hadn't been drawing crooked contracts such a short time that he was any amateur. There was absolutely nothing to do except wait three months for Benny's contract to run out. And it seemed more unfair than ever for Rimmel not to come across with a good hunk of cash at the time, because Rimmel himself had just written Twinkletoes, which was running to capacity at the Lyric Theater, and he was cleaning up on it.

But generosity wasn't Rimmel's weakness then or now. So Benny stayed in New York while I pounded the weary, looking for a job in Hollywood. And after a very few weeks I landed one. I was able to write Benny that I was now with Rausch Revelation Reels. But I didn't add in my letter that I wasn't in the pictures, but only stenographer to the studio manager.

The truth was, I was ashamed to admit it, see, Mr. Jackson. I mean, it would have looked so flat for me to have come all the way out here and then be able only to land exactly the same sort of job I'd had back East. So I let Benny think I was acting, and indeed Mr. Wangle, my boss, had promised faithful to cast me the very first chance he got.

Well, that's true, Mr. Jackson. I did hit Hollywood at the same time the sound pictures struck the decisive blow through theme songs. Sonny Boy was all they were singing, and yet, as usual, Mr. Jake Rausch, our chief, was the last big producer to fall in line. Rausch Revelation Reels have always been conservative in their policy, which is one reason they have never gone bust. And I'd not only been working in the production office long enough to be really running it for Mr. Wangle the way any first-class stenographer always does, but I was also ready and able to give advice on important matters, before Jake decided to hire a flock of production writers, as they call the composers which every studio now keeps on salary. In other words, I'd been there nearly three months.

Well, you needn't look so surprised, Mr. Jackson! Just inquire of any typewriter tickler how much her boss consults her! In the eyes of the boss, we stenographers sort of represent public opinion. If a picture story or tune makes a hit with us or an actor is thought well of by us, the heads take that as a sign the public will give their O. K. too. We are supposed to have the perfect average—low average—of intelligence, see? So we get asked to voice opinions on a lot of important decisions. For example, one star didn't get his contract renewed simply because Mr. Durant, the producer, asked his steno if she and the girls were fed up with him on the screen, and she says "And how!" Yes, sure, Mr. Jackson, all this is merely to wise you up as to how I come to be able to boost Benny with Revelation.

The big decision to hire a trio of song writers, commencing with Lila La Farge's new sound picture, The Green-Eyed Monster, had been arrived at before I was called into conference. But when it come to getting hold of the right song birds, I was there, my notebook set, and waiting while Mr. Rausch and Mr. Wangle got ready to do what they nicknamed dictating a business letter.

"Lookit, Wangle!" says Jake Rausch. "I want only first-class composers on my lot. None of these hijackers that is always stealing tunes out of Mendelssohn and Bach, like you was telling me about the other day. I don't want no lawsuits on my hands."

"Mendelssohn and Bach are both dead," says Mr. Wangle.

"Yes, but do they know it?" demanded Jake. "A lot of these one-time-popular composers keep on turning out trash just the same, and they can sue just as quick as the live ones."

"Would you know it if a tune was stolen, Mr. Rausch?" I asked. "I'll bet you wouldn't!"

"What'll you bet?" he says quickly. "You know I'm dying to lose a bet to you, Miss Daimler, and I been that way ever since you come on the lot and Tommy here grabbed you off before I seen you. Even if it was a diamond bracelet I lost, I should worry if it was to you."

"Write me a letter about it," I says. "But betting is what I like best. Will you bet me I can't catch you on one of these stolen songs, Mr. Rausch, and if you lose will you cast me in the next picture, after?"

"And make a bum actress out of a good stenographer? Sure!" says he. "But if I win, what? Let me warn you, girlie, I was started out in life to be a cantor, and I know music!"

"Yes, but you didn't know Mendelssohn was in the Hall of Fame," I says. "So I'll take a chance, and if you lose I'll go out with you one evening and you can bring the diamond bracelet along at the same time."

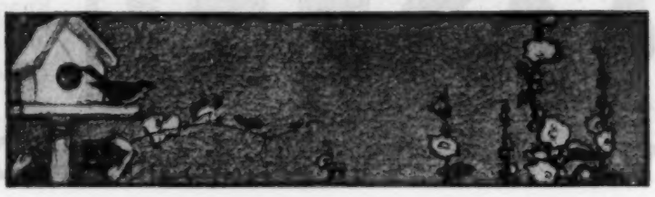
"It's a cinch!" says Jake. "If any of these gimicks that come out here to write me theme songs can fool me with a stolen piece, I cast you, all right, all right! I'm safe to win, Miss Daimler, on account my whole idea in hiring these song writers is to get really original knock-outs for my productions, and I know what I'm doing."

"You're a witness to the bet, Mr. Wangle," I said. "Don't forget now."

"All right, all right!" says Tommy Wangle. "But for heaven's sake, what is this, a typical motion-picture conference, or are we really going to get some work done? How about those letters? Do we write 'em? Jumping Jupiter!"

"Just call me Jake!" says Rausch calmly. "Come on, Miss Daimler; dictation, please."

Well, Mr. Jackson, I didn't like to mention it before, but the truth is, ever since I



(Continued on Page 48)

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(Continued from Page 46)

come on the lot, Mr. Rausch had kind of taken notice of me, and this was the first chance I'd had to make any use of it without getting into trouble. Rausch thought he had me nailed with a safe bet because he knew a little about music. But what he didn't know was that I'd worked two years in a music factory before coming out here. Well, to get back to that dictation, these two birds had already decided to hire Gus Vienna, who wrote Lonely Tonight and that whole line of heartbreak howls; and Charlie Rockford, the boy from Texas, who came over the border with Dancing Ain't Everything I Do, and other big popular successes in the line which says nothing to you unless you've got that kind of a mind, if you get me, Mr. Jackson. Well, then, when I'd taken letters to both these gents, offering them short-term contracts with fat optional renewals, the two heads were stuck for a third choice. They thought of Shencke because his name was familiar through being a publisher as well as a composer, but canned the idea because they'd have to buy the whole shop to get him. And then, in one of them typical pauses which it is the duty of every good stenographer to fill, I suggested Benny.

"Why don't you get that feller, what's his name, who wrote When Skies are Blue?" I says. "You know—er—Benny Boston?"

"That's an idea!" says Wangle. "I remember that number; it was a knock-out."

"Yes, he wrote Twinkletoes," said Jake Rausch, whose business it was to know everything. It was on the tip of my tongue to set him right and say, "No, it was Rimmel," when I remembered in time that it was also the boss' privilege not to be contradicted; so I let it ride.

"Twinkletoes!" says Wangle. "Gee whiz! Of course we want him! Why, it's the show of the year!"

"Will I write him, then?" I says, my hand trembling so's I could hardly hold the pencil. "The same letter as the others?"

"Well," says Jake, "he's a big man. I don't know could we get away with the offer. Better make it three hundred and fifty a week as a drawing account, expenses out, and a 2 per cent cut-in. I ain't heard Twinkletoes, but I know it's a money-maker. And this When Skies are Blue—is it a really good number, Miss Daimler?"

"It's a wow!" I says enthusiastically. "Don't you remember—it goes da-da-di-dumm, dum-di-da!"

"Yeh, sure!" says Jake. "If you girls liked it, it was a success all right. Very well, get them letters right out, Miss Daimler, please."

Well, Mr. Jackson, did I get them right out? Say, I posted the one to Benny registered, so the chief would have trouble backing out of their offer in case they changed their minds about him. And I didn't mention anything in it about Twinkletoes, because nobody had told me to, see? Nor did I put my initials at the end of the letter, which, when he signed it, Rausch, fortunately, didn't notice.

Of course I risked my job, doing what I did, but what was a mere job alongside of the chance I was handing Benny? I wrote him a line by the same mail, but I didn't tell him much:

> You're the Cream in My Coffee, because, being on this eighteen-day diet, I'm not allowed any other. Please, dear, don't you go sour on me, whatever happens. I hear Rausch has made you an offer and I hope you haven't signed any renewals with Rimmel, so it can be a case of Lover, Come Back to Me! Are You Lonesome Tonight? Well, Then, Get Out and Get Under the Moon, and Think of Me! It Won't be Long Now, Hon. Just a Little Fond Affection, Until We Meet Again; I Love But You!
>
> KITTY.

The situation, I felt, would work itself out when he arrived, either by the both of us being put in jail, or by Benny's putting it over. And until the day he arrived, all I did was worry about trying not to worry, the way a person does.

Well, Mr. Jackson, I guess you know what happens in the picture world when a big new member is hired. There's a whale of a wind blowing while they are being signed up, and the first day they get on the lot, you'd think that the picture industry had been created especially to fit around them. And then they Faw Down Go Boom! Everybody forgets 'em in the big rush to sign up and welcome the next savior of the pictures! You know! And of course Benny Boston was no exception to that rule.

But when Benny actually arrived, it was, fortunately, on a Sunday; so I was able to go down and meet him at the train. You can judge for yourself, Mr. Jackson, how important it was for me to get hold of him before he saw Rausch and the rest of 'em out at the studio and gummed everything up in his innocent way. So, when the train rolled in, I was right on the platform. What happened there was nobody's business, but afterward we had Tea for Two in The Shade of the Old Apple Tree in our back yard, and I went for my sweetie in the disagreeable way that only a woman in love can go for the object of her affections. I explained how being mistaken for the author of Twinkletoes was what had got him his contract. This hadn't come out in the correspondence, Mr. Jackson, all of which had, naturally, gone through my hands, and I'd been mighty careful over it until Benny had been signed up hard and fast on a three months' provisional.

"You've got to Watch Your Step," I says, "or you're going to Hit the Deck! They mustn't suspect anything until you've made so good on your own that they can't afford to let you go."

"But that's not quite honest, is it, hon?" says Benny, troubled. "I think I ought to have it out, right now before I start. I'd feel better if I did."

"And hungrier!" I says. "Oh, Benny dear, can't you see what a big chance this is handing you? Don't crab it. Besides, if you tell on me, I'll lose my job, and then, now that we've spent all grampa's insurance money, what'll happen to me and ma? Please, hon, play it for what it's worth. I know you'll make good with a bang."

"Or get found out with a wallop," he says. "Sweet Mamma!"

"Just call me Kitty," I says. "And promise you'll say nothing until you've written your first big hit. Then they won't care if you wrote Twinkletoes or Shakspere. But it is funny, your landing here on Rimmel's stuff after all the meanness he's done you."

Well, in the end he gave in to the extent of letting sleeping dogs lie. And the next day he and the two other new production writers, Vienna and Rockford, were duly welcomed, and then stuck into their cubicles and set to work on the theme song for Lila La Farge's Green-Eyed Monster. And for the next week or two all you could hear flying out of their corridor was, "Jealousy, jealousie, mean to me, Babee. Bababee, jealousie, yearning, burning, green eyes, make me wise," and all junk like that, with the pianos going bumpty-thump, boom-boom, ta-ta, in the rottenest lot of flivver music ever produced for the ash can by a lot of imminent composers. You know the old gag, Mr. Jackson, about the man who says, "Meet my friend Smith; he's awful funny. Come on now, Smith, be funny!" And of course, the guy can't do it! It was just like that with the boys trying to write an original theme song to order. All three of 'em were stuck, although of course they wouldn't admit it. And while he was locked up with that stubborn piano, my Benny was perfectly miserable. He couldn't think of a single tune except Tenting Tonight and Chopin's Funeral March, and he cried salt tears onto the ivories and burned cigarette scars onto the varnish, but all to no effect. The piano refused to give him a tune of any kind.

But once outside the studio, we both were terribly happy. Benny wanted for us to get married right away, but I knew he was standing on a bright soap bubble that might burst any minute. One thing I will say about Rausch's contracts: The temporary ones were as full of holes as a Swiss cheese, but his permanent contracts were honest and fair and dependable. When Benny landed one of these, then I'd talk wedding bills with pleasure, but not before. In the meantime we acted like we owned the earth. There was a Rainbow Around Our Shoulders and a Sky of Blue Above, and the only trouble was, Benny wasn't getting any work done. He was too content and happy and satisfied with living, and lucky to be, see, Mr. Jackson? Just like it had been back East in New York, when he'd been contented running around with me, and nary an original tune in his head until I broke his heart by going away, when he'd turned right around and blown off his wounded feelings in a knock-out with When Skies are Blue. The situation worried me a lot and, of course, the only answer was to make him miserable enough so's he'd be able to write again. But how? What on earth could I do, without wrecking our whole program, that would jolt a tune out of him? That was what was eating me, Mr. Jackson, when the Green-Eyed Monster went into production.

Now, I was terribly interested in this particular picture, Mr. Jackson, and for more reasons than because Benny was supposed to be working on the theme song. There was a stenographer part in it that I wanted badly. It was just a small bit, see, but a swell place for me to begin. I didn't have a big head about how I got my start, because I am too experienced in business to try and hit higher than I know I can reach. And I knew I could act the steno. There was a second woman, a crook, who was supposed to be Lila's wicked twin in the picture, that I'd have loved to play, but of course I realized I'd never get it; it was too important. Probably they'd double Lila in the part. But the small bit of the stenographer was ideal, and my head buzzed all day long with how to pry it off. The cast was filled, all but those two bits, and everything was ready to shoot except the theme song. The three boys, Vienna, Rockford and Benny Boston, were working on the ivories as busy as a dentist's office, and just as painfully. But none of 'em could seem to grind out exactly what the big egg, Jake, wanted, and so Colum, who was directing the picture, decided to reverse the usual proceedings of sound pictures, and clean up his exteriors first. And the day they started work, Lila La Farge came on the lot wearing a sweater with zigzag stripes.

Well, Mr. Jackson, I guess you probably aren't really any more interested in women's clothes than Benny is, and you know I've told you the fights we have had over him not noticing the clothes I wear! But this sweater is important. In fact, it was unforgettable, being without doubt the very smartest, most unusual sports model I ever set eyes on in my life. The stripes sort of resembled flashes of lightning and was set on diagonally, red and mauve on a beige ground, so's it would photograph black and white. And although I really don't care much for La Farge, on account she eats up every man that comes within reach and had already tried to take a nibble or two at my Benny, I couldn't help but admire her pullover. I happened to be out on the lot with some papers Wangle had to sign in a hurry, and Lila was waiting to be shot in an outside door set, when I saw her.

"Oh, Miss La Farge!" I says. "What a pretty sweater! Honest, it's as chic as Easter!"

"Do you like it?" says she, guessing like a detective. "It's straight from Paris. A Hermese model."

"Gosh, I'd like to get one of those!" I says. "Would you mind if I did?"

"Oh, you can't possibly," she says, haughty and superior. "It's a French sweater and shockingly expensive. I don't suppose there is another one like it in the country."

Well, it wasn't so much what she said as the way she said it, Mr. Jackson, that got my goat. It was high hat with varnish on! "I may be only a poor working girl," I thought, "but I'm not so poor that my beau wasn't good enough to try and steal! I hope her old sweater scratches her to death!" But out loud all I says is: "Oh, is that so!" and went on back to my job, more upset than a bottle of milk trying to stand on its head. I had troubles enough without Lila trying to ritz me! Well, on the way back to the office I had to go through our music box. It was only twice as far to walk that way as it was returning to the production office direct, but I needed the exercise. And for the moment the only piano in the corridor that was going was Benny's. I stopped outside his door to listen, and he'd started off fine on the refrain of his latest effort.

The sunshine was jealous of the rain
When it fell on you.
It stole away the cloudlets and shone again
On you, dear, on you.
The summer breeze felt jealous
Of the trees that shade you.
The mothers, dear, were jealous
Of the one who made you.
The very angels up above ——

Well, I'd heard that a good many times before—pretty near as often as I've heard it since, or as you had heard it, up to the point of coming to get this interview about it, Mr. Jackson. It was a wow as far as it went, but it never got any higher than those "angels up above." Somehow or other, Benny seemed stuck right there. He just couldn't seem to locate an original ending—original like the rest of it, see? I stood there outside his closed door while he played it over seven times with variations, and then I went along about my business without disturbing him. But the silence behind the other two doors—Vienna's and Rockford's—worried me. It meant that they had finished copy on jealousy, and were probably trying it out on the boss that very minute. Benny had to get busy, and quick, or he'd find himself lost in the Hollywoods. The song chosen to theme the Green-Eyed Monster was going to leave its composer sitting pretty, but with no room left on the seat for outsiders. Benny certainly needed to snap into it!

Well, that noon, Mr. Jackson, being on this eighteen-day diet and having stuck to it faithfully for three days this time, I couldn't trifle with my lunch hour. So I merely stepped on a couple of grapefruits and then stepped out of the studio to take a little walk and try and forget my hunger. And inside of three blocks I did, for there in the window of a cheap little speciality shop just off the Boulevard, what did I see but the exact duplicate of Lila La Farge's jazzy sweater! It was the same, identical thing, mind you, and marked only three dollars and ninety-eight cents! Did I dash in, and how! I forgot everything else in the world for the moment, and when I got inside, the sales lady didn't spoil my pleasure any by her remarks.

"Miss Lila La Farge bought one exactly like this here yesterday," she says. "She's going to wear it in her new picture that she's just starting. She would have bought both of them," the blessed female added, "except that this one was a little too tight for her, but it fits you perfect."

"It's the eighteen-day sentence!" I says happily. "Hurrah for grapefruit!" And I put the sweater right on then and there, to wear back to the studio out of spite.

The girl looked at me like she thought I was a nut. And I guess she was right. And then, to make the day completely perfect, what should happen next but that I ran into Benny, and for the very first time since I'd known him he noticed what I had on, all of his own accord.

"Gosh, but that's a nifty sweater, kid!" he says. "It makes your figger as attractive as four naughts behind a dollar sign! Matches your eyes and everything!"

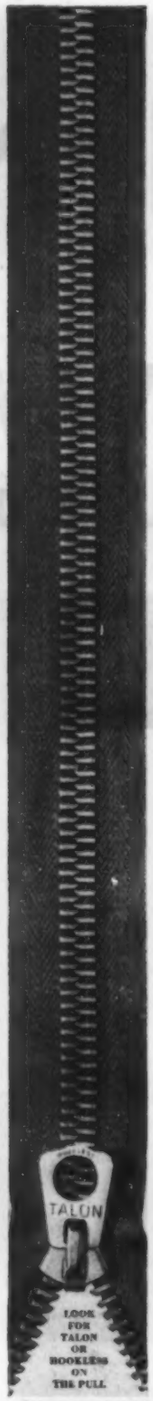
"Green-Eyed Monster, eh?" I says, laughing, because there was green in the stripes, see, but no blue.

"Don't mention the brute!" says Benny, snooting his face. "I'm enjoying myself, so leave me be." And his eyes traveled over me again. The sweater certainly was a success.

Well, I didn't get a chance that day to go rub shoulders with Lila, so I wore the same

(Continued on Page 52)

GOING NORTH OR SOUTH this winter, the new bags are free from the old ways of fastening. Fewer straps to be tugged at! Fewer buckles to break nails and try patience! Talon Slide Fasteners are found on the best luggage because they give the best wear. They never rust or cause trouble—but slide open and shut at the merest pull of the tab.



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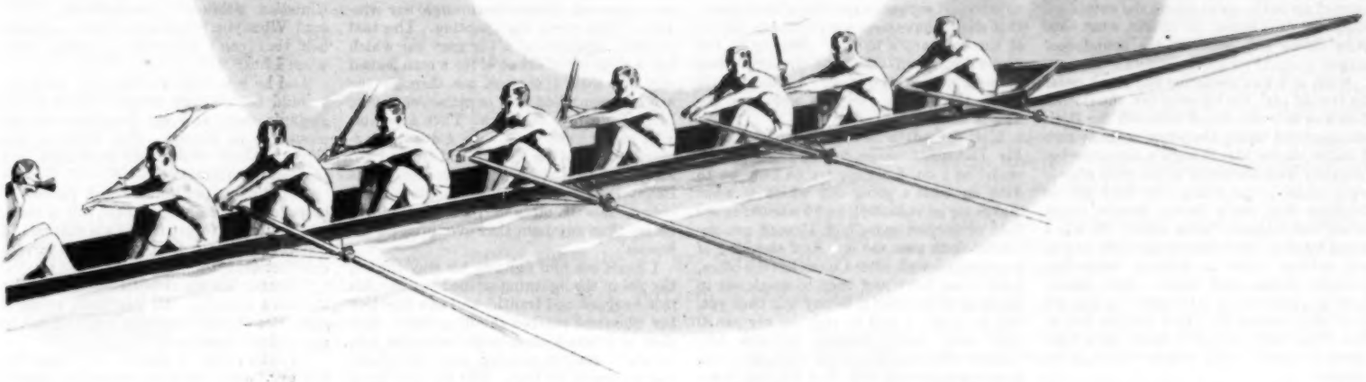

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OF DODGE DEPENDABILITY

(Continued from Page 48)

rig again next morning, just in case, see, Mr. Jackson? But next morning I didn't get to go out on the lot, because we were terrible busy in the office. At lunchtime I met Benny and he bought me my grapefruit in the Brown Derby, and again he admired the pullover. And if I say it that shouldn't, I guess it did show off my figure pretty good. Even Mr. Rausch noticed it later, when I crashed into him on the way back to the office.

"My, my!" says Jake. "You look good in that outfit, Miss Daimler. I thought you was Lila at first. . . . Say, darlink, how about that little dinner you were going to eat on me?"

"There's a hook in that dinner, Mr. Rausch," I come back at him. "And not in the fish course, either. I'll go the day I lose my bet to you."

"What bet?" says he. And I had to remind him about how he'd boasted you couldn't fool him on tunes.

"Humph!" says he. "Yes, I remember now. And by the way, that Boston feller you recommended ain't so hot, baby. Both Vienna and Rockford are all set, and the boy wonder ain't come across. I want to hear all three pieces together before I decide. Come up to the audition, and we'll settle our bet then." And at that he walked off, leaving me with a plenty to wonder over.

Only I was too busy to wonder for the next couple of hours. Because no sooner had I got back into the office than the specifications for the chase sequence in the Monster come in. The Green-Eyed Monster was a gun opera, as you know, Mr. Jackson, and Lila was supposed to be in love with the head of the racketeers, and in this sequence she drove down the center of Los Angeles through the heavy traffic in an old taxicab, in which she gets shot at from a big gray car, driven by the heavy. But she continues on her way to the speakeasy, to warn her lover, although she is badly wounded and can hardly make it. The crowd don't help her, she goes to the speak-easy, which has a blind front of a drug store, and—well, you saw the picture, of course! This was that shot on the street, the actual shooting, and the sequence carried up to the point where she enters the supposed drug store. Of course, what happens inside was shot on the soundproof stage.

Well, as I was preparing the blank order for the old taxi, the big gray car, the clothes Lila was to wear, which included the Paris sweater, and listing the other props, which I had to do for Mr. Wangle's signature before they were sent over to the prop man—well, while I was filling 'em in I got to thinking that really Benny Boston ought to see that sequence being made. He was a green hand at the inside of pictures, and in my opinion there is nothing helps like actually seeing stuff made. And Benny hadn't. Ever since he'd been on the lot he'd been cooped up like a setting hen in that little room, trying to hatch out a tune about a picture with which he'd had no contact.

"I Must Have That Man," I thought to myself, "and I'm going to be Lonesome and Sorry if he fails on his job. I'll just tip him off to have a look at this sequence, and maybe it will give him an idea for his song."

So I typed on a piece of paper:

Be at the corner of Grand Avenue and Magnolia at eleven o'clock tomorrow morning if you value the one you love. Don't fail to be on time.

Then I tore off the machine the plain piece of paper on which I'd written it. I didn't think to sign it, because I thought of course he'd recognize my typing. And then, when I got a chance, I ran over and stuck the message on the music rack of Benny's piano, Benny not being there at the moment.

You see, I had a date to take ma to a church social that evening and wasn't seeing Benny, and I wanted to be sure he saw that sequence shot, and to do so, he had to be there on the dot. Because, Mr. Jackson, since Los Angeles has grown so enormously, the police have got tighter and tighter about picture people using downtown locations. The minute a camera appears it collects such a big crowd that the cops have got to be mighty strict about what they let us do, or traffic will be hopelessly jammed. You have to get a permit now to make a downtown crowd scene, like this one I am telling you about. The police department, in this particular case, had even made a note for us to please arrange to have Miss La Farge leave the drug store which was supposed to be the speak-easy, by a back door, so's the crowd wouldn't hang around the front waiting for her to come out, like they do when any of the big stars appear. So I went ahead and wrote in an order for a car to be waiting for her on the other street, so it could haul her right off to the next outdoor shot, which was on West Lake. See what I mean, Mr. Jackson? Everything had to be timed to the minute, and believe me, under our new efficiency system, it could be!

Well, after I'd left the note for Benny and finished up at the office, it was nearly eight P.M., and I remembered gratefully that although I'd had no time for supper, at church socials there is always dandy homemade cake to compensate for a lot of the rest of it, and then remembered I was under sentence for eighteen days and felt Blue, Oh So Blue! But anyways, I went on home to take ma as promised, and I didn't think any more about that typewritten note or of Lila's great outdoor sequence until next day at noon; when, instead of meeting me during the lunch hour like he usually did, Benny failed to turn up. And when I inquired around, nobody had seen him. I did hear, however, that the shooting sequence had gone fine. Colum, the director who had made it, stopped by our office on the way in, to ask for an O. K. on lunch for three hundred atmosphere on desert location next day, and he told Wangle about it.

"It went like cream on fresh strawberries," he declared. "We had the cameras hidden in the tops of two moving vans, and the crowd, as a result, reacted perfectly natural to the shooting. There was one little feller right in line with the camera who took it seriously and did a bit of alarm that should have been worth twenty dollars of the company's money. Step up to the projection about this time tomorrow and have a look at the stuff. I think you'll O. K. the moving-van idea when you see how it works out."

Well, I made a note of the time myself, Mr. Jackson, because, taking pictures seriously, as I do, I always try to keep up to date on what's going on, which is what makes me so valuable; and I wanted to see that projection myself, if I could get my notebook to pass me in. And speaking of notebooks—well, after Colum left the office, I put mine down and tried to sneak out to the noise cells to see if Benny was back yet, but no luck. I had to pick up my pencil right away again, because in came Mr. Rausch, storming about the manager of the machinery people, who had let him down on some sound apparatus; and he was raving mad.

"I'm gonner write that feller what I think of him, and it's going to be a plenty!" he shouted. But Mr. Wangle, who is always trying to keep big Jake out of rows, calmed him down.

"Don't do that," he says. "It's bad business to get him sore, Jake, because we're dependent on him. Write him a diplomatic letter. No, don't run off; do it now and let me read it."

"All right, I will," says the big egg, and come into my corner of the office and dictated it right on the machine. When it was done, I pulled it out and Rausch handed it to Wangle.

"Here," he says; "read that and tell me if it's diplomatic."

Wangle read it through.

"Sure," he says. "It's fine. Only there's two mistakes in it. 'Lousy' isn't spelt with a *z* and there is only one *c* in 'crook.' What's the matter with you, Miss Daimler? You usually are a good speller!"

"I got something on my mind and I don't feel so good," I says. "I'm sorry."

"Better run out to the rest room for half an hour," says Mr. Wangle kindly. And so, naturally, I thanked him and went—to the condemned row where the piano murderers hang out. But still there was no sign of Benny. And when, at closing time, he hadn't yet shown up, I was worried sick. In fact, I was so worried that my eighteen-day diet became a reality to me; I couldn't touch a mouthful more than I was supposed to. I wasn't staying home that night, Mr. Jackson, on account ma was off to Fresno to a missionary conference, and I was sleeping with a girl friend because ma didn't want me to stay alone in the bungalow. But I didn't sleep much, and on my way to work next morning I stopped by the house where Benny roomed, but his landlady hadn't seen him either. All his clothes and things was there, but he hadn't been in all night. Imagine how I felt, Mr. Jackson! Benny Boston was such a nut, anything might have happened to him. As I told you before, Broadway hadn't toughened anything except his clothes, and for all I knew, somebody had taken him for a ride or he'd crashed into a truck, like this Spanish guy, Don Quixote, trying to beat up the windmills, you know. A person never could tell about Benny, with his nutty artistic temperament. All morning he didn't show up at the studio, and by the time Mr. Wangle was ready to go see yesterday's rushes I was too sick and nervous to be glad when he told me to get my notebook and come along with him.

Well, Mr. Jackson, you know what life in the industry is like. Things happen so fast in the quietest times around here that you are likely to forget what happened yesterday in the confusion of today. And that's the way it was with me. When I got seated in the projection room, I'd forgotten all about Lila La Farge and me having exactly the same jazz sweater, and I'd even forgot for a moment that we looked alike. So, when the rushes commenced, what I seen for a moment, or thought I saw, was myself in a bum old taxi, easing along through the mid-morning traffic of downtown Los Angeles, peering anxiously through the window. Then come the shooting. The taxi stopped alongside of a big gray car which had a clear space ahead of it; a man leaned out and took a shot at me through the window, wounding me—or rather, of course, Lila—and drove on quick. Then Lila—or, as it might have been, me—got out, staggered through the crowd and groped toward the drug store on the corner, while Benny Boston, jammed and helpless in the crowd, saw it all and registered horror better than any ham that ever greased the boards.

I could see him fighting his way toward the girl in the lightning-striped sweater, his face haggard and frantic, and saw him lose her when she entered the drug store. The door of it was locked in his face after Lila entered. And no wonder, since the studio had arranged for that. And the last thing the camera showed was his horror-stricken face turning away in bewilderment and distress. So Benny was the "good bit" that Colum had said was worth a twenty-dollar bill!

Of course, I realized what had happened then. The poor nut thought I'd been bumped off, and had probably spent the last twenty-four hours looking for me every place except where I belonged. Undoubtedly, he'd gone to our bungalow, found it empty and locked, and spent the rest of the night haunting the hospitals.

All right, go on and laugh if you want to, Mr. Jackson; it don't cost a cent! But believe me, I didn't laugh at the time. Instead, I flew out of that projection room like someone out of a bombed house, and beat it, sort of instinctively, over to the music department.

And the very minute I set foot in the corridor I knew Benny was back. The door of his cubby was open, and down the hall came the strains of the theme song, but with a different touch this time—an assurance to it, if you know what I mean. The harmony had a new, original twist to it that lifted it from the commonplace up into the class, Mr. Jackson, and something about the way he played and sang it made me tiptoe to the door and peep in quietly. But when I saw him I knew that I needn't have been so quiet, for Benny was caught up in the absorbing fire of composition. His hair was uncombed, his face was white and haggard from worry and loss of sleep, his clothes were a mess. But there was fire in his eyes, because in his misery he had turned to the only resource that was any help to him—his work. And as I stood there, Mr. Jackson, he got the last line to the famous Jealous of You, the greatest theme-song pictures have yet produced:

The very angels up above
I think were jealous of our love.
Now may the heavens hear my plea—
God give you back to me!

He had it, see—the original ending he'd been looking for all this time! And just like with his other big success, it had had to come straight from the heart to be any good. Sure, it's the artistic temperament, Mr. Jackson, and you can write up in your interview with him that Benny Boston's songs are the real thing, because they always come out of a genuine emotion. Boy, believe me, if I'd made my presence known to him three minutes sooner than I did that day, the chances are he'd never have written that two-million seller at all! Ain't Art peculiar, though, Mr. Jackson?

Who, me? Oh, I didn't know you would be interested in me to that extent, except perhaps as Benny's fiancée. . . . No, that all happened on the day Jake Rausch heard the three songs submitted for The Green-Eyed Monster. I was in the room when he decided between 'em, according to arrangement, and Gus Vienna did his stuff first. But Jake Rausch shook his hands.

"Nix on that one!" says he. "It's stolen off of Eli, Eli; you can't fool me!" Then Charlie Rockford came across with a sentimental number, and again the boss' thumbs went down.

"Say, that ain't nothing but Onward, Christian Soldiers!" he hollered. "It's out! What you fellers think I am—a dumbbell that can't recognize a stolen piece when I hear it?"

And he was right at that, Mr. Jackson; I could hear it easy myself. Then it was Benny's turn, and my heart was in my mouth as he played. But when he was through, Jake broke into sunbeams and jumped up, all excited.

"That's the stuff that'll knock 'em cold!" he yelled. "Original, snappy, full of tears, and you can't forget it! It's a natural! I congratulate you, Boston, and I'll have a contract drawn tonight."

"Please, Mr. Rausch," I says; "I have it drawn already. All you have to do is sign. Don't you remember you told me to get a blank fixed up?"

"That's right. I guess I did," says the big egg, who, between ourselves, hadn't done any such thing, Mr. Jackson, but was so accustomed to having a stenographer remember for him that he believed me. And so, owing to my being the first cousin to a fox, he signed on the dotted line right then and there.

And when he'd put his mark on the peace treaty and Benny Boston was safe for a three-year stretch, I went over to the piano and played a short sequence out of The Star-Spangled Banner.

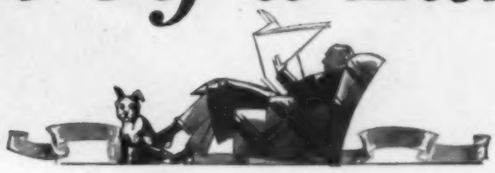
"Just listen to that Mr. Rausch," I says. "Do you recognize it?"

"Of course!" says he. "What then?"

"Well, in Benny's piece it's timed like this," I says, playing it again. "So I guess I win my bet, Mr. Rausch, and now do I get cast for the stenographer in the picture? Yes, no?"

"No!" shouted Jake. "No! But you're so smart and cute I couldn't refuse you. I won't cast you for the stenographer; I'm casting you for the lady crook!"

Written by a Lazy Man



I'M LAZY—I admit it. I have always been lazy. But ever since I read Stevenson's "An Apology for Idlers" I have felt better about it. I'm *proud* to be lazy. In fact, I hate to do anything hard when there is an easier way. It seems to me like a sinful waste of useful energy.

And do I hate to get up in the morning? Crawling out of a warm bed and tramping through a cold house down to a temperamental furnace, has no charms for me. Neither do I enjoy playing nursemaid, waiter or chauffeur to a furnace.

Now, of course, I do not boast to my wife about being lazy. In the first place, it would be unnecessary and, besides, it would be a strategical error. Any husband knows that.

So when I found an easier way to take care of this heating proposition, I put over the idea as any 100% American home-diplomat would.

"Bill Robinson's family doesn't seem to be having so many colds this winter," I said to wife one night last winter.

"Now that you speak of it I guess that's right," she comes back. "Last winter I imagined the walls bulged—there was so much sneezing going on over there."

"Yeh," I says, "and they used to keep it hotter than the place where you say I'm going when I die."

"Only sometimes they did," she contradicts. "I've been over there when it was so cold you had to put extra wraps on when you went inside."

I dropped the subject there, knowing that her curiosity would slip into high gear. Sure enough, the next week, she brings up the question.

"Seems to me you would think enough of your children, if you don't of me, to have automatic heating," she pops out just as I start the evening sport-pages.

"Here I work my fingers to the bone for you and the children," she continues, "and on top of that I have to shovel coal or shiver all day while you sit in a comfortable office where all you have to do is complain to the janitor when you want more heat. Seems to me it's pretty selfish of you to let a few hundred dollars stand between us and comfort, when the Robinsons and the Browns, and the Davises on the next street, and just about everybody is getting automatic gas heat, except us."

"Put on the brakes," I says. "You're coming to a traffic light. What's all this about?"

"Well, you know you were telling about the Robinsons not having colds this winter and I met Mrs. Robinson today and I asked about her family and she says they are healthier because they can keep the house at practically the same temperature all the time since they put in a gas boiler this fall. They have a contrivance in the living room that controls it—a thermo, thermostyle, I think she called it."

"Thermostat, you mean, don't you?" I says, not wanting to be too wise.

"That's it," she says, taking a deep breath. "And Mrs. Robinson never has to shovel coal and she says her curtains look just as clean as when she put them up last fall, and she doesn't have to keep eternally after Bill to have him order more coal, and the house stays warm when they go out for an evening, and she doesn't have to worry when they're out, because the thermothing regulates the heat, and it can't overheat or get too low on water because it shuts itself off, and if the pilot light goes out it shuts off the gas completely—"

"Yeh," I says, sarcastic, "and I suppose they spend their nights listening to a lot of machinery."

"Nonsense, it doesn't make a bit of noise," she comes back. "She took me down to see it and there's no motor or noise and, Oh, John, you should see what a ducky looking basement they've got now!"

Matter of fact, Bill had taken me into the basement on business when his better half was away, but I wasn't telling, and my Sarah kept on broadcasting.

"She has a rug on the floor and curtains at the windows and a table for Junior's trains and the porch furniture and some lamps and they're going to put in a fireplace next winter. She says Bill likes to entertain his men friends there and play cards, and the children use it after school, and they all like the extra room so much that they have stopped thinking about getting a larger house."

"Fine," I says, not too enthusiastic, "and where's the miraculous boiler?"

"Over in the corner of the big room. It has a crystal finish like your brother's movie camera, and looks just as nice. It has an instrument panel like an automobile, but she says they hardly ever need to look at it."

"And the gas bills would pay the German reparations!" says I, my Scotch instincts getting the best of me.

"If you mean they are big, you're very much mistaken. Mrs. Robinson says that when they inquired, the gas company sent out a man to examine the house and the heating system, and he gave them an estimate of the cost, and it has been less than his estimate, which was low enough to make them decide to put it in. The gas company makes a lower rate for house heating, she says. And Bill tells her it's worth what it costs just to have a warm house in the morning, let alone all the other advantages."

"All right, I surrender," says I, grinning to myself. "What's the name of this marvelous heating plant?"

"I wrote it down," she says, showing me she was serious about this thing. "It's a 'Bryant Model 45,' made by The Bryant Heater & Manufacturing Company, 17890 St. Clair Avenue, Cleveland, Ohio. It has a picture on the boiler of a bulldog and it says, *'Lets your pup be your furnace man.'*"

"Let's write Bryant for particulars," I says, reaching for my fountain pen, to make hay while the iron was hot.

And that's the start of how I got out of a lot of work, and my wife got what she wanted.

All of us are satisfied, and I'm telling you gas heat is what I had been looking for without knowing it. Why don't you write for particulars?

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BUSSES

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BETWEEN TWO FACTS

(Continued from Page 21)

"No," said Payson, "but there was plenty for murder."

"Eh?"

Mark Winters spoke, his voice seeming somehow clogged and foggy. "If it wasn't heart," he said, "it wasn't suicide."

"Right," agreed Peter Clarke.

"You are making seriously the charge this man was murdered?" asked the coroner. "It's not from some religious scruple or to save his family?"

"He had neither family nor scruple—that bothered his head any," said Mark Winters.

"But—but, gentlemen, there is no evidence."

"There is a corpse," said Payson shrilly. "That's evidence."

"Can any of you substantiate this serious charge?" asked the coroner, looking from one to another of them. "You three were with him at the last. You played golf with him, entered this room with him, poured drinks with him."

"Yes," said Mark Winters.

"Did anyone join you?"

"No one."

"Did this man stop to speak with anyone or receive anything from anyone?"

"No," said Payson.

"And still you insist he was murdered?"

"Unquestionably," said Peter Clarke.

"Have you, perhaps, arrived at the logical inference, in view of the facts known?"

"What inference?" asked Mark Winters.

"The only possible inference from your evidence—that no other than one of you three had opportunity to administer poison."

"Plain as the nose on your face," said Orrin Payson gloatingly.

"What conversation passed between you after entering this room?"

"Beddell was roaring about the scoring. He always did when he lost. He claimed I'd made a mistake on three holes. Our talk was all about that," said Peter Clarke.

"He lost three dollars and roared as if someone had chopped off his leg," said Mark Winters.

"Had he any enemies?"

"He had nothing else," declared Payson squeakily.

"Yourselves excepted, of course," suggested the coroner.

"Hardly," said Payson with a grimace.

"You mean that you three were his enemies, and yet played golf with him every day?"

"Everyone knows it," said Mark Winters heavily. "Why attempt to deny it?"

The coroner turned to Jeff abruptly. "What do you know about this?" he demanded.

"Nothing."

"And the locker man?"

"Nothing," said Jeff.

"Then these three gentlemen are the sole witnesses to the events immediately preceding and following death?"

"Perhaps," said Jeff, "it is not so simple as that."

"Eh? What do you mean? What are you getting at?"

"It is a large world," said Jeff, "full of people and motives. It may be less important to know what happened in the few minutes before and after death than to know what happened during the eighty-two years of life."

"The coroner's office doesn't go in for biographies," said the official. "Anyhow, there is no evidence of anything but suicide—nothing but unsupported guesses. I have your statements. A post-mortem will be had, and an inquest. You will hold yourselves ready to appear."

Perhaps half an hour after the coroner went away Mr. Vance arrived in a state of excitement.

"This is a bad business, McTodd," he said. "Already the town is full of talk."

"Either a very simple business," said Jeff, "or a very malign business indeed."

"You were here. You saw what was to be seen? What do you think? It is a terrible choice, but, McTodd, I hope and pray it was suicide."

"Does a man squabble about a three-dollar bet when he is to kill himself the next instant? Possibly. But the probabilities are against it. Does a man remove his clothes and go into a shower to take poison? He might, but every human being has some dignity and self-respect. He would prefer to be found in some more decorous posture. He would shrink from his own dead nudity."

"Then you believe it was—murder?"

"The coroner said there was no evidence of it," said Jeff. "But what is evidence? Must there be an eyewitness? Must you be able to weigh and touch evidence? If Mr. Beddell killed himself, then he was a very strange man."

"What then?" asked Mr. Vance. "If it was murder ——"

"There must," said Jeff, "have been a murderer."

"One of the three," said Mr. Vance in a hushed, reluctant voice.

"Possibly," said Jeff.

"No one else could have done it. No one else had the opportunity."

"Opportunity? What is opportunity? To kill a man by poison, is it necessary to stand at his side when the drug is taken? There are degrees of opportunity. A hundred millions of people had opportunity of various degrees. All you can say is that these three old men had the added advantage of proximity."

"They hated him," said Vance.

"And they hate one another."

"For years their business has been to outreach one another, to thwart one another, to undermine and destroy one another."

Jeff nodded. "True," he said, "but does a man destroy his chief object in life? He might. Circumstances might compel him. He might be cornered and destroy to save himself. And then, why Beddell rather than Payson or Clarke or Winters? Your motive is common to all four. Why select Beddell?"

"If you can answer that," said Vance, "you will have solved the mystery."

"This may be one better left unsolved."

"And why?"

"Because," said Jeff, "it might be better for society to permit a murderer to escape punishment, than for it to become aware of his motives and to see into his mind and to comprehend the revolting possibilities of the human soul."

"You think this is such a case?"

"I am afraid to think," said Jefferson. "I am afraid to feel. I do not know why, but the thing frightens me."

When Mr. Vance was gone, Jeff wandered into the locker room and walked slowly into the showers, where the locker boy was sweeping up pieces of glass. Jeff stooped and picked up a fragment in his fingers, regarded it frowningly and took it back to the table where Payson and Clarke and Winters had been sitting. There he compared it with the glasses they had been using and stood drumming on his teeth with his finger nail.

"Tim," he called suddenly.

"Yes, sir, Mr. McTodd."

"You served the foursome with bottled water and ice, didn't you, Tim?"

"Yes, sir."

"You said they had highballs."

"Yes, sir."

"Why was Mr. Beddell's glass different from the other three?"

"Oh," said Tim, "he never drank highballs. No, sir. Rye for him. Yes, sir. I always had to fix him a set-up for an Old-Fashioned, sir."

"Which," said Jeff, "consists of sugar and a few drops of bitters and lemon peeling?"

"Yes, sir."

"Did you organize it with your own lily fingers, Tim?"

"Yes, sir."

"Always keep the makings back in your closet?"

"Yes, sir."

"Um. . . . You said highballs, Tim. You said highballs. It added to the mystery. It made the whole thing pretty tough. I'm not blaming you, because people are that way. They leave out things, and the thing they leave out is always the important one. An Old-Fashioned, Tim, makes all the difference. It may save somebody's bacon and tip over some other man's apple cart. Now, Tim, what else of importance have you overlooked?"

"Why, nothing, sir."

"Let's go back. You got your orders for those drinks. What happened next?"

"I went back to my room and got out the bottled water and put it on a tray. Then I cracked some ice in a bowl. Then I fixed up the Old-Fashioned set-up."

"Nobody else was there? You didn't see anybody else?"

"Why, no, sir."

"You didn't go to answer the telephone, or to do your Saturday shopping, or any little errand like that?"

"No. . . . But hey, lemme see! I just went to the door."

"Oh, you went to the door. You mean the door of the card room off your place?"

"Yes, sir."

"And why, Tim, did you go to the door at the psychological moment?"

"Somebody was tryin' to git in. You know that door sticks. So he hammered, and I says to wait a minute, and went to open up."

"Who was it, Tim? Who was the eager gentleman?"

"Now that's the funny part. There wasn't anybody. I guess he didn't wait, but walked around to the other door."

"So. And, of course, you left the tray unchaperoned?"

"Yes, sir."

"On your bar?"

Tim nodded.

"Which is hard by the window, isn't it? I mean, a man with reasonably long arms could reach in to where the glasses were, could he not?"

"Why, I guess he could, Mr. McTodd."

"And to think," Jeff exclaimed oratorically, "that these events and transactions might never have come to light! Highballs, Tim. You'd have stuck to highballs, wouldn't you?"

"Well, three of 'em was."

"To be sure. Three-quarters of the truth is grand, but who ever can say what is wrapped up in the other fragment that gets itself overlooked? A man may tell 99 per cent of the truth and still tell no truth at all. Um. . . . An Old-Fashioned! A cat of a different color, my lad. Drops! A few drops of bitters. Cyanide, says the coroner person. And what is cyanide? Sort of general, that. Might be cyanide of potassium, but that's not so quick. How about hydrocyanic, eh? Prussic! A drop on the tongue and—poof! What the doctor ordered. I think we plump for prussic."

"Yes, sir," said Tim, who had been left far behind and bewildered.

"Opportunity and motive! Now we have amplified the opportunity. A moment ago opportunity seemed to be confined to you, Tim, who had no possible motive, and to the three old men, who, possibly, had motive a-plenty. But now we admit free of charge a large portion of the population. I could name you a thousand men, Tim, who could have banged on your door, and, while you absented yourself, have tipped the little drops of bitter almond into the glass. We have now plan and premeditation. We have deep scheming. We have adroitness. Who of your acquaintances, Tim, keeps, habitually, a stock of prussic acid in his pocket?"

"Nobody I know of, Mr. McTodd."

"Few people do," said Jeff. "Which is a simplifying factor. It eliminates all the teeming millions who have no access to prussic. And access to prussic is not easy, my friend. You don't go into a shop and ask for a nickel's worth of it. Quite the contrary. It is easier to borrow money from a stranger than to buy prussic from your friend the druggist. You must at least explain that you wish to poison the neighbor's cat."

The inquest, which was conducted the following morning in what seemed to Jeff a cursory sort of manner, did little to add to the sum total of human knowledge, but much to furnish fuel to always avid human suspicions. The verdict was that Roger Beddell came to his death through the administration of poison by some person or persons unknown—but the jury looked hard and significantly at the three old playmates of the deceased.

Following the formalities, Jeff walked to the bank with Mr. Vance, who was exceedingly thoughtful.

"Strange old man," he said, and then: "He has made Ralston and myself executors of his will—a will as peculiar as you might have expected."

"There might be a certain interest in the beneficiary," suggested Jeff.

"The beneficiary," said Mr. Vance, "is the public."

"Eh? What?"

"Exactly. Beddell leaves upward of three millions to the city of Hampstead—in cash and property—and the only string attached is a life-size statue of himself in a Roman toga."

"So specified?"

"It was—a Roman toga, no less. To be erected in the plaza of the bridge approach."

"What bridge, Mr. Vance?"

"The one to be erected across the river with his money. The town has needed a second bridge badly, but politics and people who object to a rise in taxes have blocked it for years. Mark Winters and Peter Clarke have been working on a private-toll-bridge scheme to cross about Beaver Street—though their charter has not gone through. I think they have been accumulating considerable property on both sides of the river in anticipation of a rise in values if their bridge is built."

"So," observed Jeff, "Old Beddell puts a spoke in their wheel even after death."

"It would seem so," admitted Mr. Vance, "for his bridge must cross at Cedar Avenue, a good mile to the south of their project. Beddell owned considerable property at this end. The buildings are to be razed and a plaza created with architectural and monumental features. A fine thing. Detailed plans and specifications accompany his will."

"The gift, I take it, will be accepted by the city fathers?"

"Without doubt, Mr. McTodd."

"Consequently," said Jeff, "we may eliminate the motive of greed. It seems nobody could hope to gain financially by Beddell's death. Which leaves us with revenge and fear on our hands. By the way, the will is not public yet?"

"Not yet," said Mr. Vance.

"Um. . . . The next question, Mr. Vance, is: Could a stranger have put drops of prussic in Mr. Beddell's cocktail? It's a point. I've questioned everyone about the club and no one saw man, woman or child near the locker house yesterday afternoon at the time of the death."

"Yet someone must have been there, if your theory is correct."

"Exactly," said Jeff. "Somebody. Somebody could have been there, and somebody must have been there. But he was not noticed. I am asking myself why he was not noticed, and the only answer I can find

(Continued on Page 60)

"The only 'Model Kitchen' for me is the one I design for myself"

WE learned about kitchens from women! North, east, south, west—wherever there were homes and kitchens, we asked our question.

"What," we said, "would you demand in a model kitchen—how would you have your kitchen units arranged to best save your hands, your feet, your back, your time?"

No two women agreed! One wanted storage units near at hand, another wanted them off in a corner; one suggested a unit for pots and pans near the sink, another said near the stove; one wanted additional drawer sections, another preferred more shelf space. And there we were.... Until one woman put the whole matter in a nutshell for us by saying, *"The only model kitchen for me is the one I design for myself."*

That gave us an idea.... Why not build Curtis Kitchen Units in a wide variety of styles and sizes, so that every woman can have just those convenient units she wants arranged just as she wants them? More, why not reproduce all these standard units in Miniature Kitchen Sets, so that she can really *design her own kitchen*, know in advance that the kitchen she plans meets her ideal in every detail? The Miniature Kitchen Set illustrated above shows you how simple it is to design the kitchen of your dreams.

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THE CORNER-STONE

* * * * * * *

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Ford

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Detroit, Michigan

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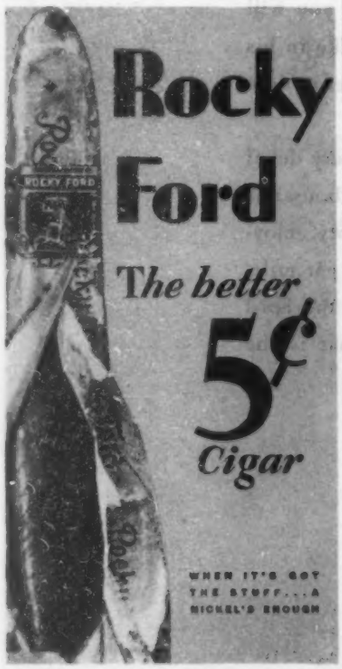
And it's just as senseless to cry "wolf" over "spit-tipped" cigars . . . That particular wolf was dead and buried long ago.

Today, every reputable manufacturer of a popular-priced cigar uses the utmost precautions to safeguard purity and cleanliness.

ROCKY FORD is as pure and clean as a modern loaf of baker's bread. We make ROCKY FORD in Richmond, Virginia, in a vast, sunny factory which is the pride and show-place of the city. Sanitary machines cut and roll the long domestic filler. Sanitary machines place and seal the choice Sumatra wrapper. Sanitary machines even fold your ROCKY FORD in the humidor-foil that seals in its goodness. The first hands to touch it are yours.



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(Continued from Page 56)

is that his presence was so normal as to escape the attention."

"You mean?"

"I mean it must have been someone the employes and caddies and members were so used to seeing that they do not even remember seeing him. They took him for granted—as a part of the scenery. There was nothing unusual in his presence, and it is only the unusual that fixes itself in the memory of the ordinary observer."

"I think I see what you mean," Mr. Vance frowned.

"Personally," said Jeff, "as the character of Beddell discloses itself, I cast my vote for the motive of vengeance."

"We must admit the old man was not rich in the milk of human kindness."

"But," said Jeff, "men do not kill, do not lie awake nights planning, or wait weeks and months and perhaps years with terrible patience to revenge a little wrong. Has gossip ever whispered of a great wrong?"

"Not that I call to mind," said Mr. Vance.

"In that case," said Jeff, "I shall take a stroll. Cedar Avenue, you say. And the will is not public. . . . Shall I see you at the club this afternoon?"

"I fancy so," answered Mr. Vance, eying the young professional sharply. "What are you up to, McTodd?"

"It is an ill wind that blows nobody a silver lining," said Jeff in his gayest manner, "and a stitch in time is sewn by the early bird."

Jeff walked down Main Street to Cedar and thence toward the river, where he surveyed the projected site of the new bridge and plaza. The scene interested him. He walked slowly back, stopped in a drug store to replenish his supply of cigarettes, and nodded to the chef of the club, one Biggers, who was standing at the counter chatting with the proprietor.

"Going back to the club?" asked the chef. "I've got the station wagon down the street."

"Not for half an hour," Jeff replied, and paused to light a smoke.

"No pinochle tonight, then?" asked Mr. Mann, the druggist.

"No chance. Two dinner parties. But tomorrow night I'll be there. Nine o'clock?"

"Sure. I'll be slack by then." He turned to Jeff. "We play back of the screen," he said—"half a dozen of us. Know the game?"

"Never played."

"Too bad. Ought to get Biggers to teach you. He claims to be the world's champion. Anyhow, he ought to be. Never misses a night if he can help it."

"Takes your mind off lamb chops and pastry," grinned the chef.

Jeff nodded and walked farther up the street, where he stopped for twenty minutes to chat in the office of his acquaintance—who rapidly was becoming promoted to the dignity of a friend—Jack Creed, a young lawyer who wore a mustache to give him a spurious appearance of maturity. After that he took a taxi to the club, where his caddy master awaited him bursting with news.

"They've arrested Mr. Mark Winters," said the boy. "A feller just told me on the phone. It seems like they had Payson on the grill, and he give up something on Winters and they pinched him."

"Just a lot of nice, playful, friendly old men," said Jeff. He walked into his shop, where he sat down frowningly and stared at the floor.

"You've got to face facts," he said to himself. "When facts fit together and give you an absurdity, the trouble can't be with the facts. The trouble is with you. If you are in the woods and you've got turned around, follow your compass. It always points north. The fellow who gets lost is the one who thinks something must have gone wrong with the magnetic needle. You've got to rely on the thing you know is true, and act accordingly. You mustn't think something has gone cockeyed and a fact has become not a fact. A fact is always a fact."

"I beg your pardon," said a familiar voice. "I hope I didn't wake you up." There was ample sarcasm in the tone.

"I was absent but accounted for," said Jeff, "and it is the hour for your lesson, Miss Vance."

They sauntered out to the practice tee, but she showed no inclination to go at once to work.

"Do you think it was murder?" she asked.

"I do."

"They've arrested Mr. Winters, and I always thought he was the nicest of the four. It doesn't seem possible an old man over eighty could commit a murder. Why should he? He has such a short time to live, at best."

"Different ages, different motives," Jeff said sententiously. "A gentleman of eighty once told me death seemed as vague and distant to him then as it had seemed when he was twenty. He still looked to the future."

"Then you think he could have done it?"

"I think he might have done it, but I am quite sure he didn't do it; though I am not at all certain he won't be convicted of having done it."

"Complicated—very," she exclaimed ironically.

"The known facts—the important known facts—don't fit him," said Jeff.

"Do they fit anybody?" asked Miss Vance.

"They do," said Jeff.

"And you know who it is?"

"I know," said Jeff.

"Do you mean to stand there and tell me you know who killed Roger Beddell?"

"I think so. Only, of course, the man I have in mind couldn't have done it and had no reason to do it."

"That sounds insane."

"It is insane. . . . Thank you, ma'am. You bring me up with a round turn, and properly. A certain man must have done this thing, unless all logic and reason fail, and the mere fact that it seems absurd to me, and impossible, is no reason whatever for trying to brush aside the known truth. If I were to search the world for the man least likely to have murdered Beddell, this man would be the one. Yet he's got to be guilty. He's got to be. And he must have a motive. He is bracketed between two facts—as in artillery fire."

"What are you going to do about it?" asked Abigail.

"I'm wondering. After all, I'm not a policeman. But I can't help asking questions of myself, and I can't help seeing facts when they slap me in the face."

"There is Mr. Winters to think of."

"Yes, there is Mr. Winters. That seems to be the deciding factor. But what then?"

"Why, tell the authorities what you know."

Jeff smiled wryly. "Prosecutors and juries want ponderable facts and eyewitnesses and provable motives. All I have is two little truths, but twelve good men and true wouldn't give them a second glance. They would have to think. They must have witnesses and questions and answers. I can't supply them."

"But facts are facts," objected Abigail.

"Only to people who can recognize them as facts; to other folks they merely are irrelevancies."

"Then what shall you do? Go and ask the man to plead guilty as a favor? Just to demonstrate how much more logical you are than anyone else in the world?"

"I might do that," said Jeff thoughtfully.

"I think you're afraid," said Abigail.

"Of what?"

"Of betting on your own horse," she said, and he looked up at her quickly.

"Perhaps you are right," he said softly. "Perhaps you are right." He sighed and shivered. "In that case, I see I shall have to go through with it. . . . Now, suppose we get to the business in hand. . . . No, no. Right hand under farther, left hand over the top."

It was ten o'clock next morning when Jeff drove the club's car to the bank and entered Mr. Vance's office. He wore no air of gayety and his eyes were those of one who has kept unpleasant vigil through the night. Mr. Vance looked at his drawn face and lifted his brows.

"What is wrong, young man?" he asked.

"A responsibility," said Jeff dully. "It is unfair that such a responsibility should come to a man."

"What responsibility, Jeff?" asked Mr. Vance sympathetically.

"Of demanding the life of one man because he has taken the life of another," said Jeff.

Mr. Vance frowned and searched the young man's face with troubled eyes.

"It is," he said. "It is a terrible responsibility. I was afraid it might come to you, McTodd. I was afraid you were seeing things the rest of us could not see."

Jeff nodded.

"Perhaps, sir, you will ask the prosecutor to come here."

"Of course. One moment."

He telephoned the office of that official and nodded to Jeff. "He will be here at once," he said. Then he arose and laid a kindly hand on the young man's shoulder. "Don't take it hard, my boy. After all, a murderer is a murderer."

"Yes," said Jeff, "but, sir, it may be he deserves punishment less for his act than the dead man deserved his ending."

"That," said Mr. Vance, "is not for us to judge. We can only work with the tools we understand. Human justice can only be human justice."

"Sometimes it should be more," said Jeff. "But maybe he will be content. Maybe he will be content."

"Who will be content?" asked Mr. Vance.

"The man who killed Roger Beddell," said Jeff. "His game may have been worth the candle."

There came a knock at the door, and, upon being invited, the prosecutor entered—a brisk, machine sort of man who would regard little the humanities, but take the world as he found it, without protest.

"Well, well," he said heartily, "and what is the idea? What is it all about?"

"The murder of Roger Beddell," said Mr. Vance.

"Ah, that! I rather imagine we have the right man. I rather imagine so."

"You have the wrong man," said Jeff.

"Eh? What? The wrong man! Who says so?"

"I say so," said Jeff.

"And possibly," said the prosecutor, not without irony, "you are prepared to turn over to us the right man."

"I think so," Jeff said quietly. "But first we must have another fact. You will be able to get it quickly."

"And that fact?"

"A shortage in someone's supply of prussic acid," said Jeff. "If I am right, then the shortage will be found. If I am wrong, no shortage will be found—and the sun may be expected to rise in the west. Will you send a competent man to the drug store of Mr. Mann, down the street? Prussic acid is a drug not often used and which must be accounted for minutely. You must find if Mr. Mann's supply is intact."

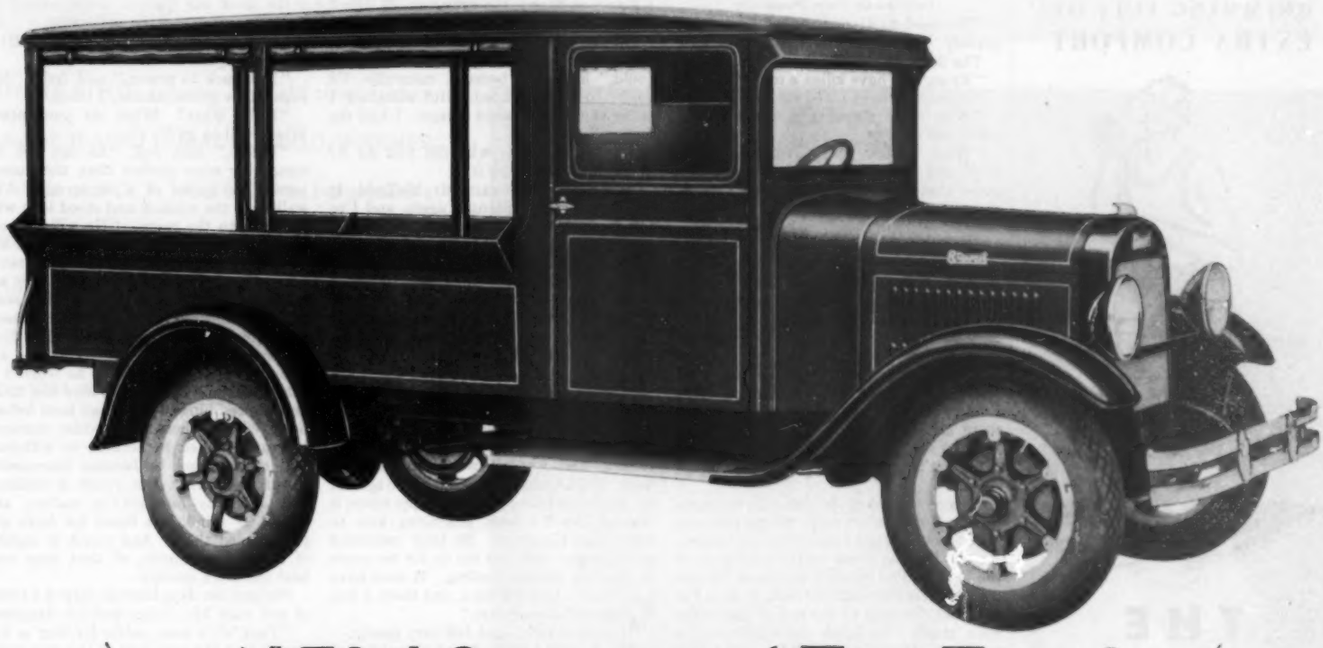
"Do as he says, prosecutor," said Mr. Vance, and that official gave the necessary directions over the telephone.

"It is the waiting that tears one to pieces," said Jeff.

But the waiting was not long. An officer entered presently with a pale and apprehensive druggist, who began expostulating as he crossed the threshold.

"I don't understand it," he exclaimed. "I've been careful. I haven't ever sold poisons illegally. I haven't. I've kept to the law. I haven't done a thing I hadn't ought to have done."

(Continued on Page 62)



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ENGINE—Four cylinder truck motor, 3¼" bore, 4½" stroke. Six cylinder motor at extra cost.
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YOU CAN'T realize how natural . . . how comfortable . . . how alive your face feels after a double-action shave until you try Squibb's Shaving Cream.

Because Squibb's now contains a newly perfected shaving ingredient, a Squibb shave is entirely different —extra comfort-full!

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These vital oils are your natural protection. They keep your skin supple and healthy. All soaps (and most shaving creams are really soap) remove these oils. That's why your face often feels parched and sensitive after shaving.

But Squibb's is different. The *double-action* shave with Squibb's restores these necessary oils. The new ingredient actually keeps your skin just as soothed and healthy as Nature herself.

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SQUIBB'S SHAVING CREAM

(Continued from Page 60)

"No need to alarm yourself," said Jeff gravely. "You find yourself short, then?"

The druggist nodded.

"Enough to have killed a man?"

"Enough to have killed ten," said Mann.

"Who plays pinochle in your store?" asked Jeff.

"Why, Bates and Trukowski and Harriman and Murphy and Biggers—I guess that's all. They drop in—some of them—nearly every evening."

"And who are they?" asked Jeff.

"Bates is an insurance agent, Trukowski runs the garage, Harriman clerks in the Busy, Big Store, Murphy is in the railroad offices, and Biggers is chef up to the club."

"These men work during the day, do they not? Are any of them members of the country club?"

"Nobody's got anything to do with the club but Biggers. They couldn't afford it. I doubt if any of 'em ever so much as been there, but Biggers, who does their cookin'."

"You see?" asked Jeff wearily.

"I don't see anything," said the prosecutor.

"Biggers works at the club. He is always there. He is an employe whose presence about would neither be noted nor remembered. He was there on the afternoon of the death. The murder was done by one who was familiar with the club, even to the fact that the door at the end of the locker room stuck. He knew the habits of the members. He had opportunity. His movements about the place were so normal as not to be noticed. He could have been in the neighborhood of Tim's window without exciting comment; and he, and he alone, had access to a supply of prussic acid. Almost nightly he played pinochle behind Mann's prescription screen. He, and he alone, is bracketed between the two essential facts."

"Nonsense," exclaimed the prosecutor. "Do you think to convict a man on such evidence? Bosh—that's what I say. Bosh!"

"He is down the street," said Jeff, "buying supplies. Can you send a boy out for him, Mr. Vance?"

The prosecutor sniffed. "All moonshine! And when you get him here, what?"

"I don't know," said Jeff. "I don't like to think."

Mr. Vance pushed a button and sent the boy who answered to find and bring to the office the club's chef. The three men waited—Jeff and Mr. Vance tensely, the prosecutor with pompous derision.

In five minutes Biggers appeared in the door. "You sent for me, Mr. Vance?"

"Yes, Biggers. Come in and close the door."

"What can I do for you, sir?" asked the man.

Jeff leaned forward, his face gray, his eyes inordinately bright.

"Biggers," he said, "you can tell us why you killed Roger Beddell."

The man did not grow ashen. He did not start or gasp or tremble, but returned Jeff's glance with another glance, level and unafraid, but with something in it more than mere absence of fear. It seemed to Jeff to be resignation, submission to inevitable fate. Then he exhaled a breath.

"You traced the poison," he said in a steady voice, with a glance at Mann, the druggist. "I didn't think it could be traced."

No one spoke for a moment, and Biggers nodded his head. "I planned the best I could," he said, "because, naturally, I'd prefer to have escaped. But somehow I never thought I should escape. I had the feeling."

"But why, man—why did you do it? What did you gain by it?"

"Gain! It wasn't gain, Mr. McTodd. It was just to feel contented again, and I've felt contented. Yes, I have. It's been a sort of warm, peaceful feeling, and a satisfaction. That was why, Mr. McTodd. You see, she died, gentlemen, of the disgrace of me being sent to prison. And ten years inside of them walls was something. I was entitled to a little contentment for a day or so."

"Beddell sent you to prison?"

"Hounded me," said Biggers without heat. "It was twenty years back, and he had to have somebody to put it on to save his own bacon. I wasn't ever a thief, gentlemen, and Beddell was worse than a thief. So he hounded me, and swore against me, and they found pieces of paper where it seemed like I'd been practicing how to write that signature. So they convicted me of forgery and sent me up for ten years to cover up his own stealing. It must have been that. And she died, and there I was in prison all them years."

"I understand," said Jeff very gently.

"So I waited around and planned, but I'm not much of a hand at planning, so it took a long time. And then this thing just sort of worked itself out for me."

"And you are content?" asked Jeff softly.

"I'm content."

"And you foresaw arrest?"

"To be sure, Mr. McTodd."

"And made your arrangements accordingly?"

Their eyes met in understanding, and Biggers nodded as he replied, "All arrangements made."

"I'm sorry, Biggers," said Jeff. "I'm bitterly sorry. I wish I could have—have done otherwise."

"Don't take it hard, McTodd. You couldn't do no other way, and there was Mr. Winters to think about. So, good-by, all, and I haven't any complaints to make about anything."

Jeff leaned forward and held Biggers' eyes. "Some place else, Biggers. Not here."

"No, not here. I understand."

He went out quietly, accompanied by the prosecutor and the policeman.

"Poor fellow," said Mr. Vance. "Back to prison again, or worse."

"Not back to prison," said Jeff. "Not even to the police station, I think."

"Eh? What? What do you mean? Where will he go?"

"Where," said Jeff, "he can ask for something more perfect than the human justice we spoke of a while ago." He walked to the window and stood long with his back to the room. "He will be gone now," he said, turning his face, and Mr. Vance saw it was no longer pale and drawn, but only weary—weary and very, very sad for the face of a man so young. "You see," he said, "he would save a drop for himself. One drop on the tongue ——"

For days Jefferson McTodd was not himself; he brooded. Then he seemed to throw off the weight which bore him down and showed himself as he had been before; but even then there were sudden moments of gravity when he seemed to withdraw into himself and to become inaccessible to all the world. But youth is resilient, and Jeff was buoyant by nature, and logical of mind. He faced his facts and pigeonholed them. And youth is capable of forgetting wounds, so that they may heal the more quickly.

Perhaps ten days later he played a round of golf with Mr. Vance and his daughter.

"That will's been public for four or five days," said the president of the club, "and it has created excitement. Real-estate dealers have gone off their heads. Never has a locality in Hampstead seen such a land boom as we are having along Cedar Avenue where the new bridge approach is to be."

"Ah," said Jeff. "Quite so. I rather imagined things would move."

"You did, eh? And when did you start imagining?"

"The day I heard about the will."

"Did you do anything besides imagine?"

"A trifle," said Jeff. "It seemed like a good time to buy a few lots, so I bought. Yes, sir, two corners of Cedar and Main and two corners a block nearer the bridge."

"So? Um. . . . And you still have them?"

"Why, no," said Jeff. "I don't like lots hanging around. I didn't keep them. In fact, I let some gentlemen have them this morning—all four of them. At a slight profit."

"About how much, might one ask?"

"I think the exact figures were ninety-six thousand, four hundred and sixty-six dollars and thirty-three cents," said Jeff.

"And you're going to stick to this job?"

"Like a leech, sir. It keeps me in the open air. No, sir. I'm sticking to this job until I can apply for amateur reinstatement."

"And when will that be?" asked Mr. Vance.

"When I've a million," said Jeff, and his eyes turned involuntarily toward Abigail Vance, who was making a mashie approach across the fairway.

"H'm," grunted Mr. Vance, who noticed the direction of the glance.

DRAWN BY NATE COLLIER

Cop: "Come On, Let's Have Your Alibi! Where Were You Tonight at This Time?"

Editor's Note—This is the fourth of a series of stories by Mr. Kelland. The next will appear February eighth.

THE VAGABOND KING

DENNIS KING, famous Ziegfeld singing star; beautiful JEANETTE MACDONALD; WARNER OLAND and O. P. HEGGIE—in Paramount's vivid All-Technicolor production of this spectacular song romance. A Ludwig Berger Production. Here is a picture that you must see—that everybody will praise to the skies!

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One of the most spectacular of all Technicolor productions is First National's musical extravaganza, "The Song of the Flame." The remarkable cast is headed by ALEXANDER GRAY, BERNICE CLAIRE, NOAH BEERY, ALICE GENTLE and INEZ COURTNEY. You won't be satisfied unless you treat yourself to this sensational picture!

SON OF THE GODS

RICHARD BARTHELMESS stars in this impressive First National production of Rex Beach's colorful story of a youth of Chinatown. CONSTANCE BENNETT is the American girl who loves him. New York, San Francisco and the Riviera furnish the background. Rating: excellent! Don't miss it!

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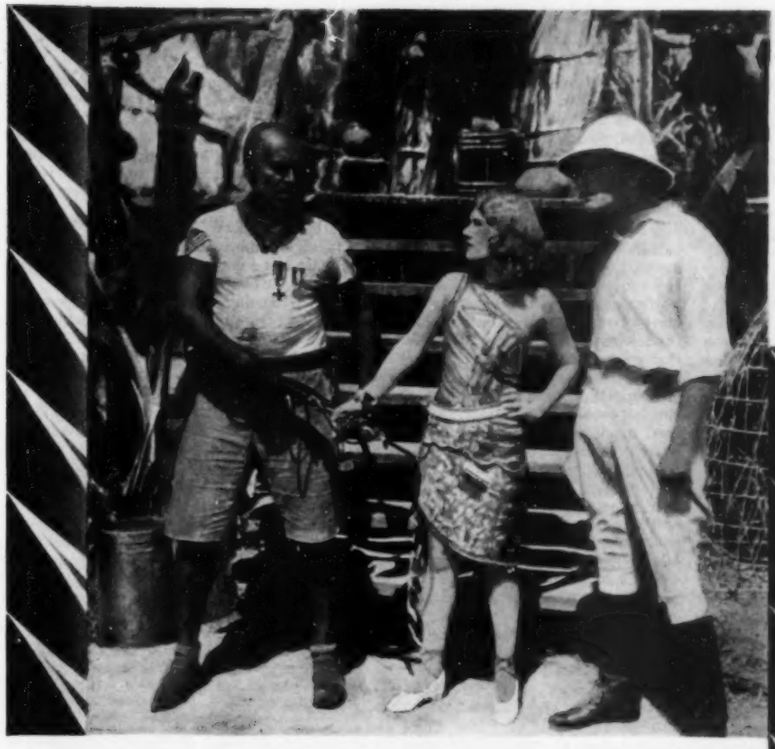

GOLDEN DAWN

WALTER WOOLF, star of noted operettas, heads a distinguished cast, which includes NOAH BEERY and VIVIENNE SEGAL, in this gorgeous and thrilling musical play. A Warner Brothers Vitaphone picture, entirely in Technicolor! Watch for it. You'll never regret dating yourself up for this sensational play.

SOME OF THE TECHNICOLOR PRODUCTIONS

BRIDE OF THE REGIMENT, with Vivienne Segal (First National); DIXIANA, with Bebe Daniels (Radio); GLORIFYING THE AMERICAN GIRL, with Mary Eaton. Eddie Cantor, Helen Morgan and Rudy Vallee in revue scenes (Paramount); HIT THE DECK, with Jack Oakie and Polly Walker (Radio); HOLD EVERYTHING, with Winnie Lightner, Georges Carpentier and Joe E. Brown (Warner Bros.); LORD BYRON OF BROADWAY, with Charles Kaley and Ethelind Terry (Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer); MAMBA, with Eleanor Boardman, Jean Hersholt, Ralph Forbes (Tiffany); MAMMY, starring Al Jolson (Warner Bros.); PUTTIN' ON THE RITZ, starring Harry Richman (Feature Production—United Artists); RADIO REVELS, with Bert Wheeler, Robert Woolsey and Dorothy Lee (Radio); HAPPY DAYS, with Bessie Love, Charles King (Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer); SALLY, starring Marilyn Miller (First National); SHOW GIRL IN HOLLYWOOD, with Alice White (First National); THE KING OF JAZZ, with Paul Whiteman (Universal); PARAMOUNT ON PARADE, all-star revue (Paramount); THE ROGUE'S SONG, with Lawrence Tibbett and Catherine Dale Owen (Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer); UNDER A TEXAS MOON, with Frank Fay, Noah Beery, Myrna Loy (Warner Bros.).

SONG OF THE WEST

JOHN BOLES, VIVIENNE SEGAL and JOE E. BROWN help to turn into a magnificent musical drama one of America's most romantic episodes—the conquest of California. The first outdoor story to be made entirely in sound and Technicolor! Warner Brothers Vitaphone. A stirring and unforgettable entertainment.

is natural color

NO TIME FOR GIRLS

(Continued from Page 11)

no denying that she was a daisy; but if I wanted to see a sure-enough, cherry-cheeked charmer, a luscious, little, up-and-a-coming lallapaloosa, an all-round, bright-eyed, fascinating, fairy-footed darling, I mustn't miss Leila Chapman. "I'll give you a knock-down to her, maybe," he says. "I don't reckon I'd be taking much risk, and while she's a-dancing with you, it's a cinch that she won't be dancing with nobody else."

"You won't feel so dog-goned easy in your mind when you see me togged out in Al Drew's best clothes," I warned him.

"In Al Drew's best clothes!" he says, pop-eyed.

"Sure," I told him. "Al and me are much of a size, and he won't have no use for 'em tonight, being as Curt and him ain't going to the dance."

He asked me the reason about Al. He knew Curt wasn't going, because he'd asked Curt and he said that he wasn't. But Al had met up with Leila about a month ago, when he stopped at Chapman's to get him a drink of water, and ever since then he'd been making his cracks about cutting Billy out. "But I rode over to Chapman's yesterday, and I reckon I've fixed Mr. Drew's clock for him," says Billy.

"In that storm, all the way to Chapman's?" I ast him.

"Why not?" says he. "I ain't sugar, nor yet salt, and I started afore the storm broke, anyway, while I was hunting horses right close. It didn't take me more'n a couple of hours out of my way—or wouldn't have if I hadn't waited, talking about this and that to Leila, until the rain sort of let up. But you didn't tell me why Al ain't a-going to be at the dance tonight."

"He ain't got no time for girls," I says. "Him and Curt figure they've got something better to do than chase around after 'em. If they can't do nothing else they can roll into their bunks and get a good night's sleep and be in good shape for their work tomorrow morning and earn their pay. They ain't going to waste no time on foolishness, whether they work for the benefit of the Oarlock or themselves."

"I honor them for it," says Billy, real enthusiastic, and then he busts out a-laughing. He seemed to be a considerable tickled.

"The point is," I says, "that when you take a couple of hours off here and a couple there, calling on these here cherry-cheeked charmers with fairy feet, you don't realize how many days and months and years it all mounts up to in the course of a lifetime."

"That's right, sure enough," says Billy. "I never wasted time figuring it up; but maybe when I'm seventy or eighty I'll get me a pencil and paper some long winter evening and work it out for the benefit of my posterity."

I seen there wasn't no use a-trying to instill words of wisdom into him, so I let the matter drop and he started singing about the moon a-raising her lamp above to light the way to thee, my love, like there was a big load off his mind. I ast him if he knew what the hawk said to the sparrow who had just finished a big meal out by the barn and was chirping his thanksgivin'. He knew, so I didn't have to tell him, but it would have come in sort of pat, because after supper was over that evening Al got out his razor and mug and started to work up a lather.

"You ain't a-going to shave, Al?" says Curt, looking mighty severe as Al unbuttoned his shirt at the neck and rolled up his sleeves.

"Why, I thought I would," Al replies. "Just to be clean and decent. If I don't get the bristles off every once in so often, my face gets to sort of hurting me."

"You ain't the only one it's painful to," says Billy. "I pers'n'lly like it better with the bristles on. They hide a part of it, anyway."

"Al," says Curt, "you don't mean to tell me that you're fixing to go to the dance after declaring yourself the way you done?"

"Me?" Al says, turning around to look at him in a s'prised and hurt way. "Whatever put that redic'lous notion into your head? Shaving's no sign, Curt. My poor old pappy, he didn't b'lieve in dancing no more than me and you do, and he thought that anybody who played cards was hell-bent for brimstone, but he shaved himself regular every Sabbath morning before he went to church. No, sir, I'm fixing to play checkers with you, Curt, old son."

I spoke up then. I says, "As long as you ain't a-going, I'd like to borrow the loan of your good clothes, Al. I've took a notion that I'll go along with Billy and act as a restraining influence on the little son-of-a-gun, and I ain't brought my spike-tail along. I'll be as careful with them garments as if they was my own, and if I get into a scrap I'll shed your coat and vest the very first thing."

Al turns around again and looks me over from top to toe. "Why, you look as slick as paint right the way you are," he says. "I tell you, Sam, you ain't the kind that has to be all dressed up in purple and fine linen to be attractive. You've read what the Good Book says about painting lilies of the field and gilding twenty-dollar gold pieces, ain't you? Well, it would be like that. You'd be more'n welcome to them duds of mine if you needed 'em. You could have the shirt off my back, for that matter; but, honest, there ain't no use nor sense in a fine, handsome man like you primping like us warts. Go in your plain, unassuming overalls, the way you are, and you'll still leave broken hearts enough behind you when you quit the festive scene." He turned back to his scraping. Curt says to him, "Aw, what's the matter with you? Let Sam have 'em. You ain't going to use 'em."

"Don't press him," I says, cold and dignified. "Maybe it's just as well if I don't take the resk. Once you get 'em on you, they're hard to get shet of. It's all right; but I will remind the gentleman of the time I lent him my new pants in Custer."

Al faced around. "That's another thing I was thinking of," he says. "Them pants of yours was elegant material and I was glad and grateful to get 'em. I ain't forgot your kindness, Sam, nor won't whilst mem'ry holds her sway. But them pants was certainly slack on me, and I've lost a considerable flesh since then with all the hard riding I've done, and if you put on mine tonight I tremble to think of what might happen if you stooped to pick up a lady's handkerchief or cut one of them pigeon wings you do so graceful, or the like. It ain't as if the coat was a tail coat, Sam. That's what makes me so firm and decided about refusing your request."

"That explains it satisfactory and I take it kindly of you and real friendly, denying me for my own best interests," I told him. "The trouble with me," I says, "is I don't always think of what might happen. I thank you, and I'll strive to repay you one of these days."

"Don't mention it," he says, grinning, as he wiped the lather off his face and begun to slick down his hair with a wet comb, real careful. "You're welcome," he says, and carried the wash basin to the door and throwed out the water. "Next! And now," says he to Curt, "we'll have a nice quiet evening at checkers."

Well, George Turner loaned me a suit of clothes and a collar, like the kind-hearted gentleman and dead-game sport that he was and is, so Billy Diston and me saddled up and lit out for Hoagland's, leaving Curt and Al to their checkers. The dance was in full swing when we got there, and it certainly was some dance. The melodeon was operated by Pearl Ritchie, and it sure made elegant music with the fiddle; there was a big crowd and there was enough girls to go around for all the sets there was room for, and the boys all behaved themselves like gentlemen. Billy kept his word to me about Leila Chapman, and my private opinion was that he could afford to. She was all right, mind, and she had the cherry cheeks; but if fairies had feet like hers, the rings that they make, dancing, would look like a horse-power thrashing machine had been working on the ground night and day for a week. Maybe Billy had only noticed the tips of her shoes, because she kept her skirt over them real modest; but they say that lookers-on see most of the game, and, looking on, I seen her pardner swing her once or twice enough to show that she was wearing white stockings. I don't mean to say that her feet was extry big, but if she'd been Cinderella she'd have been foolish to try on that glass slipper, that's all.

And the girl danced lighter than you'd have sposed, considering her heft, and she laughed like she enjoyed laughing and didn't need much of an excuse. Her teeth was white, too, and she owned a dimple. It was only that Billy had give me to understand that she was something onusual. Howsever, I had a couple of dances with her, and as I was a-promenading her to her seat I seen something that sure was out of the common and like to toppled me over. Now, when it comes to women, I've got tastes that's wide and spreading—what you might call all embracing. I don't deny that my pref'rence is for them that's fair complected with blue eyes—like my grandniece, Eileen, f'rinstance—but I ain't hidebound. I can appreciate brown eyes, and black and gray as well as blue, and I've treasured locks of all shades of hair in my time. There was a redhead oncet that—oh, well! What I aim to tell you is that I'm liberal minded. Tall and slender or little and plump, young and not so young, I most always find something in 'em to love and admire.

There was an interval here, during which each member of the group of listeners declared his individual conception of female pulchritude, with racy reminiscences of their various embodiments. Some of these *contes drolatiques* might be interesting to a reader, but to relate them here would be destructive of the continuity of Mr. Stegg's story. In fact, it was only when Old Man Somarindyck began to tell of certain regrettable episodes of his youth that the old bullwhacker was urged to proceed, as follows:

This here—Mr. Stegg resumed—was dark complected, having hair sim'lar to the raven's wing or ebony wood or midnight in the dark of the moon, and her eyes was equally black, but bright and sparkling, and full of them things that you have to guess at and hope to goodness gracious that you're guessing right. She didn't have no cherry cheeks and she was short on dimples, but you didn't miss neither of 'em, and they wouldn't have suited her, anyway, and her lovely mouth was red enough to make up for the lack of color other places. I've heard of these here satin skins all my life, but hers was the nearest I ever seen to such. She was slender built and, setting next to where Leila had sat down, I took her to be somewheres about half an inch taller than the run of girls.

Leila grabbed her arm and squeezed it. "Mr. Stegg," she says, "I'll make you acquainted with Miss Cora Fanshawe. Miss Fanshawe is from Deadwood."

"I'm pleased to meet you here in the sunshine," I says. "Deadwood," says I, "is sure a sorry, desolate and unhappy town."

Gosh, you ought to have seen them black eyes snap! "Some people find it so, but they're mostly them in the calaboose, and they prob'ly judge it by their surroundings," says she. "I'm sorry your stay there wasn't pleasant."

"Don't make no mistake about my meaning," I says. "When I first come to Deadwood the soldiers took us out again, but I liked it so well that I went back and built the first house on Gold Street with these here hands. I ain't been there for a month or two, but I know it's sad and lonesome now, sence you ain't there. That's all I judge by."

Her eyes sort of melted and her red lips took a curve upwards, disclosing of pearly teeth. "If that's all you think is the trouble with it, I'm pleased to meet you," she says.

"Ain't he awful?" says Leila. "He's been a-saying things like that to me all evening." That was a dog-goned lie, but I forgave her when she laughed.

"What kind of things has he been a-saying to you?" inquires a voice right behind me, and looking round I seen Mr. Al Drew, as large as life and all dressed up to the nines in the suit of clothes that he wouldn't lend me out of regard for my best interests.

"Well, well!" I says. "I thought you was playing checkers with Curt Vincy."

"That's what Mr. Diston told me you was a-doing," Leila chips in. "He told me you said you didn't have no time for girls—which, considering the trouble I had in getting rid of you when you was at our house, certainly did please and surprise me. I'd had half a notion not to come here tonight, for fear of seeing you and, mercy me, here you are!"

"You don't need to worry, my dear," I told her. "I've just figgered out that he's a-walking in his sleep. He went to bed hours ago, and if you was to pinch him and wake him up he'd be real mortified to find out where he was. Yes, him and Curtis Vincy has come to the conclusion that you ladies ain't worth the time it takes to enjoy your s'ciety, if a man has anything better to do, and they aim to be busy getting rich."

"If you've done shooting off your mouth—I mean done temp'ry," says Al—"I'd like to explain to the lady. . . . Miss Chapman, all I have to say in regards to them mendacious ——"

That was all he did say, too, because Matt hollered to get your pardners for a waltz and Billy Diston skated acrost the floor to where we was and grabbed Leila, whilst two of the boys from the T A N—Dick Ellis and Rudy Ganz—come up simultaneous with claims on Miss Fanshawe. To settle the matter, so's there wouldn't be no hard feelings nor disputations, and she being uncertain in her mem'ry which of the two she'd promised the waltz to, Miss Fanshawe followed my s'gestion and danced it with me.

"That young man's face looked right comical when Miss Chapman left him," says Miss Fanshawe whilst we was a-floating in the dreamy mazes to the sweet strains of the melodious melodeon. "It was quite a good-looking face, too, when its jaw wasn't hanging. He's a cowboy, ain't he? I just love cowboys."

"There's some of them that's worthy of the love of a beautiful and noble girl, and then again there's a right smart that ain't," I told her. "As a class," I says, "my opinion is that mule skinners is superior, and bullwhackers is far and away beyond mule skinners. But Mr. Drew's face sure did do me a heap of good."

After a few more turns, she says, "What was that about him having no time for girls? I didn't understand what you said about him walking in his sleep. Is he a woman hater?"

"That ain't been his gen'ral reputation hitherto," I says, "but he'll make leaps and bounds in that d'rection by the time this dance is over, or I miss my guess." She smiled and pouted at that, and told me I was real mean being so myster'ous, so I had to tell her the whole business. She seemed to be some interested in Curt Vincy and asked me if he was good-looking or whether it was a case of sour grapes, and I told her what was the truth—that Curt could get all the grapes he wanted, and more'n was good for him, for a few smiles and kind words, being as he was as handsome a man, without being pretty-pretty, as ever throwed a leg over a saddle—stout as a bull and quick as a cat.

(Continued on Page 71)

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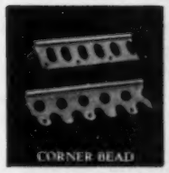
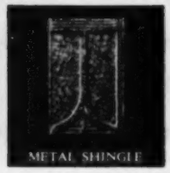

CORNER BEAD

BASE SCREED

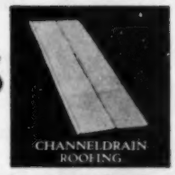
WALL PLUG and TIE

SPANISH TILE


METAL SHINGLE

ROOFING PLATE

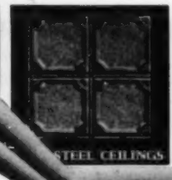
CONDUCTOR PIPE


CHANNELDRAIN ROOFING

CONDUCTOR ELBOWS

CORRUGATED SHEETS

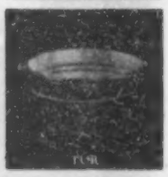
COAL DOOR


STEEL CEILINGS

WATER PAIL

WATER PAIL

WATER PAIL


TUB

GARBAGE CAN

BASKET

TUB

GARBAGE CAN

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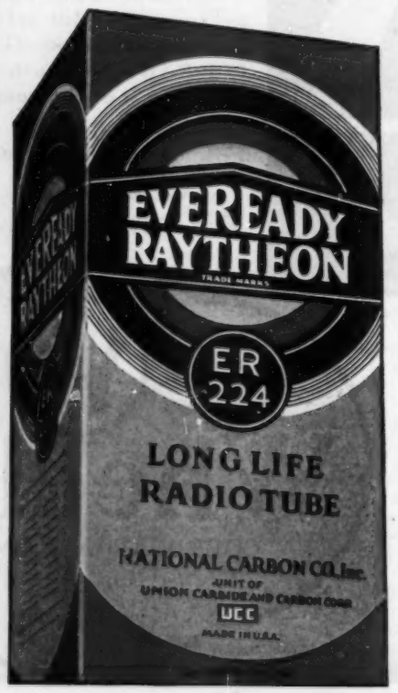

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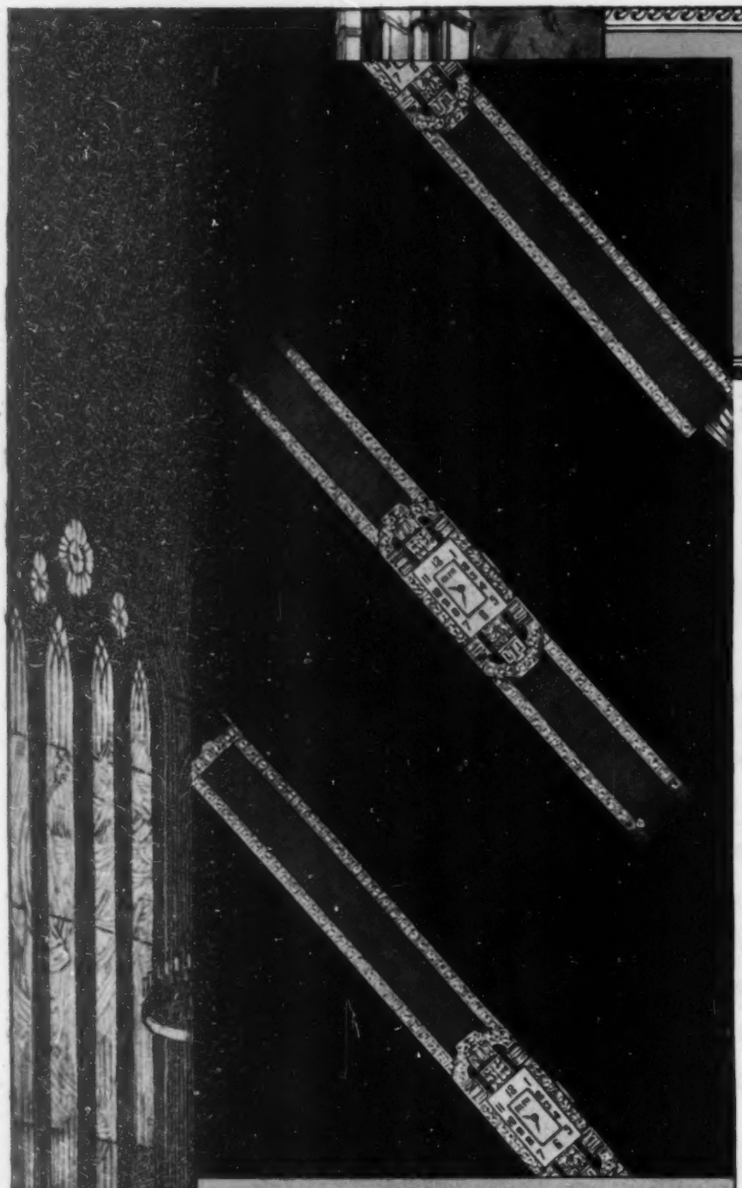

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AT THE BETTER JEWELERS + + + EVERYWHERE

(Continued from Page 66)

"My! No wonder he hates us," says she. "We must have pestered him to death. Anyway, he seems to know his own mind, and your friend, Mr. Drew, doesn't. But don't let's talk about them," she says. "Tell me all about yourself."

"You've sure got it down fine," I says, admiring. "I'd hate to trust any woman hater with you after that."

Like I thought, Al Drew didn't have no part of a good time. It looked 's if somebody had been proclaiming of his new sentiments to'rds 'em among the girls. Anyway, everyone he ast to dance told him that they hadn't got no time for him. He made a fair to middling bluff at laughing it off, but you could see he thought they was running the joke into the ground. Fin'ly, while they was dancing the Sicilian Circle, he seen Miss Fanshawe setting in a corner with Mis' Hoagland, maybe taking a breathing spell. So he went up to them and Mis' Hoagland introduced him and then got up and went into the kitchen. He sat down and was pleased to notice that Leila Chapman was noticing.

After some prelim'nary remarks in regards to the weather and Deadwood and Minnekahta and cow ranches, which he made putting a heap of admiring expression into his ardent gaze for Leila's benefit, Al ast Miss Fanshawe if she wouldn't give him something beautiful to think of for the rest of his life by dancing the next with him. She told him that she was afraid that she was bespoke for the rest of the evening, up to and including of the Home, Sweet Home waltz. The best she could do was put him down sixteen on the waiting list, in case any of her future pardners was struck dead or something.

"You got here too late," she says. "But then I understand that your time is all took up with important business."

Al looked down his nose. "You don't want to b'lieve all you hear," he says. "I'm sorry to say that there's persons in this room that nothing is too mean and low-down for them to say of a man that they're jealous and envious of. Just because my pardner, Mr. Curt Vincy, has got extreme idees disfavoring ladies, and because, being his pardner, I sort of humor him in 'em, so's he won't feel himself all alone in a cold, unfeeling world, that don't make me a smallpox case, does it? I claim that it oughtn't to make me an outcast and a hissing and a gnashing of the teeth. If you've got a friend you've got to agree with him—or let on you agree with him—if you want to keep friends with him. Ain't that so?"

"It ain't true friendship to encourage a person in wrong and rev'lution'ry notions," says Miss Fanshawe. "You ought to try to make him see the error of his ways and set him a good example. Another thing, if you pretend to agree with him, how do I know that you ain't pretending to me? Or he may be fooling you, knowing that your real sentiments is against us silly, time-consuming women. He may have half a dozen sweethearts that he goes to call on when you're asleep or somewheres absent. A girl can never tell about you men."

"Me, I'm open as the day," says Al. "I can prove my dispositions and sentiments by almost any girl in this room. The best lookers, anyway. You heard what Leila said a while ago, didn't you? She was s'prised to hear what she heard about me. And Curt ain't fooling me, either. He'd ride a mile out of his way to dodge a sunbonnet."

"I wonder what makes him so peculiar!" the girl murmurs. "Did he ever tell you?"

"No," says Al, "he never did. But that ain't the point, which is whether you ain't as tender-hearted and kind and sweet as you are beautiful and graceful and a sovereign remedy for sore eyes and, being so, won't give me the next dance, which they'll be calling in another minute."

"I ain't and I won't," she replies. "I can see you're a dangerous man and I ain't going to take any chances of being another of your victims. And, to tell you the truth," she says, "I come here with Rose Gilman to please her, but I reelly ain't got no time for men. I loved one oncet, and he run off and deserted me about nothing."

Before she could say anything more or Al could speak, the dance was over and Rose Gilman come up and asked Miss Fanshawe what for she was a-taking up Mr. Drew's valuable time, and to come with her and get a drink of water, so they went off together, a-giggling. I strolled up in time to see Al stomp his foot and frown, looking after 'em.

"Dog-gone the whole kit and b'iling of 'em," he mutters, audible. "Curt's dead right about 'em. They're a waste of time."

"Seems like they are, 's far's you're concerned," I says to him.

"You old devil, I reckon I've got you to thank for some of it, as well as that freckle-nosed fool, Billy Diston," he says. "I don't aim to create no disturbance here and now, but when I get Billy back at the Oarlock I'll sure cuff him up to a peak and knock the peak off. I'll study on something to fit you."

"Better than your pants?" I ast him.

"It ain't that this here annoys or decomposes me," he goes on. "All I come here for was to pass the time after Curt went to bed on me, not being sleepy myself and sort of wanting the feel of a lively cayuse under me, after working on fences all day."

"So you slipped into a b'iled shirt and that there gay apparel so's your horse wouldn't feel ashamed of you, and he brung you up here while you was a-looking at the vast, myster'ous starry sky and didn't notice," I s'gests. "But I wouldn't tell that," says I. "I'd keep my mouth shut and live it down. Ten years from now most everybody will have forgot about it and quit joshing you."

Al must have dodged out unbeknown and hit the trail for the ranch soon after that. Anyway, he was a-snoring in his bunk when Billy and me got there. I lit out about dawn with my oxen, so I didn't hear what Curt had to say to Al myself, but about a month later I was in Minnekahta on my way to Deadwood with a load of freight, and I seen Billy Diston, who's brought the Oarlock wagon in for groceries and a few spools of wire, and Billy told me somethin' of what happened. Al said he was sure through with girls and dances. He'd just gone to look on, he told Curt, and it was sure a sorry spectacle—capering and kicking up their heels. They was all old enough to know better. No sense in it! No sense at all!

Then Billy had chipped in and said that maybe there wasn't when the girls didn't have no time for you. At that, Al got up out of his chair, ca'm as a cow chewing her cud, and without saying a word, knocked Billy galley-west. There was a tol'able lively scrap after that, and if Billy's foot hadn't slipped, Al wouldn't have got off as light as he did. I figured for myself that if Al's foot hadn't slipped, Billy would prob'ly have needed a doctor and a nurse. But seemed like there was no hard feelings and the two boys was as good friends as ever they was. Al and Curt was as thick as ever, too, and they had both passed up the dance at Carlos Green's on Horsehead the other evening.

"And they showed good sense," says Billy. "I passed it up too."

"Do you reckon they did?" I ast him.

"Sure," says Billy. "Any man's foolish to waste his time on girls. What good does it do him? They don't none of 'em know their own minds—if you can say minds. They ain't got reasoning minds, anyway. Nor yet consciences. All they think of is primping themselves up and trying to fool you. But they can't fool me. No, sir-ree! I keep away from 'em and don't give 'em no chance."

"How's that luscious little up-and-a-coming lallapaloosa," I ast him—"that cherry-cheeked charmer, Leila Chapman? Seen anything of her lately?"

"Not lately," he answers. . . . "Well," says he, "I've got to be a-moving. So long!"

He ambled off and, although I seen him once or twicet after that, he seemed to make a point of not seeing me.

The next morning I was about seven miles on my way when I seen a couple of fellers off a piece on the prairie, and when I waved to them they come up, and they was George Turner and Curt Vincy. They rested their right legs over the horns of their saddles for a spell whilst we exchanged greetings and salutations and observations, and so forth, and I finally inquired of George concerning of Billy Diston being converted to Curt's views.

"Yes," says George, grinning at Curt. "It certainly looks 's if he was and had been ever sence Leila Chapman mittened him for Tracy Bolsover. Seems like Tracy made himself too numerous in and about the Chapman ranch, and Billy made his objections too strong to suit the girl; so now Tracy's more numerous than ever and the Keystone outfit feels it ain't getting the benefit it had ought to from him, being as they're paying him wages. But that's no skin off my nose. I'm satisfied to have Billy and Al tending to business once more instead of chasing petticoats all over the country. I'm beginning to get a little work done now. Not much, but some. I tell you Curt's a good influence. I'm looking to see him keep up his missionary work until every puncher on the range realizes what a detriment unmarried women are."

"You'd know George was a happy married man, wouldn't you?" says Curt. "Well," he says, "I won't say but what when a man gets old enough to have sense and has fixed himself financially so's he's able to afford it, he's excusable in looking around for a woman, if he feels like it."

"That sounds reasonable," I says.

"It is reasonable," says he. . . . "So you're on your way to Deadwood? I reckon I'll have to get George to give me a little time off to go and see that burg. I've heard a heap about it and it's got my cur'osity excited."

"It's a mighty lively place, and fine people—if you ain't in the calaboose," I told him, thinking of Miss Cora Fanshawe. "Well, adios, gentlemen."

"I'll sure have to go there and get a touch of high life," says Curt as I popped my whip and started for the team.

Well, I made the trip without any particular happenings, and it seemed good to me to be in the old town again. At that time I was better acquainted in the upper hills than I was in the foothill towns, and there was more of the old familiar faces on the street in Deadwood, seemed like, than anywhere else. After I'd drove up to Bonesteel's and unloaded my freight, I went to Seavey's corral and unyoked and cleaned myself up, and then I begun to circulate. In Pat Lynch's I run into Colonel Bonham and Cap. Russell and, being as it was their business to know about and print everything about anybody, it come into my head to ask if they knew any person of the name of Fanshawe.

Cap. Russell did. "Why, yes," he says. "He was the old snoozer that come here from Texas with Shafer and took mountain fever and died in that shack on the edge of Chinatown. You ought to remember, colonel. You wrote the story. There was a beautiful, sorrowing daughter, once the darling of s'ciety in Fort Worth or Dallas or some place, reared in the lap of luxury, with colored vassals and serfs by her side at her beck and call, and now by the crool hand of fate bereaved of her loved parent, for whom she had fled from the glittering throng of wealthy suitors after his ruin and had braved the perils and hardships of the wilderness. You remember. About two years ago, wasn't it?"

"Yes, yes," says Bonham. "Of course. He claimed to be a vet'nary, didn't he? He may have seen better days, at that, and it was true enough that the girl was right pretty. Is now. And smart. She's working in Mis' Milligan's Millinery—and how she stands the boys off is a myst'ry to me. Did you know the old man, Sam?"

"No," I answered him, "somebody mentioned the name to me, that's all."

(Continued on Page 74)

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(Continued from Page 71)

I had more than half a notion to call at Old Lady Milligan's, but I didn't need to, as it happened, for, after I had left Pat's, I hadn't gone half a block afore I run into Miss Cora. She didn't know me at first, but the next minute she called my name with glad s'prise. "Who'd have thought of seeing you here?" she exclaims in accents of delight.

"They told me in Minnekahta that you was here, and I come right up as fast as eight swift oxen could bring me," I says; "only pausing now and then on the way for a bite and a sup, or to snatch a few hours sleep at night afore I hastened on. And," says I, "it was sure worth traveling all them weary miles just to get this look at you."

That come as near to being the truth as a person could reasonably expect, for she sure was a picture. Not all fixed up, like I'd seen her at the dance, but plain and simple in a white shirtwaist and plaid skirt, with a sailor hat with a blue ribbon matching the tie that hung from the sailor collar of the waist—and the way she carried herself—straight as a reed and without a wiggle as she walked, but graceful as a young doe.

"You must have felt in some way how I was missing you," she says. "But I mustn't stand here too long talking to a handsome stranger on the street or we'll be talked about. You can walk a ways with me if you like, though."

I fell in beside her and we meandered along and she asked me how Rose Gilman was, the first thing. Rose had been at the sisters' school with her when she first come to Deadwood, and Rose was the dearest and sweetest ever; and how was Minnekahta, and how was that cowboy—Mr.—was his name Drew? The one who hadn't any time for girls? Was he still disliking us?

I told her that as for Minnekahta, it was a dull and dos'late sort of a town now, and she laughed at that. I hadn't seen Rose Gilman and, concerning Al Drew, he was shunning girls like a pestilence, by all accounts. As bad as Curt Vincy. "Curt Vincy," I reminded her, "is Al's curly-haired partner—the one that first set him against girls."

"Is he curly headed?" she asks, kind of careless and indifferent. "I remember you said he was good-looking. I was hoping I'd see him while I was down there, but life's full of disappointments."

"That's a right pretty necktie ring you're wearing," I remarks.

I'd been looking at it off and on ever since I met up with her. She put up her hand quick and touched it.

"Oh, yes," she says, "I've had that for years. An old and dear friend of mine gave it to me."

"Back in Texas?" I asked her, and she said, "Yes, back in Texas." I said it was an unusual pattern, and she allowed that it was. "Hand carved, it looks like to me," I says. "It must have took a right smart of work and a steady hand to cut out all them little curlicues without breaking them off. Your friend thought a heap of you to whittle that out for you, didn't he?"

First she looked sort of mad and then she begun to laugh. "I'm not a-going to answer any more questions," she says, stopping before Mrs. Milligan's door and holding out her hand to me. "This is where I work, so I'll have to say good-by for the present. You ain't going back soon, are you?"

I broke the sad news that I was obliged to start back the next morning, and she looked real downcast. "Any word I can take back to Curt Vincy for you?" I asked her.

"You might tell him I'm still hoping to see him sometime," she said, with a ravishing smile, "and I'm hoping to see you soon again," she says.

"As to Curt," I says, "I can tell you one thing sure. He's a-going to be up here to see you before very long. He didn't ask me to tell you, but he said he was a-coming."

She started to say something, but I was mean enough not to wait, and I walked away chuckling to myself, like a fellow will when he figures that he's got even.

It was certainly happenchance or part so, but it ain't everybody can gather up a tangle of loose ends and loops and unsnarl them until they come out in a straight line. But I always did have a good memory, and I called to mind what Al Drew had said to Curt, hinting that some girl down in the Lone Star State had soured him on the sex. Next thing, the girl had showed considerable interest in Curt Vincy the night we was waltzing together at Hoagland's. But that might all have been. There's a right smart of territory in Texas and more than one man has quarreled with his girl and lit out. The fact that Curt had seemed to be hedging some on his woman-hating principles when I seen him last wasn't nothing much either when it was took by itself, and anybody would want to see Deadwood if he had a chance. The date when Curt showed up on the northern ranges and when Cora'd come to Deadwood seemed to fit in with the the'ry that the girl had got word where he had gone to and coaxed her daddy to move himself and his vet'nary practice north, and that Rose Gilman had told her that Mr. Vincy was at the Oarlock ranch. All that might have been and it might not. It might have been that Al Drew had told Curt that there had been a girl at Hoagland's dance name of Cora Fanshawe who was visiting with Rose Gilman, and Curt might have rode into town to see the woman who had done blasted his life, and when they met, love might have conquered pride and anger like in the song. On the other hand, nothing of the kind might have took place. It was all sort of uncertain and no particular connection until my eye had lit on that tie ring of Miss Fanshawe's and reco'nized it. Then all the little pieces of evidence slid into their proper places and everything was clear as day.

It was made out of a blue poker chip—the one that Curt Vincy had just about finished the day before Hoagland's dance. I'd have sworn to it among ten thousand. Most generally you'll take and carve out the center of the chip, just leaving a bar acrost in the middle to slide the tie under, over and through, but Curt had worked out a pattern on his—sort of fillygree, and the prettiest you ever seen. He had been working on it, off and on, at odd times maybe a year, boring, cutting and smoothing, and it was sure something to be proud of. Curt's ring, all right, and if it had been a solitaire diamond on the girl's engagement finger, it couldn't have told me more.

I didn't get back to Minnekahta as soon as I reckoned. Jim Dole got me to haul a load of stamps and dies up to the Holy Moses at Rockford, and then one or two other good-paying jobs turned up, so's it was close to three weeks before I got back to Deadwood and called at the Old Lady Milligan's to see Cora. I didn't see her.

"Why, ain't you heard?" says Mis' Milligan. "Cora's quit me and gone down to Minnekahta to start a millinery of her own there. So it's her you were after, you slick-tongued old skeezicks; and all the time I've been thinking it was me, and I'd got half a notion to take you and see if I couldn't make something out of you."

"You're too young and good-looking and giddy and I'm too jealous dispositioned," I told her. "We wouldn't never be happy together. . . . Going to start a millinery, is she?"

"She's a-going to look the ground over anyway," says the old lady. "All I hope is she finds it a poor prospect and comes back, and I ain't the only one by a dozen or so. I've been thinking of putting in a line of men's hats, but I dunno. It would be like a lady barber sort of, wouldn't it? Too pers'nal."

"I reckon Mr. Vincy thought the prospect was right good," I says, and she asked me who Mr. Vincy was. I told her it was the handsome long-legged gentleman with fair, curly hair who had been getting Cora to show him the places of interest around Deadwood previous to her leaving.

Mis' Milligan looked puzzled. "There's Otto Liebman ain't bad looking and he's got curly hair, but his legs is short and some bowed," she said. "And then there's Paul Sampson is curly-headed, but his legs is only mejum, though straight, and he's so dark complected you'd take him for an Injun, and the both of them has seen all the Deadwood sights there is to see and some they shouldn't ought to. I don't call to mind nobody like the one you mention. . . . You know anybody like that, Hilda?"

The girl she spoke to shook her head as she held up a hat she was trimming to look at it; then she took some pins out of her mouth and said that Cora hadn't been out with anybody for weeks before she left—too busy sewing on her things to get ready. She giggled some.

"Hilda would know," says the old lady. "Her and Cora roomed together and what one of 'em wasn't aware of the other one'd tell her. Ain't that so, Hilda?"

Hilda nodded and giggled again. I figgered she knew more than she'd tell me anyway, and Curt couldn't have made his visit. Prob'bly Cora was going to Minnekahta instead, and things would be warming up. I felt mighty cur'ous and anxious to get back before the doings broke loose, which they might any time. That sewing Cora'd been doing seemed kind of s'picious. I wanted to meet Curt face to face and let him know I was dead on to his racket. I wanted to joke George Turner about Curt being a good influence and to see how them other two woman haters took it. And it would sort of be gratifying to drop a hint here and there round town that would show afterwards how I'd got the whole thing figgered out beforehand. If a man does a good job of detectative work he wants to get credit for it, and he don't get much by telling how he'd knowed all along who the murderer was after the trial and hanging has took place.

With them thoughts in mind, I didn't let no grass grow very high underfoot on the way down, and I made a detower to the Oarlock to save time. When I got there it looked at first like the ranch was deserted, but as I passed Turner's house, Mis' Turner waved at me from the porch and told me George was in the office; so I went on and seen Jeff Askin, the cook, packing in some wood. The boys was all out, he said, so I unyoked and turned my oxen into one of the corrals and throwed them over some hay, and then George hollered and beckoned me up on the porch. George wasn't looking his sunny self quite, and when I ast him how things was going, he told me where they was going to. I said that was too bad and couldn't they be headed off?

"Why, if I had some sort of help they might," George answers. "But, while I'm a sociable man and would be willing to pay princely wages and feed the loafers on the fat of the land for doing nothing if I could afford it, they won't even stay around to entertain me nights, let alone work daytime. Here's a shipment of steers—mine and Curt's—to make next week; cars promised by the eighteenth, and not a hoof gathered yet and no horses to round 'em up. The worthless pups can't even keep track of the horses. Well, if those two sooners ain't back pretty soon now ——"

"I reckon they're a-coming now," I told him, d'recting his attention to a line of dust with black specks into it that was streaking over the rise a mile or two away.

"They've saved their jobs—for the present," says George. "Oh, I don't know but what they're about as good as the av'rage."

"I thought you said they'd improved a heap since they quit running after the girls," I says, and he remarks "ha-ha," harsh and sarcastic.

"Yes," he says, "Billy has improved a heap in his ways and methods of courting. About a week ago he knocked the tar out of Tracy Bolsover, and Leila Chapman can't see enough of him since—though you'd never think it. The Keystone fired Tracy. Al's took to scooting into town every night, too, and it takes him all the next day to get his eyes open. If it wasn't for Curt I might as well quit. I had to send him into town to see if there was any more word about them cars; I couldn't trust either of the others. Them two scoundrels is sure hazing them horses along." He hollered to Jeff to let down the corral bars, and then rolled him a cigarette.

Now that it had got to the point, I hated to tell him the news about Curt's backsliding. Seemed like I'd be robbing him of his only hope. While I was a-thinking it over, the horses come in with a rush, Billy and Al behind 'em. At the corral they tried to make a break back, but Al raced around and headed 'em off, and they stopped and bunched and milled for a moment, until Bill circled around, yelling and swinging his rope, and then a bay mare hopped the bars and the rest followed her into the corral.

It was done mighty pretty and a heap quicker'n ord'nary, and I said to George that them two boys wasn't no slouches, once they got at it.

"But it's hell to get 'em started," says George. Then he noticed that four of the horses that he p'ticularly wanted was missing, and he let out another holler, and Billy come lounging up to the porch. About them missing horses, Andy White had said he seen 'em two-three days ago at the mouth of Calico Canyon, Billy said. He wanted to jog after 'em, but Al had allowed that they'd best hustle in with what they'd got. "If you need 'em that bad," says Billy, "I can mosey over there and get 'em right away, while Curt and Al work the breaks on Pass Creek for the steers this afternoon. Just as you say."

"It's kind of you to make the offer," says George. "How far is it from where them horses is now to Chapman's?"

"Want something at Chapman's?" Billy inquires, innocent. "I'm afraid I wouldn't have time to go there and get back afore dark."

"I don't b'lieve you would, either," says George. "I'd take it as a pers'nal favor if you wouldn't try, because I aim to have the pleasure of your comp'ny on a little jaunt over about eighteen thousand, five hundred and thirteen miles of range that Al and Curt ain't combing, and if you ain't present and accounted for by the time I've et my dinner, there'll be something popping that won't be corn and one little vacant chair at table until I get a working puncher to fill it. And if you want that grin knocked off your face, all you have to do is to let it stay."

"I'll take it along with me if it annoys you, and I'll be back by after dinner with them horses if it's humanly possible," says Billy. "See you about noon, Sam. I've got some glorious news to tell you." Him and his grin lurched off, and the next thing he'd roped him one of the horses in the corral and led him out. As he was changing saddle from the one he'd rode, we heard him singing, loud, clear and happy:

"The moo-oon has ra-aised her lamp above
To li-ight the wa-ay to thee, my love,
To light
The way
To thee-ee, my love,
O'er hill and dale ——"

A chunk of something that Al throwed stopped him by hitting his horse, but he hung on to the rope and it didn't delay him more'n a minute or two. He swung into the saddle and trotted off, in as good voice as ever:

"I come, I come,
I co-ome, I come,
I come, I come, my heart's delight."

"He's a-going all right," I says. "The question is whether he'll be back by noon."

"Na-aah," said George. He had to grin though. "Here's Curt a-coming now," he says. "The one man I can depend on."

Curt rode up to the porch and gave me howdy and handed George a telegram which he said come on the stage just afore he left. He turned to me and asked me, kind of anxious, how was the trails the other side of the Platte. I told him that I'd come from the northern hills, so I didn't know. "You didn't get to Deadwood to see the lady, after all," I says, looking knowing.

(Continued on Page 79)

That's Fire's New Year Message to property owners. Every day, every hour, just so many property owners will be caught in Fire's trap. Their property will burn, their business will be paralyzed—incomes will stop, profits be wiped out. Years of accumulation going up in sparks and smoke.

Some of these property owners will face calamity with the comforting knowledge that insurance will meet every loss that insurance can meet. And some will go bankrupt—or at best, take a financial beating that will cripple them for years.

Can you stand the loss of your entire business income for several months? Can you afford to lose the business that will go to competition? Can you hold your key employees without paying their salaries? Can you pay your fixed expenses—taxes, interest, bank obligations? These are the things you'll have to face if fire ruins your income producing property.

You can decide now where you will stand if Fire or any other destructive agency smashes your income producing property this year. The Hartford agent is able and ready to devise an insurance plan that will meet disaster *with intelligent forethought.* It is *individualized insurance* . . . remember that name . . . that fits *your* needs. The Hartford agent will give you this well-balanced insurance in a soundly managed, financially strong stock insurance company.

One very sensible way to start the New Year would be to call the Hartford agent* . . . *now.*

"An UNHAPPY NEW YEAR to you!"

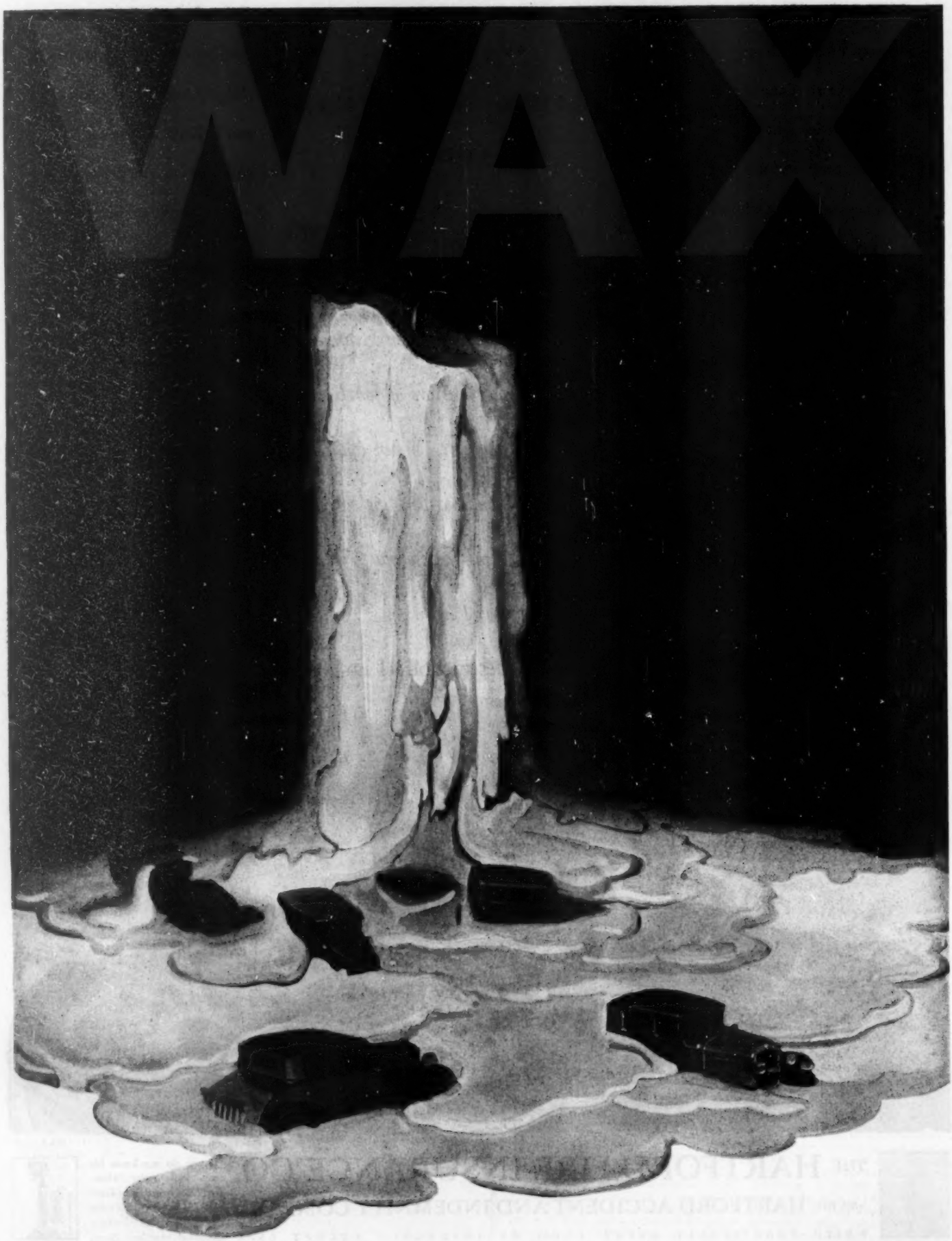
"I've a good start toward another year's record. *There are some of you who think I'm asleep on the job because I'm keeping my hands off your property. More of you haven't thought anything about it. When conditions are right I'll get you too, perhaps sometime during 1930. And just so you won't forget who I am . . .*

I am Fire—I am Destruction—I am Loss."

© H. F. I. CO. '30

THE HARTFORD FIRE INSURANCE CO.
AND THE HARTFORD ACCIDENT AND INDEMNITY COMPANY
WRITE PRACTICALLY EVERY FORM OF INSURANCE EXCEPT LIFE

*If you do not know his name look under "Hartford" in your telephone book. If he isn't listed write the Hartford Fire Insurance Company, Hartford, Conn.


MAX

THE STUBBORN FOE OF LUBRICATION

Every cold winter morning thousands of cars are caught fast in frozen wax.

Owners blame their batteries, starters, gasoline. But when a motor won't turn over on a cold winter morning, the chances are that it is because the oil in the crankcase is frozen stiff with wax.

It causes people to be late to work, wears the battery down trying to start, and usually ends in asking a neighbor's car to give a push.

Here is the simple truth about cold-weather lubrication:

In winter lubricating oil faces two extremes. It is subjected to icy cold when the motor stands idle outdoors. It suffers terrific heat when the motor runs.

The perfect oil will withstand both tests.

A good paraffin-base oil gives the best protection to bearings under the intense heat generated by your motor. But you do not want an oil that contains WAX.

Wax is a stubborn foe of lubrication.

Wax in oil congeals under cold, becomes stiff, candle-hard. It makes motors hard to start. Also, that same wax runs water-thin under heat.

So, wax had to go. America had to have a waxfree lubricant made from the heat-resisting paraffin-base crude.

Indian developed the new *Govers Process.* Wax was removed from Havoline. Today Waxfree Havoline *is the perfect cold-weather lubricating oil. There is no wax in Havoline.*

Waxfree Havoline is made from a paraffin-base oil. It has the highest heat resistance of any oil of the same viscosity at 210° F. and above. It protects your motor under the most terrific heats.

Freed from wax, Havoline will not congeal, even at 5° below zero. It permits your motor to turn over easily, start quickly. It protects bearings *before* they get hot—*and afterwards.* Waxfree Havoline FLOWS when cold; keeps its strength under heat.

That's the truth about wax . . . and Waxfree Havoline.

Fill your crankcase with Waxfree Havoline NOW. Don't take chances. Waxfree Havoline sells for 35c a quart—it's worth far more in engine protection. Buy it today . . . wherever Havoline Oils are sold.

SPECIFICATIONS

The New Waxfree Havoline
GRADE #20

*VISCOSITY STANDARD ESTABLISHED BY *the Society of Automotive Engineers*

FLASH POINT		430° F.
FIRE POINT		500° F.
VISCOSITY	at 130° F.	*150
	at 210° F.	53
COLD TEST		5° below zero F.

Specification figures for Havoline grade #20 are shown here because it is the proper grade of lubricant for most cars in cold weather. Havoline dealers have the correct grade for every car and every season.

* * *

Impartial oil experts can tell you these specifications show that the New Waxfree Havoline surpasses all previous standards of quality in oil.

INDIAN REFINING COMPANY
General Offices: Lawrenceville, Ill.
In Canada: Havoline Oil Co. of Canada, Ltd.
67 Yonge Street, Toronto, 2, Ontario

HAVOLINE
WAXFREE
HAVOLINE
WAXFREE
Wax turns water-thin under heat. Wax turns candle-hard under cold. Now you can get a waxfree paraffin-base oil for the best year-round lubrication.
HEAT
COLD

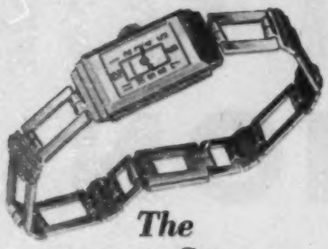
DON'T BE SNOWED IN . . . OR TOWED IN. Fill with Waxfree Havoline Today

The New

WAXFREE HAVOLINE

35¢ a QUART *Prices slightly higher west of the Rocky Mountains and in Canada*

© 1939, Indian Refining Co.



The newest Gruen wristlet!

14-kt. solid gold case, gold-filled bracelet, 15-jewel movement, $67.50 complete

Introducing the newest development in watch design—the bracelet is part of the watch! The watch itself fits naturally into a design whose motif is carried out all the way around the wrist, making a single harmonious unit. Logical, new, a marked advance over the usual attached bracelet or ribbon, destined to be widely imitated, this is a Gruen idea, of course! Because it has never been done before, it makes a gift of the greatest distinctiveness, especially if given now.

Two dainty Wristlets. Top, Gruen Cartouche with mesh bracelet; 15-jewel movement, $55. Below, one of several attractive designs in 15-jewel Gruen Cartouches priced at $37.50. Similar designs in 14-kt. solid gold, $45

Man's Wrist Watch—The Gruen Quadron *with Guild Band; 15-jewel movement, $57.50. (With leather strap, $50)*

Gruen Pentagon VeriThin—The Croix de Guerre for American Achievement; *17-jewel* PRECISION *movement, $75*

For Queen Elizabeth guild workers made the first wrist watch

A GIFT for Queen Elizabeth! When a nobleman sought a gift for a Queen, what should it be? All his advancement, even his very life, depended upon her good will.

The Earl of Leicester made his selection wisely. He knew that nothing would be more acceptable than a guild watch.

The watch of his choice was "a richly jewelled armlet, having in the closing thereof a clocke"—the first wrist watch of which we have any record!

Guild watches have always been regarded as the finest gifts. This is as true today as it was hundreds of years ago, though today guild watches are within the reach of all.

This emblem is displayed only by jewelers of high business character, qualified members of the Gruen Guild

The great esteem in which guild watches have always been held is the result of the old guild traditions of fine craftsmanship.

It is this same tradition which the present-day Gruen Watch Makers Guild has sought to restore in the creation of modern timepieces.

In true guild fashion, this modern "worthy company of watchmakers" has been organized among men whose fathers and grandfathers were watchmakers before them.

Pictured on this page are a few examples of exquisite creations by this modern Gruen Guild. All are expressions of the same love for accuracy, the same high artistry in design, as marked the guild timepieces of long ago. And they are expressions, too, of the guild ideal to offer you in a fine watch the greatest value for every dollar you invest.

You, too, can own a Gruen Guild Watch. Or, for that birthday or anniversary, why not give one?

Your Gruen jeweler can show you these new Guild watches; also many others to suit the taste of every member of the family. Prices $3500 to $27.50. His store is marked by the Gruen Service emblem shown at the left.

GRUEN WATCH MAKERS GUILD
TIME HILL, CINCINNATI, U.S.A.

Branches in various parts of the world

Engaged in the art of making fine watches for more than half a century

PRECISION
Trade Mark Reg.

This GRUEN pledge mark is placed only upon watches of higher accuracy, finer quality and finish—none less than $50. Made only in the Precision Workshops.

Look for the mark PRECISION *on the dial*

Gruen Guild Watches

(Continued from Page 74)

"What lady?" says he, and George interrupts to say that the comp'ny wouldn't have the cars ready afore the nineteenth. Curt said that was good, as it give a day more, anyway, and George said that he didn't want any more days. He'd been getting more days right along and what he wanted was cars to get them steers to Omaha afore the market went down. "Don't you?" he asks.

Al Drew had come up and slapped me on the shoulder blades, and now he horns in. "Excuse me, gentlemen," he says. "George, do me and Curt have to wait until after dinner to get them steers? Couldn't we start now? Jeff says he'll put us up a lunch. Reason I ask is I got important business in town to tend to tonight and I want to get back in time."

George went up in the air, a-spouting fire and brimstun, and only simmered down when Mis' Turner called to him from indoors. He called back that he was busy, but she said for him to come, anyway, just for a second; so he went. Curt still sat on his horse, looking ser'ous and absent-minded between its ears.

"Got a girl in town?" I asts Al. "I thought you'd reformed."

"Have I got a girl!" he says. "Hasn't nobody told you? Hombre, I've got the girl! I got the prize package of the whole universe. That's right; she's the number one wonder of the world. If you seen her once—come to think of it, you have seen her. You had the sublime priv'lege and joy and happiness and honor of dancing with her, so I s'pose you won't b'lieve me when I tell you that her name is Miss Cora Fanshawe. Curt'll bear me out. He's seen her and he knows she's a-wearing the tie ring he gave me to give her. Ain't that right, Curt? Ain't she my girl?"

"Eh?" says Curt, coming awake. "Why, yes, she's your girl, as far's I know. Sure! . . . Listen, Al; I ain't riding with you today; I'm quitting the Oarlock."

George come out in time to hear that. "Quitting!" says he, his eyes fairly popping.

"I'm sorry, George," says Curt, "but I'm hitting the trail for Amarilla as soon as I can get me a pack rolled and tied. Look at this!" He dove into his pocket and pulled out a letter. George went to take it, but Curt held on to it. His handsome face was sort of twitching and his eyes looked wild. "Look at the date postmarked on that," says he. "And that mis'able, bat-eyed, fumble-fingered old fool of a postmaster had the nerve to tell me that he just found it slipped down behind them crazy old pigeonholes in the office. Just found it!" He thumped his saddle horn with his fist. "And I been wasting all this time away from her," he says, with a croak in his voice. He sure was agitated. "Well, I won't waste no more till I see her." He was turning his horse when George stopped him.

"Who's this you're talking about?"

"My girl," Curt shouts. "The girl I got mad at—like a crazy, jealous fool—and left and figured I'd forget. Plumb insulted her! Somebody ought to have killed me. I'd have thanked 'em kindly too. Well, this tells me that she's forgave me, and it tells me what I ought to have known—that she was as true to me in word and act as I'd been mean and ugly to her, misjudging." He tapped the place where the letter was. "And I ought to have got her letter nearly a year ago!"

"How about them steers of yours, and your business and the rest of it?" George asks. "If you're set on going, come into the office and talk things over."

"I ain't got no time for steers," says Curt. "I ain't got no time to waste, talking. Anything you do will be all right with me. I don't give a whoop about anything except to get to Amarilla without losing an unne'ss'ry minute. If she's there still, all right, and if she ain't, I'm going to keep traveling until I find her."

He touched his horse with the spur, and twenty minutes or so after that him and his pack horse was headed south and traveling, whilst we stood and watched and waved him good-by.

While we was eating dinner at the house, George allowed that after all he was glad of that extry day to wait for the cars. "Honey," says he to Mis' Turner, "I don't know but you and me are some to blame for this. You, particular. Couldn't you raise a little hell with me when the boys are in sight and hearing? It might be a warning to 'em."

She gave him one of her sweet smiles. "If you'll give me any kind of an excuse, George, I might try," says she. "Did you know that there was a man outside waiting to see you?"

George got up and went out. I heard somebody say, "What's the chance for a job here, Mr. Turner? Curt Vincy told me this morning that you'd be short-handed."

"You're Tracy Bolsover, ain't you?" says George.

"That's me," says the other.

"The Keystone let you out because you were girl-crazy, didn't they? Did you know Billy Diston was working for me? You ought to."

"They wouldn't pay me wages no more and they didn't want to feed me, so I up and quit 'em," says Tracy. "Billy and me wouldn't have no trouble though."

"No?" says George.

"No," says Tracy Bolsover. "I ain't got no time for girls."

POST SCRIPTS

(Continued from Page 26)

A New Thought

FIRST STUDENT: Do you think you'll be able to pass this examination?
SECOND STUDENT: Not unless I hire a ghost writer.

I'm Funny That Way

I KNOW the name of scarce a single flower
From A to Z to % to $ sign;
And if I studied Nature by the hour,
I'd still be just as dumb along this line.

The primrose by the river's brim
abounding
Might be a rubber plant, for all of me.
My lack of horticulture
is astounding;
Complete, my ignorance of husbandry.

The rho-do-do-dee-o-
dendron and carnation
Appear alike to this
untutored eye;
And, strolling in the
pansy reservation,
"What lovely dahlias!" I am apt
to cry.

Forget-me-nots implore
me to remember;
But I go blank; my
memory is lame.
I've seen them some-
where—maybe
last September.
The face is quite
familiar—but the
name?

I must consult my watch
to know for certain
That blossom that is called the four-o'clock.
Over my failings draw a kindly curtain;
In botany I take but little stock.
—Norman R. Jaffray.

Ballade of Limited Endurance

I'LL take a cold bath on a winter's morn;
Unmackintoshed stroll through an April
rain.
When a vengeful rosebush jabs in its thorn
The undersigned stoic betrays no pain.
I'll sleep on your sofa and not complain.
I'll drink your cocktails and never bleat.
But one thing you'll beg me to do in vain—
I will not ride in a rumble seat!

Tell me your stories, however worn,
And I'll never stop you—I'll stand the
strain.
I'll grin at the quips of your babe newborn,
Though infants' quips are my special bane.
I'll hark to the tale of your tour in Spain
With "ahs" polite and with "ahs" discreet.
But one form of torture I won't sustain—
I will not ride in a rumble seat!

Hardships I greet with
a laugh of scorn;
I view discomfort
with light disdain.
But of all my aplomb I
am rudely shorn
And for once I erupt
into words profane
When, cramped in a
coop with a tire
chain
And a spare wrench
rapping my help-
less feet,
I'm bumped and
thumped till I'm
half insane.
I will not ride in a
rumble seat!

L'Envoi

Hello there, Mr. and
Mrs. Crane!
Thanks, but the sta-
tion's just down
the street. . . .
Darn it! I'll walk if
I miss the train!
I will not ride in a
rumble seat!
—Baron Ireland.

DRAWN BY KEMP STARRETT

"Have You Mailed Your Income-Tax Check?" "No; Tomorrow Will Do. I Do Just Love to Tease Them!"

YOU LEFT HANDED BUYERS OF

IPANA

Men are creatures of habit, and the habits often are their wives'.

To make a strong story short, women buy about 84% of all the tooth paste there is! They control the dental destinies of more than half the males.

Quite right, too. But if you're not getting Ipana, show these few simple statements to your wife!

1 Ipana does more than clean the teeth. It tones and stimulates the gums.

2 If your tooth brush ever "shows pink," massage and Ipana will remedy the condition, for Ipana contains ziratol, a hemostatic and antiseptic used by dentists in treating gum disorders.

3 Ipana has a splendid taste. It gives an instant and lasting feeling of cleanliness.

•

Ipana's double protection is common sense. Modern in conception, scientific in formula, its success in the past few years is a tribute to its good effects.

Give this marvelous tooth paste a trial. Hand the coupon below to her who exercises your purchasing proxy.

Madame, my wife' . . .

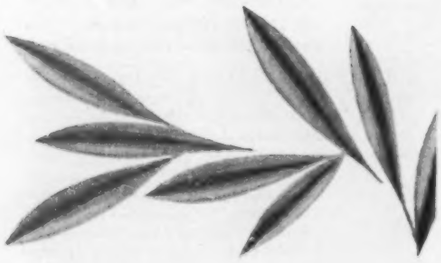
With all respect and devotion may I ask that the next time you exercise your prerogative as the purchasing agent of this household, you include, upon my behalf, a tube of

IPANA TOOTH PASTE

Signed.....

Now Frigidaire gives you the HYDRATOR

The Hydrator is something new in electric refrigeration, a moist air compartment that makes vegetables and salad materials delightfully fresh and tender. It keeps them full-flavored and crisp until used. Send for our free book of new salad recipes and full details about the Hydrator. Mail the coupon today.



NOW, with the development of the Hydrator, Frigidaire offers a new service to users . . . a special compartment for vegetables and foods that need added moisture.

You can put wilted celery in the Hydrator and make it crisp and fresh again. You can make lettuce tender and brittle. You can quickly restore the firmness of radishes, tomatoes and other vegetables. You can keep all your green vegetables fresh and full-flavored until you're ready to use them . . . all in one convenient, compact compartment.

Today every household Frigidaire is equipped with the Hydrator at no extra cost. It is part of the surplus value offered by Frigidaire. So, too, is the famous "Cold Control" which enables you to speed the freezing of ice cubes and makes possible dozens of delicious desserts.

And in addition to these two outstanding features . . . the Hydrator and the "Cold Control" . . . Frigidaire has the extra power that insures dependable refrigeration regardless of outside temperatures. All mechanical parts are concealed . . . and quiet. Patented self-sealing ice-trays permit the freezing chamber to be kept intensely cold. And to make Frigidaire still more practical and more strikingly beautiful, every household cabinet is now rust-proof Porcelain-on-steel inside and out.

But let us tell you more about these features. Call at the nearest display room. Ask for a com-

The famous "Frigidaire Cold Control" . . . an important Frigidaire feature

plete demonstration of Frigidaire, the famous "Cold Control" and the Hydrator.

FREE SALAD RECIPE BOOK

In the meantime send for our special salad recipe book which also tells you more about the Hydrator. Among the recipes in this book are many you'll want to try. They're new and delightfully different. This book, of course, is free. And with it we'll send a copy of the Frigidaire catalog. Just mail the coupon . . . today. Frigidaire Corporation, Dayton, Ohio.

FRIGIDAIRE CORPORATION,
Subsidiary of General Motors Corporation,
Dept. B-1053, Dayton, Ohio.

Please send me your new free salad recipe book and the Frigidaire catalog.

Name.....

Address.....

In Canada, address Frigidaire Corporation, 1504 Sterling Tower, Toronto, Ontario.

FRIGIDAIRE

More than a Million in use

Hear this Supreme Test of Majestic's Colorful Tone

THIS is the *supreme test* of any radio—the rendering of the pure, soft, delicately woven harmonies of the old masters—gavottes, minuets and folk tunes—without the least trace of hum or background noise. Just pure music.

Of course Majestic's power brings you all the gorgeous rainbow tones of a symphony—the crashing crescendos of a glorious band. But hear the new Majestic on the lovely pastel shades of a string quartette—and realize the full meaning of COLORFUL TONE.

Try the new Majestic tonight—in your own home—without cost or obligation. Your dealer will gladly arrange it. Call him.

You can buy your Majestic on convenient payments through Majestic's own convenient payment plan.

GRIGSBY-GRUNOW COMPANY, CHICAGO, U.S.A.
World's Largest Manufacturers of Complete Radio Receivers

TUNE IN *Majestic Theatre of the Air over the Columbia Broadcasting System every Sunday evening from 9 to 10 Eastern Standard Time. Famous headliners of the stage and screen.*

Licensed under patents and applications of R.C.A. and R.F.L., also by Lektiphone, Lowell & Dunmore and Hogan License Associates.

Majestic Radio

MIGHTY MONARCH OF THE AIR

BIG RICH

(Continued from Page 30)

Joe knew that if the report of that weren't wirelessed to Gavin Pelham, everybody in the Peerless Pin Tag office must be dead, and the next day he learned that it had been. Bill Hardcastle called him up.

"I had a cable from Gavin Pelham ordering me to sell a thousand shares of Hicks-Spruance he owns," Bill said. "I suppose he picked me, knowing that through me the Hermann interests would get to know."

"Wants to prove his indifference, does he?" Joe laughed.

"Looks that way. Somebody in the Peerless office was thinking of selling a thousand shares, too; but, I guess, decided that the price would go higher and canceled the order for the time being."

"It'll go higher," Joe told him. "Keep up the drive."

Trading in Hicks-Spruance was general that day, and it sold as high as 25. Joe didn't pay quite that price for it. Three thousand shares changed hands, only seventeen hundred coming to him. That gave him fifty-three hundred.

It was the next morning that he got a letter from Susan Spruance:

Darling: I've been a prima donna, and I begin to appreciate prima donnas a lot more. One does get what one wants.

Here's an example of my behavior:

"I thought you said we were going to be away from the world, Shad. I don't call it being away from the world when you have a telephone right here that can be connected with long distance at the lodge in case of an emergency call."

"But the lodge is five miles away."

"What difference does that make? In principle, it's just like shutting off the phone by one's bedside."

"All right, I'll cut the phone wires."

"Yes, I can see you doing it."

"Suppose someone should break a leg?"

"Of course one of the charms of being really cut off from civilization must be that one can feel oneself thrillingly close to actual danger in case of such a mishap."

Snip, with library shears.

"Well, now are you satisfied?"

"Not while there's that horrible radio."

"We never turn it on."

"We might."

"Do you want me to cut the ground wire?"

"If you don't I'll just quietly break one of those bulb things."

Snip. I broke the bulb later for safety's sake.

"Will that do?"

"Until I see a postman trudging up the road, or a boy with a telegram, or a newspaper reporter."

"I tell you I've given strict orders."

There things rest.

It's the best I can do, and I think it will be effectual, and the amazing thing is that Shad Hermann seems to quite like my unreasonablenesses. Oh, these prima donnas know their business! The great disadvantage is that I can't hear from you how your scheme is getting on. No, I don't mean that. The great disadvantage, my dear, is that I can't hear from you.

I don't even know how I'm going to send this to you. Tie it to a pigeon's leg, perhaps, or give it, with a coin, to a boy who goes whistling past.

Did I sound awfully sanctified that last morning—awfully like Joan hearing the voices? I'm so sorry if I did.

You were right when you said it was lovely here. It's so lovely I don't mind it nearly as much as I'd expected. If only you were here though! S.

Like all proper letters of the sort, it disturbed its recipient a little and delighted him a lot, and he called up his minions and asked them why they weren't getting him Hicks-Spruance stock faster.

Hicks-Spruance went up to 39, and Joe owned seven thousand two hundred shares before the Exchange closed that afternoon.

He was glad that the Hicks-Spruance drive was exterior to his office, for things there were in wretched shape. Miss Warner's friend, Miss Crittenden, had turned out to be plain, acid, terrified and incompetent. Joe was homesick for Miss Warner's apparently effortless routine and exquisite order.

Thursday, however, two pieces of good luck happened to cheer him. A cable dispatch from Liverpool told of the sensational, last-moment embarkation of Mr. Gavin Pelham of the Peerless Pin Tag Company on the Honoria. Mr. Pelham had arrived on the Vercingetorix and had to make the change by special tug. Almost more satisfactory was a telephone call from Miss Warner to say that she was feeling lots better, and could she come back to work the following Wednesday.

"I should say you could!" Joe shouted at her.

Emboldened by his enthusiasm, Miss Warner became quite chatty.

"Isn't it nice about Mr. Hermann's being engaged? No wonder you were interested in that pretty girl's pictures."

With the knowledge that she was to lose her job in a few days, Miss Crittenden became more efficient in a weepy way, and life was bearable again. Things went well otherwise too. A new German boat beat the transatlantic-steamship record which had hitherto been held by the Honoria, and it was announced that the Honoria was going to try to regain it on her present crossing.

By halting activities for a day or two, Joe brought Hicks-Spruance stock within reason and acquired four thousand shares at about 40; then it soared again.

The day the Honoria docked and Miss Warner came back, Joe owned twelve thousand two hundred shares; some of them on a margin that it made him a little dizzy to contemplate.

That afternoon, just before he left the office, Mrs. Spruance's secretary telephoned Joe.

"Mr. Gavin Pelham is trying to get in touch with Mrs. Spruance. Miss Spruance left word that the only way I could communicate with her was through you."

"Have Mr. Pelham come around and tell me what he wants tomorrow afternoon," Joe said. It would do Mr. Pelham good to stew a little.

Joe gave no particular orders to the men who were buying Hicks-Spruance for him. It would be just as well for the flurry to continue as it had been doing, for the benefit of Mr. Pelham. No need for a final spurt; in fact, one might look suspiciously artificial.

He was, therefore, rather sorry when, about noon the next day, Bill Hardcastle came into his office and said: "I've got a surprise for you. Eight hundred shares of Hicks-Spruance at 47. The bird who owned it had an idea about its climbing into the three and four hundred dollar class, but he was an old client and I finally convinced him he'd better sell."

"The one in the Peerless Company?"

"Oh, no. We picked that up long ago."

It made Joe the possessor of all the thirteen thousand outstanding shares and meant that, with nobody with any shares left to sell, the flurry would stop.

Joe wrote out his check for Bill ruefully. Things would have to proceed swiftly with Mr. Pelham.

Before Mr. Pelham came to his office, however, Joe had a telephone call from Bill:

"Say, Joe, don't you want to sell some of that Hicks-Spruance stock? There's absolutely crazy bidding for it going on."

Joe considered for a moment, but said, "No."

The Hicks-Spruance excitement was carrying itself along evidently.

Mr. Gavin Pelham was announced. Mr. Pelham, Joe saw, was in a highly nervous state.

"What's this nonsense about my not being able to see Mrs. Spruance?"

"What is it you want to see her about?" Joe inquired.

"I don't know that it concerns you."

"No, but as the only way you can get in touch with her is through me, perhaps it would be just as well to tell me."

"It's about the sale of the Hicks-Spruance business. We've dickered before."

"Not very seriously, I understand. You realize what the stock has been doing lately?"

"All nonsense. It hasn't earned a cent in three years."

"It will very shortly."

"Think you can starve us out just because you've got Shadwell Hermann's money behind you, do you?"

"Oh, we wouldn't dream of doing a thing like that. But I see that you want to bargain with Mrs. Spruance. She hasn't been very well and is in no condition for dickering, so it's just as well we had this interview and avoided disturbing her."

"I'm willing to talk reason," Mr. Pelham snapped; "and a little bit more than reason. When can I see Mrs. Spruance?"

Joe looked at his watch.

"I think I can have her here tomorrow morning at 10:30," he said.

"Well, get her here."

When Mr. Pelham had gone, Joe telephoned the garage to have his car filled with gasoline and oil, and brought around to him. The isolation of the party in Shad's camp was going to put him to considerable trouble, but it had been worth it.

While he was waiting for the car to arrive, Miss Warner came in.

"I suppose you want this stock of Mr. Ashton's transferred to your name, don't you, Mr. Davis?" she said. "Miss Crittenden seems to have overlooked it."

Miss Warner positively glowed with the knowledge that she never overlooked anything.

"Stock of Mr. Ashton's?"

"Yes. Don't you remember that you left a check for it the afternoon before I went away on my vacation? Mr. Ashton came back with the stock the morning I left. I put it in the drawer of my desk."

Joe took the hundred-share certificate indorsed in blank. How old man Ashton must have been cursing him for the past two weeks!

Then a bit of addition flashed into his mind. There had been thirteen thousand shares of stock outstanding; now he owned thirteen thousand, one hundred. No wonder someone was bidding frantically for Hicks-Spruance. The market was cornered.

The telephone announced that his car was downstairs, but even so, something like intuition made Joe call up Bill Hardcastle.

"Say, Bill," he asked; "can you find out from what quarter this wild bidding for Hicks-Spruance stock is coming?"

"I know right now," Bill said. "Gavin Pelham is behind it."

For an instant Joe couldn't see why; then it came to him, and he gave a whoop of glee which must almost have deafened Bill Hardcastle.

Gavin Pelham had wirelessed Bill an order to sell his thousand shares of Hicks-Spruance stock. Before he arrived, whoever was in charge of his affairs, not knowing of that gesture, must have sold the same one thousand shares again. Not only had Joe cornered Hicks-Spruance stock but he had caught Mr. Gavin Pelham in the corner.

Joe got into his car with exultation in his heart and an old stock-market rime on his lips:

He who sells what isn't hisn
Must either pay or go to prison.

To all intents and purposes, he was carrying Mrs. Spruance the head of Gavin Pelham on a charger.

Studying Susan and Shad as they sat across from each other at the bridge table, a deep sense of peace pervaded Susan's mother.

The return to nature had been very successful. At first Mrs. Spruance had had grave doubts about it; particularly when Susan got notional and romantic about cutting telephone wires and things.

"It's the Lindbergh influence!" Mrs. Spruance had sighed to herself, and waited for boredom to blow everything up in one tremendous quarrel.

It seemed that the young people felt too well to be bored, however, where there were fish to be caught and delicious meals to be eaten and such nights for sleeping. The only important boredom in the group seemed to be that felt by Mrs. Spruance herself for Fred Heusen, as dreary a man as ever lived. Often she thought that if he mentioned the species horse again she'd scream—or neigh, which might be more effective.

It was strange how one's worries sloughed off in that springtime Adirondack air. Mrs. Spruance had found herself actually forgetting the business which had caused her so many sleepless nights and haunted her waking hours. The transformation in Susan was the cause, of course; the fact that she had changed toward Shad.

Mrs. Spruance would never have wished Susan to go into a marriage repellent to her, but if a girl could manage to fall in love with the right man ——

"One club," Susan said.

Mrs. Spruance passed.

"One diamond," Shad answered the signal.

They began telling each other their aces. There was actual communication between them now. Susan made a triumphant little slam.

How nice if they could go for a short stroll, Mrs. Spruance thought, while they were still enveloped in that atmosphere of pleasant success.

"I never have luck at anything except racing," Fred Heusen said gloomily. "I wish I knew the results at Belmont. Couldn't you let up on me to that extent, Susan?"

"Susan's made you more money cutting you off from the tracks these two weeks than you've ever made in your whole life," Shad averred.

"But Zeke Armstrong's got the sweetest little filly that's going to run at Belmont. It's robbing me not to let me play her maiden race."

"No more bridge for me tonight," Mrs. Spruance said abruptly. "I'm tired and going to bed. You'd better do the same thing, Fred. You've got circles under your eyes like a macaw."

"It's because I lie awake wondering. Do you suppose Lamplighter won that ——"

They all lived in little separate two-room-and-bath cabins; each lady with her maid, each man with his valet. Primitive, but not penitential.

Mrs. Spruance's was quite far from the clubhouse cabin where they'd played bridge. She was walking down the path toward it when she saw a motor car coming up the road; a sight absolutely unheard of under Susan's injunctions. Could someone have got into the estate by mistake? Not unless the lodge keeper were dead or drunk. The lights on the car fell on Mrs. Spruance, and it stopped, leaving her in an unpleasant glare. Somebody got down.

"What is it?" Mrs. Spruance asked. It would be absurd to be frightened. She could always scream.

"Hello," a voice said.

"Who is it?"

"Joe Davis."

"Oh, you dreadful boy," Mrs. Spruance said. "What are you going to do to me now? You're not supposed to be here. How did you get in?"

"I know the man at the gate."

"Well, what did you come for?"

"To get you, Mrs. Spruance," Joe replied like Red Riding Hood's wolf. "We've got to catch a train that leaves Malone at 12:40."

"Are you absolutely mad?" Mrs. Spruance asked.

"Mr. Pelham is back," Joe told her, "and I've made an appointment for him to see you tomorrow morning. I think you

(Continued on Page 86)

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(Continued from Page 83)

can get just about anything for the Hicks-Spruance business that you care to ask. He's been bidding as high as 200 for the stock."

"Is this true?" Mrs. Spruance asked wildly.

"Yes; but we've got to catch that train, and we haven't much time."

"We don't need much time. I'll get a hat and coat, and leave word with my maid to tell the others."

Mrs. Spruance and Joe caught the 12:40, and though there was nothing left but two uppers, Mrs. Spruance was very nice about it. Joe had recounted his operations on the way down. Before they parted for the night in the green-curtained aisle, Mrs. Spruance said something momentous to him:

"I suppose you've done all this for love of Susan?"

"Yes."

"Susan has stopped regarding Shad as a monster, but I want you to know that, whatever happens, if the deal goes through you can rely on me to be fair financially."

"That part doesn't matter," Joe said, and lay awake most of the night thinking of her words. Not only did he want Susan most awfully but the situation had menace; for he knew that if he lost her, Miss Warner would marry him. He'd seen a light in Miss Warner's eye there was no mistaking, and he was only too certain how little moral fiber he'd have left if Susan threw him down.

Mrs. Spruance was extremely friendly in the morning. She insisted that Joe should take her to the Plenipotentiary to breakfast, where, she claimed, there were to be had the best rolls and coffee in New York. At the breakfast table she put herself out to be agreeable.

"I'm beginning to get over the feeling that my life is in danger every minute we're together," she said. "Perhaps it was only that water was our unlucky element."

"I haven't been able to speak about giving you that ducking yet. You know, I thought it was Shad."

"I'm not sure that the shock didn't relax me. Though I dare say I didn't look relaxed."

"You didn't," Joe agreed.

"I'll tell you a secret. I've felt a little bit tender toward you ever since. No woman could quite resist such anguish as there was on your face when you carried me out."

It was nice of her, but that she could afford such niceness only meant that she was pretty sure of Susan and Shad.

They got to Joe's office before 10:30, but Mr. Pelham was already there. Joe took control of the little meeting.

"Now don't let's have any backing and filling," he said. "Make Mrs. Spruance your outside offer, and make it now."

Mr. Pelham drew a deep, anguished breath and sprang his figure:

"Seven million dollars."

"Nine," Joe said.

"Oh, certainly not less than nine," Mrs. Spruance put in.

"Let's split the difference and say eight," Mr. Pelham suggested.

"You're doing just what I said you mustn't do, and trying to dicker," Joe accused him.

"But I haven't been empowered by my directors to make any such offer."

Joe was going to suggest eight million, five hundred thousand when Mrs. Spruance spoke:

"Why not go and consult your directors? Just say that nine million is our lowest price."

"No, it's no use," Mr. Pelham said, and picked up his hat, thinking that that would have some effect.

"Well, I wish you hadn't brought me to town for this," Mrs. Spruance sighed. "What's the next train I can get back, Joe."

Joe looked at his watch.

"Next one is at two o'clock," he improvised.

"Don't leave on it," Mr. Pelham said. "I'll consult with my directors."

"Surely you can get them all by telephone before two o'clock."

"I'll try and call again before two, if I can."

Mr. Pelham left, and somehow, Joe was uneasy the minute he was out of the room; not so Mrs. Spruance.

"He'll pay nine," she said. "This exit was just a means of saving his face. Do you know the funny little fact that made me insist on nine?"

"No."

"The knowledge that he was intending to spend his vacation in Scotland, and that Pelham is a Scotch name. Surely no Scotsman ever offered so nearly his ultimate the first time."

"Oh, he'll pay it," Joe assured himself as much as Mrs. Spruance.

"In the meantime, my dear," Mrs. Spruance said, "I'm going to run up to my apartment and change. Do you realize that this frock is the next thing to a dinner dress."

"Bad luck to change your clothes in the middle of a deal," Joe raincrowed.

"Oh, nonsense! I'll be here about one."

She left, and still the curious sense of uneasiness filled Joe. He rang for Miss Warner.

"O Lord, let me have the strength never to marry her under any circumstances," he prayed as she came in, trig as a filing cabinet.

"Any news from Hicks-Spruance stock?" he asked.

"None has come to me, Mr. Davis. Shall I get the latest quotation for you?"

"Any letters or anything of importance?"

"No. Mr. Hermann was in, but he'll be back."

"Who?"

"Mr. Hermann. He flew down this morning. Isn't it wonderful to think of? He got some papers and said he'd be right back. Here he is now."

Shad strode in, looking his handsomest; quite pale, with his eyes blue black.

Miss Warner was just edging out, notebook held to her bosom, but Shad didn't wait for her to go. He walked to Joe's desk and threw his hat down on it.

"You're fired," he said to Joe.

"Well, this settles that," Joe said. "I've been wondering lately how long I could go on working for you, feeling about you as I do."

"You're fired," Shad repeated.

Joe stayed calm.

"Are you under any impression," he inquired, "that you've been doing me a favor by letting me make money for you?"

"I gave you your start," Shad said. "I should think you could have paid me a little decent loyalty for that."

"That's why I've stuck on till now," Joe answered.

"And I suppose that's why you did that trick about Hicks-Spruance stock."

"No," Joe said, "it wasn't the reason, but I do think it was the kindest thing I could have done as a friend with some interest in your decency."

"To corner Hicks-Spruance stock?"

"You certainly didn't suffer any monetary loss. If you want to sell ——"

"Want to sell? The first thing I did when I got to town was give orders to sell my block."

In his frenzy to make some impression on Joe, at last he'd succeeded. That was the end of Joe's plan, the end of Mrs. Spruance's sale.

"Which shows," Joe said slowly and angrily, "that any attempt to save some shred of your decency was certainly wasted."

"What do you mean by that?" Shad roared at him.

"I mean that if my plan had gone through, the girl we're both in love with would have had free choice between us. You wouldn't have been in the rotten position of a villain in a melodrama, the miser with a mortgage forcing the farmer's daughter."

"Get out of here!" Shad yelled.

He was still standing in front of Joe's desk. At those words Joe jumped up and, with a lightning quickness which allowed Shad no escape, reached across it and seized almost the entire expanse of Shad's waistcoat front.

It looked as though Mr. Shadwell Hermann were going to be jerked ignominiously across the shiny walnut. He pulled away and struck out, but he might have been a child of four.

"Stop that," Joe said, and Shad stopped.

Then Joe made a brief speech.

"I don't have to tell you," he said, "that I could spank the stuffing out of you, and that I'd like to. The reason I don't is that I think when this business is over you might feel better about it if I made you pay for part of it now."

He then released his grip.

"I'll be out by tonight," he dismissed Shad. "I want to be alone."

Shad banged from the room, down the corridor to his private office.

Joe, more shaken than he would have admitted, began collecting the small objects on top of his desk, putting them together in a leather basket for correspondence.

To have failed! To be fired like that!

Miss Warner came to the door.

"I couldn't help hearing," she said. "I'm awfully sorry, Mr. Davis."

"I don't want to discuss it, Miss Warner. You'll have to clear my desk. I ——"

The buzzer rang, meaning that there was someone in the outer office to see Joe. Miss Warner went to see who it was, which was in itself a relief.

"Mrs. Spruance," she came back to announce.

Mrs. Spruance entered brightly.

"He hasn't telephoned yet?" she asked.

"He won't telephone," Joe informed her. "Shad's broken the corner."

"Shad's done what?"

"Come down by plane and broken the corner."

"Where is he?" Mrs. Spruance's voice trembled on the question. "Let me see him."

"It's no use. He's already done it."

"The skunk!" Mrs. Spruance outraged her vocabulary to say. "Well, Susan Spruance isn't going to marry him if we—if we ——"

"You can't say what Susan will do, Mrs. Spruance."

"Of course I can't. But it was loathsome of Shad."

"You mustn't say that," Joe told her bitterly. "Not of a person with Shad's income. No. It was just droll and original."

"How does it affect you?"

"Wipes me out. But it wasn't much money anyway. It doesn't matter."

"You're a grand person, Joe Davis," Mrs. Spruance told him.

Miss Warner rapped at the door, and entered.

"It's Mr. Pelham, Mr. Davis," she said tentatively.

"Show him in."

"I think it's a little gratuitous of him," Mrs. Spruance commented, "to insist on rubbing my nose in my own arrogance."

Mr. Pelham entered.

"Well, I'm back," he said.

To both Mrs. Spruance and Joe they seemed to be singularly gloating words.

"Life is a Ferris wheel, you know, Mr. Pelham," Mrs. Spruance remarked in her most aloof manner.

"Isn't it, though?"

"I suppose your offer ——" she began, but Joe cleared his throat, and the minor miracle of intuition which had been granted Joe was communicated to her, and she stopped. Mr. Pelham wasn't gloating, he was crawling. Mr. Pelham hadn't heard.

"I give up," he said. "How about eight million five hundred thousand?"

Joe saw that Mrs. Spruance was a little overcome, so he stepped into the conversation.

"I should think you'd have learned better than that this morning, Mr. Pelham. Do you want the business or not?"

Mr. Pelham took the business. While he was sitting there, Joe drew up a memorandum which he prayed God and confidently believed would be binding.

"Heavens, that was a narrow escape," Mrs. Spruance breathed when he had left.

"Wasn't it? How do you feel?"

"Speechless with satisfaction."

"But how in the world could Pelham have failed to hear?"

"The thing is that he did. Go and tell Shad."

"Don't you want to?"

"I'm afraid I might say something I'd regret, but I want to hear his reaction. In the meantime I'll see if I can put in a call for Susan. She certainly must have had the sense to have that wire fixed."

Shad was sitting under a big portrait of his grandfather, the magnificent old man who had built the family fortune to its great proportions. It was not a becoming juxtaposition.

"Pelham just bought Hicks-Spruance for nine millions," Joe said. "I thought you ought to know. He evidently hadn't heard about your operations. It gives you a profit of about eighty thousand."

"I never tried to break your damned corner," Shad said. "I just thought I'd give you a little scare. I'm not a complete rotter, you'll be surprised to learn."

All of a sudden, for some unreasonable reason, a feeling of pity for Shad swept over Joe.

"I never thought you were," he said. "You're a grand guy most of the time. The only trouble with you is that you're big rich. Nobody can be that and remember that other people really exist, I guess."

"Shut up," Shad snapped, but as Joe turned to go, he added: "Go on working for me, will you?"

"Uh-huh," Joe answered. "But no more of this hands-off stuff."

"Why do you pay any attention to me when I'm like that?"

"I won't in the future," Joe promised.

Suddenly Shad straightened himself.

"You won't get Susan, though," he said. "It's a fair field and no favor, but you must realize that she isn't billing me as the Beast of the Apocalypse any longer."

"So her mother tells me."

"And when dislike turns," Shad continued quietly, "it does not turn into indifference."

Joe had read enough fiction to know that. He went back to Mrs. Spruance.

"Shad was bluffing," he announced. "He hadn't given the order to sell."

"That sounds more like Shad. He's really a dear."

"How about your call?"

"They're being very stupid about it. They said the wire was out of order, and I assured them it was fixed, and now they're trying again."

"Shad tells me he's pretty sure of Susan. What do you think?"

"I've been giving it serious consideration ever since last night, and there isn't a doubt in my mind."

"The deuce," Joe said, and because hope dies hard, he said, "You aren't trying to tease me?"

"Just prepare you. I do think it's fortunate ——"

The telephone rang.

"That's probably she," Mrs. Spruance said. "Answer it. At least you ought to have the privilege of breaking the good news."

Joe took the phone.

"Miss Spruance will be on the wire in just a minute," the operator said.

"What were you going to say?" Joe asked as he waited.

"I'll write it out," Mrs. Spruance told him, and began to scribble on a note pad.

"Hello." Joe heard a dear voice ever so far away.

"Hello, Susan. It's Joe Davis."

"Yes, Joe."

"I wanted to tell you that your mother sold Hicks-Spruance today for nine millions."

"Joe! You're marvelous!"

"It was just luck."

"Is there anything else?"

"I don't believe so."

"Joe Davis, this is the most disappointing phone call I've ever had in my life. Has something happened? What's the matter?"

"I'm just scared. Shad and your mother have been telling me how much you like him now."

"Of course, I like him better than I did at first, but if I went on liking him that much better every day for a million years, I wouldn't feel about him one-quarter of what I feel about you."

"Wouldn't you, darling?"

"I want to speak to Susan," Mrs. Spruance said. "You can again, when you've got hold of yourself a little."

As Joe handed her the receiver, she pointed to the paper on which she had written.

Joe took and unfolded it.

"I was remarking," it said, "how fortunate it is that we've got done with the mother-in-law nonsense well in advance."

(THE END)

DRAWN BY DONALD McKEE

First Ship-News Photographer: "Well, Maybe These New Styles Don't Mean That We'll Have to Go Out of Business After All, Eddie"

When you know what you want, do you know where to buy it?

To find where to buy a Seth Thomas clock look for the name "Seth Thomas" under "S" in your classified telephone directory.

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Your classified telephone directory is *a handy catalog of local buying information*. Note the convenient arrangement, think how much time and trouble you can save by using this helpful reference book regularly. . . . Shop first in your classified telephone directory.

VOTES

(Continued from Page 5)

"I'd like to be city treasurer," Spurgeon remarked frankly.

"Booley'll fight all right," Glench offered meditatively. "They have been trying to break that man in this town for ten years. Nobody's ever done it."

"Sure," Sparr admitted instantly, "but he's ready to break now. He's old and battle scarred. Let's not fool ourselves about this thing. Even though we should win this campaign, our day must strike just as that of every political boss strikes. Booley's has struck. It remains for us to capitalize the timeliness of a change."

There ensued considerable argument pro and con. Each of the men expressed an opinion. An hour passed, during which suggestions were profuse. It was Boden the thoughtful who prevailed, ultimately, over Sparr the rhetorical.

"If you will permit me," Boden said quietly. "I feel that what we need is the counsel of an older and wiser head. I have in mind no other than Old Tim Callahan. Tim has seen it all; been through it all. Before I commit myself, I would like to get his opinion in the matter."

"Tim Callahan!" Hector Sparr sneered. "Why, he's worse than old Booley himself. I guess every newspaper printed in the English language has repeated his rise from a stevedore to the first and most powerful political boss this town ever knew. Ask the first man on the street how Tim Callahan got his millions. They'll tell you through a smile or a sneer that he stole them in politics."

"He's old," Boden admitted. "But he's smart, Hector. Nobody ever overthrew him. When he had enough he simply quit and Booley took his place. I'd like to have his opinion."

"He probably wouldn't give it to us," Sparr growled. "He's done with politics. Everybody knows that."

"I could get it," John Cato spoke up. "I ain't saying I want it as much as Boden, but I could get it all right."

"How?" Sparr snapped.

Cato's thick lips spread in a smile and his beetle brow wrinkled significantly.

"That boy of his," he grunted. "I guess Old Tim waited too long to get married. He must have been fifty when he married his young housekeeper. By the time his two kids grew up, he was too old and crotchety to make either a husband or a father. His wife ran out on him, you know, and he made a cash settlement on her. The kids weren't reared. They just kind of grew up. Young Tim was picked up in the street the other night for operating a car while drunk. He knocked a woman down and it took me over an hour to talk her out of being nasty about it. Old Tim appreciates it. The kid was in a bad spot. If it hadn't been for me hell would have popped for him. Tim owes me something for that, so I guess I could get his opinion."

Sparr was reluctant. However, Boden's insistence was more than he could overcome. Finally he said, "Very well, Cato, suppose you and Boden call on Old Tim tonight. Have a talk with him just as though this whole idea originated with you. Leave me out of it except as your selection for mayor. Then put the proposition to him straight from the shoulder; put it to him just as I have put it to you. We can get together again tomorrow and talk things over."

II

BODEN and Cato, men of exactly opposite temperaments, presented strange fronts in the presence of famous Old Tim Callahan. They rode to his mansion in Boden's limousine. The senator saw to it that the glass partition between them and the chauffeur was kept properly closed. He was afraid of what Cato might say.

Cato, heavy of feature and body alike, sprawled in the back of the car and munched the end of a cigar which he had permitted to die. As they rode through traffic the faintly disagreeable odor of the damp, charred tobacco annoyed Boden. He had come to associate the odor with Cato, and though circumstances had thrown the two much together, the senator had no liking for his companion.

The man was gross and, in himself, had too much confidence. His thick lips seemed constantly to offer a vague but sardonic sneer. Boden glanced at them now and saw that they embraced the cigar in a clinging grip, much as soft tallow might droop itself about the end of a burning candle.

It seemed to him that such as Cato might quickly prove offensive to Old Tim Callahan. The aged boss, with his well-earned reputation for irascible dominance, might resent Cato's grossness and his mannerism of speaking ponderously, as though his words left nothing more to be said.

In his own thoughtful way the senator had decided that the situation which Sparr had projected was inimical to political stability. He was quite certain that the man had overestimated his own strength. Hector was popular, but not enough so to win; he was dominant, forceful and persuasive, but not sufficiently so to prevail against the warfare of the well-organized, thoroughly established political machine headed by Jim Booley.

And therein lay a problem for the senator. Sooner or later, he knew, he would have to choose between Sparr and Booley, regardless of the platform either presented. Boden's immediate difficulty was to select the winner.

If he joined the insurgents, and Booley came off triumphant against them, his position would, of course, be most embarrassing. If, on the other hand, he remained loyal to Booley, and the insurgents won the war, his position would be even less desirable.

With the situation as delicate as it was, he perceived need of rare political acumen. If Cato's meeting with Callahan ended unsatisfactorily he saw himself leaping from the frying pan into the fire. Callahan might easily forewarn Booley of the impending fight, and to be forewarned is to be forearmed. With some thought of avoiding such unhappy eventualities, the senator turned to Cato.

"John," he began, "this is a tremendously important piece of business. There are many things to be considered. Hector Sparr is an able man and an intriguing one." He paused a moment. "Many such, though," he continued by and by, "have gone down to political defeat."

"In politics one never knows," Cato grunted, and recrossed his fat legs. "Hector can win," he said ponderously. "I figure to win with him." He bit somewhat viciously at the end of the dead cigar and his heavy eyes rolled upward in a suggestive grimace. "It's a big job, Harrison, this district attorney. Give me one or two terms down there and I may never ask for another thing."

Boden ignored the remark. Faint lines appeared between his eyebrows. For several moments he lapsed into deep thought. The car turned a corner and he glanced through the window. They were nearing the Callahan residence.

"Old Tim Callahan," he said hurriedly to Cato, "is all that his reputation implies. As you know, he is not a cultured man. He's had a very great financial success, and until he voluntarily withdrew he had matchless political power. But of late he's had his troubles."

"Sure," Cato grunted. "Family troubles. I know well enough. I told you about the jam his boy got into." He chuckled so that his fat lips trembled and his waistcoat, drawn tight across his body, wrinkled deep. "I could tell you a thing or two about his girl too."

The man seemed to enjoy the morsel of gossip that lay virulent in his mind. He waited for Boden to make inquiries, but the senator, his face twisted into a mild grimace of disgust, remained silent. Vaguely disappointed, Cato continued: "Yeah, that daughter of his ain't any bargain. Too many night clubs, Harrison, and too much gin. She smokes like a fire engine."

"The last I heard of her," Boden said quietly, "she was away at school."

"Oh, sure," Cato grunted. "Both the kids went to college. The old man did well enough by them, after his own fashion. You know they say about him that he learned to read and write while he was commissioner of streets." He laughed sneeringly. "But I got to hand it to him for educating his kids." As an afterthought he concluded: "But you can't make a silk purse out of a sow's ear."

The car drew up before the Callahan mansion. As the chauffeur stepped out to open the door Boden laid a tense hand on Cato's knee. "We must be very careful here, John," he said feelingly. "I'm here to tell you that the success or failure of Sparr's whole plan may very easily rest in the aged palm of Tim Callahan. With his friendship, we can win; without it, we lose."

"Calm yourself," Cato grunted. "I know how to handle Old Callahan. After all," he expostulated, "who is he? He came up from the docks and milked dry everything he got his hands on all the way up!"

Boden attempted to speak, but the chauffeur had opened the door and Cato was climbing out. The senator followed quietly, but he wore a troubled expression.

"You will wait for us here, please," he said to the chauffeur.

Then he turned and followed Cato, who already was in the vestibule of the brownstone home. They were admitted promptly. As the man received their hats and departed to announce them, Cato turned to the senator. He had removed the dead cigar from his lips and held it now in the hand with which he gently prodded Boden's chest. His thick lips spread in a grin.

"How about it?" he whispered. "We're expected, see? Don't have any fears for me, Harrison. Leave the old hellion in my hands. I'll handle him."

"He'll take a good deal of handling," Boden returned. "I don't want to seem too conservative ——"

Cato's thick lips spread in a grin. "That's your biggest fault, Harrison," he interrupted pedantically. "You always did lean over backward."

Boden shook his head dubiously. "It don't pay to rush in; not with a man like Callahan. He's got a mind like the edge of a razor, John, and it hacks away at you like the point of a skillfully wielded rapier."

"Yeah?" Cato grunted. "Well, watch my smoke."

The servant returned and escorted them down the huge hall to the door of the library. There he stepped aside and the two men passed into the room.

It was a big room, the walls of which were trimmed with hand-carved walnut. Boden recalled hearing that no library in the country was finer or more complete than that of the old political warhorse. As he glanced at row on row of beautifully bound volumes he readily accepted the rumor as fact. Literally thousands of books lined the walls of the big room and there was quiet elegance in the walnut shelves and the somber but colorful bindings.

In the center of the room, under a vast crystal chandelier and over a Feraghan rug reposed a refectory table. The rest of the furniture was massive and without doubt beautiful, but the room reflected the work of the professional interior decorator rather than the personality of the owner.

The two stood a moment accustoming their eyes to the light of the room. Then they saw Callahan. He was seated in a huge tapestry winged chair pulled close beside the stone fireplace. Papers were strewn about the hearthstone at his feet. The odor of his pipe was plainly distinguishable in the air. At his right hand reposed a cellaret on which stood a jar of tobacco, a bottle of whisky, a siphon, an unopened bottle of ale and a bowl of cracked ice.

Callahan did not rise to greet them.

"Boden," he said, "and Cato. Don't stand there in the door so I have to shout at you. Come in. Pull up chairs. What the devil do you want anyway?"

His voice was high and querulous. As he spoke he removed his pipe from his mouth and with it waved them into the room. The gesture loosed the folds of a brilliantly colored dressing gown. Boden bowed and smiled uncertainly. Cato responded ponderously.

"'Evening, Mr. Callahan," he grunted as he stepped around the table and approached the aged boss. "Can't you put down your pipe and shake hands with a friend?"

Boden looked worried.

"I can't reach across the room," Old Tim complained irritably. "I don't get up for anybody these days. Anybody that sees me comes where I am."

He inserted the stem of his pipe into his mouth and held forth a wrinkled, talon-like hand. Cato seized it and waved it up and down as one might a dish cloth. When he released it, it remained suspended for Boden, who took it gently and bowed above it.

"Pull up chairs," Callahan ordered. Then, irascibly, he shouted at the top of his voice, "You, Morton! Why the devil do you walk away when I have guests? Why don't you wait around to see if they want something? Come in here and pull up chairs for these gentlemen."

His face lit up as he peered toward the door. His eyes, under shaggy white brows, were hard and bright, as diamonds are hard and bright. Under them the skin on his cheeks hung loose and flabby; hung so that it overflowed the antra and appeared to sag down upon the jawbones. He peered at the door expectantly. Morton did not immediately respond to his summons and his eyes flashed as though someone might have moved a gem into the direct rays of a light.

"He's gone," he announced angrily to the two men. "Can you beat that? Morton's gone. He never even waited to see—— Hell's bells and gingerbread! Ring for him, one of you men. Why do you stand there and do nothing? You know I want him."

Boden looked about helplessly in search of a bell cord. Cato grinned and shrugged his fat shoulders. Callahan twisted wrathfully in the big chair; finally pointed to an old-fashioned silver bell on the massive library table.

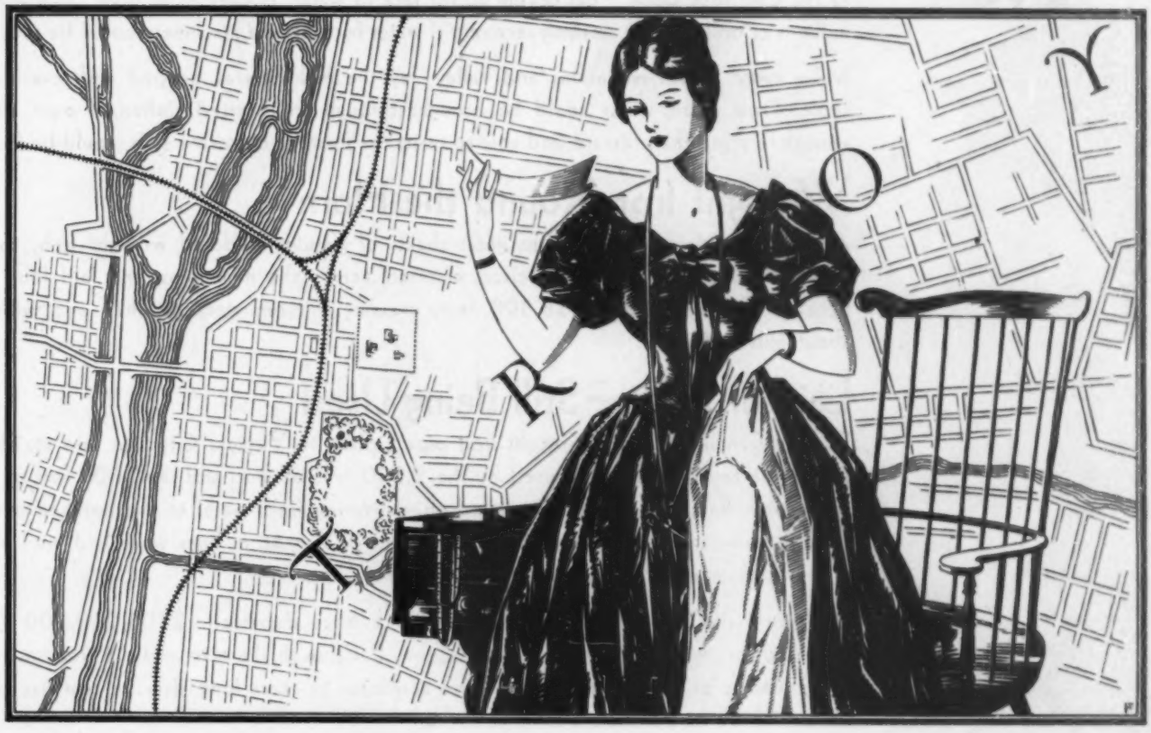
"There it is," he snapped. "Hell's bells and gingerbread! He always leaves it there. A thousand times I've told that dumb-bell to put it here with my whisky and my ale. It's like talking to a post."

Cato laughed again. Callahan seemed angered the more.

"You don't believe it?" he demanded.

(Continued on Page 93)

A WOMAN'S IDEA
built the city of Troy



IN 1819 Hanna Lord Montague had an idea.

She noticed that her husband's collars were more quickly soiled than his shirts. And so she made some shirts with detachable collars. Then Ebenezer Brown, a merchant of Troy, N.Y., had some collars made to sell in his store. They met with almost instant popularity.

A woman's ingenious idea had founded a great industry.

Today, Troy, N.Y., stands first in the manufacture of collars. Among its other products are shirts, men's clothing, surveying instruments, chains, abrasives, valves, hydrants, balls, brushes and automobile parts. Troy is one of the great manufacturing centers of New York, the Empire State.

Troy's population is composed chiefly of skilled workers of the highest type . . . native born Americans. Its growth has been sound and steady, for its industries have been guided by men of vision.

In keeping with the progress Troy has made in other lines, the Manufacturer's National Bank of Troy has taken a step which assures Troy of banking facilities more extensive than it has ever known before. This bank has become an important member of the Marine Midland Group of banks.

This simply means that all those who do business in and with Troy now have at their disposal the financial counsel, the resources and the experience of one of the largest organizations in America.

The same officers who have directed the Manufacturer's National Bank of Troy will continue in their old capacity. Their invaluable advice on local conditions is still available to all. By the membership of this bank in the Marine Midland Group, Troy has taken a big step in the direction of greater progress.

MANUFACTURER'S NATIONAL BANK *of* TROY

A member of the MARINE MIDLAND *Group. Combined resources over* $500,000,000

WHAT THE MARINE MIDLAND GROUP IS

The Marine Midland comprises a group of 17 banks which have joined together for greater strength and for greater service to their 350,000 customers. The ownership of each of these 17 banks is controlled by Marine Midland Corporation, which is a holding company, *not* an investment trust. This enables us to draw upon the experience and resources of one of the strongest financial groups in America. Yet each offers every *local* advantage that *local* officers and *local* directors can give.

THESE NEW YORK STATE BANKS NOW OFFER ADVANTAGES OF MARINE MIDLAND MEMBERSHIP

ALBION	Orleans County Trust Company
BINGHAMTON	Peoples Trust Company
BUFFALO	Marine Trust Company
CORTLAND	Cortland Trust Company
EAST AURORA	Bank of East Aurora
JAMESTOWN	Union Trust Company
JOHNSON CITY	Workers Trust Company
LACKAWANNA	Lackawanna National Bank
LOCKPORT	Niagara County National Bank & Trust Co.
NIAGARA FALLS	Power City Bank
NIAGARA FALLS	Niagara Falls Trust Company
NIAGARA FALLS	Bank of La Salle
NORTH TONAWANDA	State Trust Company
ROCHESTER	Union Trust Company of Rochester
SNYDER	Bank of Snyder
TONAWANDA	First Trust Company
TROY	Manufacturers National Bank of Troy

From Nevada's "Silver Seventies" to the Service of Today

Fifty-seven years ago, Virginia City, Nevada, was flooded in the new-found Big Bonanza of the Comstock Lode—but drying up for lack of water. In caverns of silver, hundreds of millions of dollars were awaiting recovery if water for men and machinery could be secured.

Miles away, across mountains and valley, lay the high Sierras, capped with everlasting snow. From there, water could be brought through an inverted siphon, if pipe strong enough to stand the pressure, and able to resist the desert's corrosive soils, could be found.

Wrought Iron 'Round the Horn

Around the Horn were brought great sheets of genuine puddled wrought iron, to be fabricated into pipe at San Francisco, shipped across the mountains, and laid four feet beneath the sagebrush for 38,300 feet, crossing thirteen deep gulches, and winding about hills and rocks.

Laid in 1873—Still Being Used

The first genuine puddled wrought iron pipe siphon to Virginia City was laid in 1873. Under the terrific pressure caused by the 2,000 feet of drop and the 1,600 feet of rise in the pipe line, this siphon has carried on, delivering fresh water to the parched mining camp, defying corrosion, passing the test of time. Later, other lines were laid until more than twenty miles of pipe line served the Comstock.

The glory and the glamour of the Comstock have departed. $700,000,000 were added to the nation's wealth from its depths. But though the men and the treasure have gone, genuine puddled wrought iron pipe continues to serve long after its cost has been written off by its performance.

Since 1848, Reading 5-Point Pipe has been made of genuine puddled wrought iron, identical to the sturdy, long-lasting metal that has survived over half a century in the waste-lands of Nevada. Its long-life is a guarantee of its freedom from break-downs. Install Reading 5-Point Pipe and forget it wherever you wish to be free from pipe troubles.

READING IRON COMPANY, Reading, Pa.

Science and Invention Have Never Found a Satisfactory Substitute for Genuine Puddled Wrought Iron

GENUINE PUDDLED WROUGHT

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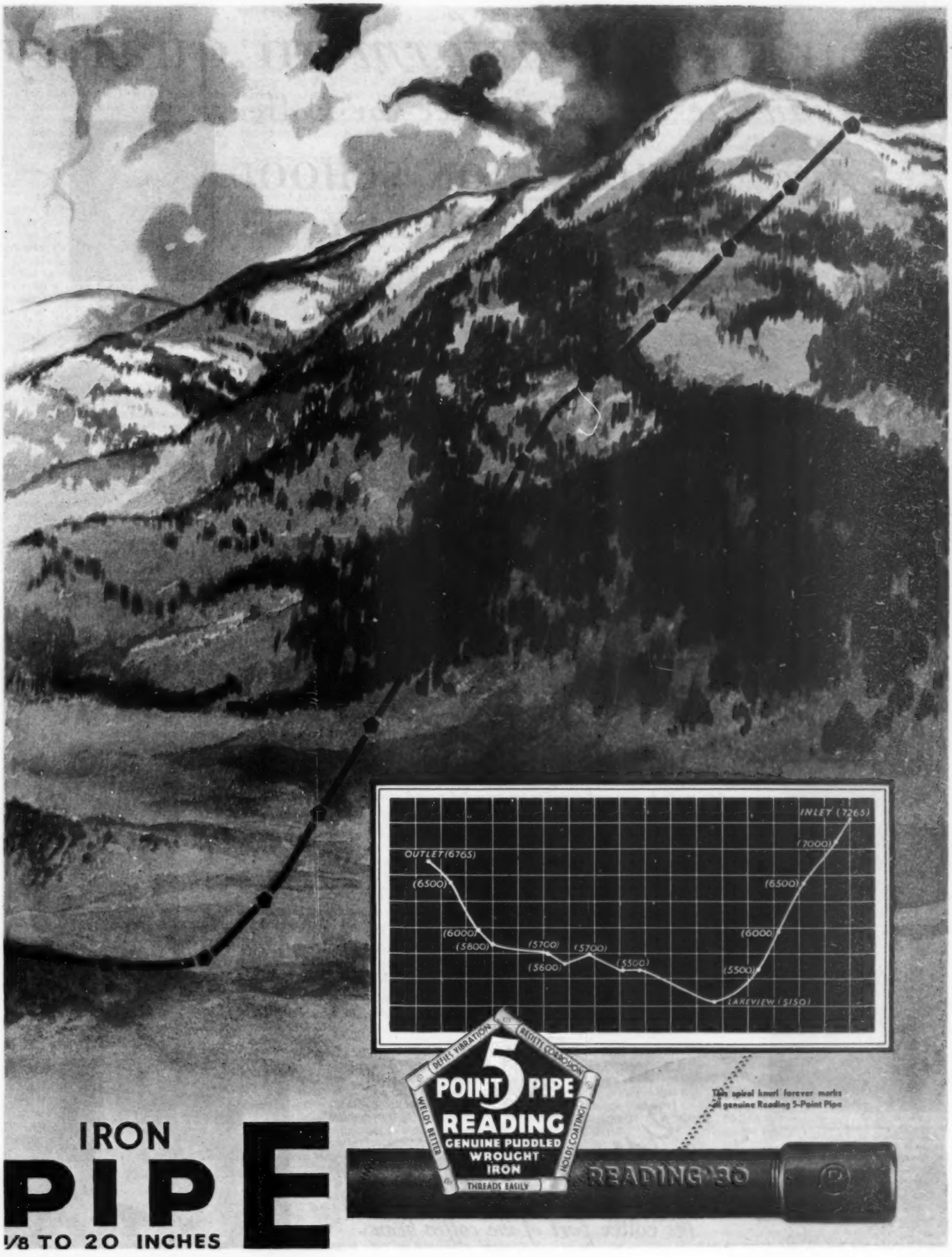

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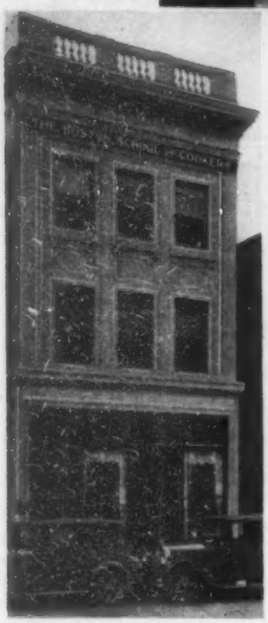
Far more *uniform* in quality *than the average* "Coffee-Pot-Coffee"

Reports... THE BOSTON SCHOOL OF COOKERY

Lucy G. Allen, nationally famous cooking authority, and principal of the Boston School of Cookery and author of notable books on the art of cooking.

Students of the culinary art at the Boston School conducting test of G. Washington's for uniformity of fine flavor. Write to the G. Washington Company for a free sample tin.

One of the kitchens at Boston School of Cookery where G. Washington's Coffee, the pure coffee that is literally the coffee part of the coffee bean, was tested by domestic science experts.

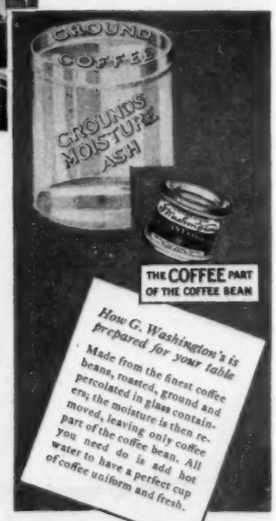


Home of the well-known Boston School of Cookery. Comparative experiments prove the small G. Washington can makes as many cups as the large can of ground coffee.

"The new G. Washington's Coffee", says Lucy G. Allen, Principal, "is certainly a labor-saving product far more uniform in quality than the average 'coffee-pot Coffee'. In tests made by our staff covering an extended period of time, we found that there was no variation in strength or flavor . . . Everybody will appreciate the speed and ease with which it can be served, as well as the unvarying quality which is assured."

* * * *

What a pleasure to know that you can rely upon the unvariable good flavor of G. Washington's, no matter what the occasion may be...This coffee, made "the new way", is remarkably convenient and economical as well as dependable. Simply add a level teaspoonful to a cup of hot water, and your favorite drink is prepared. It is the coffee that makes itself...The age of "good coffee today and poor coffee tomorrow" has passed. Pots and percolators, strainers and bothersome grounds are no longer necessary. Not with G. Washington, the 100% pure coffee with the grounds and water removed. It is all coffee, pure coffee, nothing but coffee...Send today for your free sample tin. G. Washington Coffee Refining Co., 101 Hanover Avenue, Morris Plains, N.J.


GROUND
COFFEE
GROUNDS
MOISTURE
ASH
THE COFFEE PART OF THE COFFEE BEAN
How G. Washington's is prepared for your table
Made from the finest coffee beans, roasted, ground and percolated in glass containers; the moisture is then removed, leaving only coffee part of the coffee bean. All you need do is add hot water to have a perfect cup of coffee uniform and fresh.

The School finds it easy to serve G. Washington's Coffee when callers drop in. Less than a minute to prepare, and no kitchen equipment to wash and scour.

G. Washington's COFFEE

the coffee part of the coffee bean

(Continued from Page 88)

Before Cato could answer, Boden seized the bell and shook it sharply. Its tone, gentle and mellow, but resonant, seemed at variance with everything else in the room.

"You don't believe I've told him a thousand times?" Callahan insisted while yet the soft tones of the bell persisted. "Show him, Boden. Show him that table there. See the dents and the cuts on the top of it?"

Boden glanced at the table and the abrasions were clearly visible.

"That proves what I say," Callahan argued vehemently. "That proves that he always leaves the bell over there. I have to sit here and throw things at it. That's what scratches the table up."

Cato laughed again, and without waiting for the appearance of Morton, turned and drew up a chair for himself. Boden followed suit and they seated themselves there at the hearthstone before infamous Old Tim Callahan.

Morton appeared with a tray and two glasses.

"Where've you been?" Callahan demanded.

"After glasses for these gentlemen," Morton responded desultorily. There was nothing of subservience in his manner or voice.

"You didn't even know they drank," Callahan snarled.

With rare patience Morton approached the cellaret and made room for the extra glasses. "Everybody else that comes here drinks," he remarked slowly.

With silver tines he placed ice cubes in each of the glasses; then he took the whisky and mixed the two drinks, his practiced eye gauging the correct amount of liquor by the expression on the face of each guest.

"You left that bell way over on the table again," Callahan accused. "You only do that so I can't call you when I want you. It's all cussed laziness on your part, that's what it is."

Morton turned, took the bell from the table and, with a clatter, placed it on the cellaret.

"What stinks?" Old Tim snorted suddenly, his cadaverous nose sniffing the air. "I know what it is—it's that rotten cigar of yours, Cato. Either light it or let Morton take it out in the yard and bury it."

With a good-natured grunt and shrug, Cato snapped the cold remnant of tobacco into the big fireplace.

"Hell's bells and gingerbread!" Old Tim cried. "Get that out of there, Morton. Get it out of there and send it to some Republican with my compliments."

Morton pawed through the embers with a log fork, recovered the troublesome cigar and carried it gingerly from the room. There was a moment of silence while Old Tim sniffed the air in mild appeasement.

Boden spoke gently by way of relieving the strain.

"This is a magnificent library you have, Mr. Callahan," he ventured. His tone was complimentary and his glance appreciative. Neither evidence of sincerity, however, impressed the old man.

"It cost me a small fortune, this library," he growled. "Thousands and thousands of dollars. What's more, everything in it is written so that no normal man could possibly understand it. I've read a hundred books in the last two years—thick books in fine print—and I've come to the conclusion that no author dares to let anybody know what he is trying to write about. The truth is, they don't know anything to write about. All they know is words, and they jumble them all up."

Cato laughed again, and there actually was condescension in his manner. Boden looked worried and resorted to silence. He sipped his drink and the act conveyed the same impulse to Old Tim.

The boss' wrinkled hand fluttered about the cellaret until it located a silver bottle opener. Fumblingly he lifted the bottle of ale and snapped loose the cap. Some of the foam welled through the neck of the bottle and splashed over onto his skinny knees, so staining the dressing gown. The metal cap rolled onto the floor. He swore under his breath and glanced at Cato.

"Pick that up and throw it into the fireplace," he said, and the fat Cato instantly obeyed. "I like all the comforts of home," Callahan continued. "When I come in here I take my shoes off, and I don't want to be stepping on those things in my bare feet. If they lay wrong side up they cut."

He poured the ale into a high glass and drank deep. As he threw his head back his mottled, flabby neck was exposed, and an enormous Adam's apple jerked about frantically under the skin when he swallowed. Boden could think of nothing but a turkey gobbling. But the drink soothed the old man and brought him to matters of the moment. He set down the glass, wiped his lips with the back of his hand, rekindled his pipe and settled himself more comfortably in the chair.

"Now," he asked abruptly, "what do you want?"

Cato took upon himself the responsibilities of spokesman. He narrated in detail the organization with which it was planned to battle Jim Booley. Now and then during the discourse he glanced at Boden by way of confirmation. Sometimes the senator nodded approval; at others, he gave no evidence either way.

Cato warmed to his subject, and his presentation of the case, Boden saw, was rendered trickily effective. He had the typical trial-lawyer mind and made fulsome use of its artifice. He spoke for some forty minutes, and during that time Boden saw ample evidence of greatness in Old Tim Callahan. Not once during the long period did the man interrupt. Not by so much as a gesture did he indicate his feelings. His was the perfect poker face; he, the perfect listener.

When Cato had done he said, "I guess that's all, Mr. Callahan. That's the case."

"Wet your whistle," Old Tim answered, with a gesture toward the whisky and siphon. As Cato busied himself thus, the retired boss turned to Boden.

"You heard," he snapped, "in full detail. Do you subscribe to everything?"

"The plan has merit," Boden parried carefully. "There is a good deal to be considered, however."

"Boden's always overcareful," Cato interrupted. "He wouldn't swear that a sheep don't grow wool on both sides of its hide, the reason being, he's never seen the inside of a sheep." Boden flushed at the remark and Callahan emitted a brief, cackling laugh.

"In such matters," Boden qualified, "we cannot exercise too much care. My feeling has been that we need the most intelligent counsel available. I don't mind admitting, Mr. Callahan, that I declined to enter this proposition without your advice."

"What right have you got to my advice?" Callahan wanted to know.

"Personally," Boden answered, "I have no right to it. You are, however, a public-spirited man, with the interest of our party high in your affections."

Callahan cackled again, his withered shoulders shook. "Imagine me being affectionate toward Jim Booley," he laughed. "That's like a romance between a Hottentot and an Eskimo: There'd never be any trouble between them so long as each kept his own hide comfortable."

Cato lowered his glass from his thick lips. "I told them I was pretty sure I could get your advice," he said. "I went all the way through for that kid of yours the other day."

"Hell's bells and gingerbread!" Callahan exploded. His feeling ran so high that he rose from the chair and stood erect on the rug, his toes wiggling inside his socks and his withered face twisted in wrath. "Why shouldn't you go to the front for him? Why shouldn't you, I ask? Any one of you fellows that I don't happen to like couldn't hold his job twenty-four hours!"

"I understood," Cato said uncertainly, "that you was retired, Mr. Callahan. That you didn't keep up your active interest."

"Retired, is it?" Callahan snarled. "Don't fool yourself. I gave fifty years of my life to party service. I founded the organization that Jim Booley heads. Nobody knows that better than Booley. When I wanted to take things easy and see that my kids got the right kind of education and traveled in the right society, I pulled out and let Booley take over the management." He paused for a moment, his toes still wiggling, his face still twisting and a long, brown forefinger shaking under Cato's nose. "But don't think I couldn't come back!"

"I know darn well you could come back," Cato answered hurriedly. "There's no doubt about that, Mr. Callahan. We all thought you just wouldn't come back. Everybody says nothing on earth would drag you back into politics. Heaven knows we'd like nothing better than to have you come back as leader of our faction."

"I'll say we would," Boden augmented earnestly.

Callahan seemed mollified and sank back into his chair.

"I don't want to come back," he snapped. "The only thing that would bring me back would be to see Jim Booley get too high-handed."

"He's pretty high-handed right now," Cato suggested.

"I could clip his wings," Callahan boasted. "I don't want to come back. I paid my debt to my party. Now I owe it to my kids. My boy is twenty-four and my girl twenty-two. They need a father's help and advice. I got to see them into the right society."

Boden nodded understandingly, but Cato's thick lips spread vaguely in a smile.

"This man Sparr," Callahan said—"Hector Sparr—he's a smart enough fellow, but he talks too much. He's a good candidate, but he ain't a good leader."

Boden smiled. "You have the faculty, Mr. Callahan," he said, "of putting into words what others can only feel. Hector Sparr is the greatest campaigner I know. He's a great orator, colorful, convincing. He comes from a fine family. He's highly educated. He has the platform sense highly developed, but lacks the political sense which breeds harmony and good will in meetings of the inner circle."

Cato laughed. "Yes, I admit he's got the political attitude without the political sense. When we first approached him about this matter, I pointed out one or two things in our plan which did not exactly conform to the letter of the law. 'We're the law!' Hector said."

Callahan chuckled again.

"What we hoped, Mr. Callahan," Boden said, "was to secure your advice and assistance."

"You can't have them," Callahan answered brusquely. "I'm an old man now. I've had my fling and my kids need what you ask for. I'm going to give it to them first."

A look of deep disappointment filled the senator's eyes and Cato took to pacing nervously across the prayer rug. At the end of the library a grandfather's clock suddenly chimed. The mellow tones filled the room and caught Callahan's attention.

"What's that clock striking?" he demanded, fumbling with his spectacles, which had lain on the cellaret at his side. "These are my reading glasses. I can't see that far with them anyway." He dropped them noisily among the bottles.

"It's striking twelve," Boden offered.

"Morton!" Callahan yelped. "Hell's bells and gingerbread! Where is that man? Morton! . . . Where's that bell?"

"Right under your arm, Mr. Callahan," Cato pointed out.

The aged man seized the bell and shook it furiously. Shortly Morton appeared at the door.

"Is Miss Pat home yet?" the boss demanded.

Morton wet his lips, glanced about nervously and answered: "Yes, she's home."

"When did she come home?" Callahan demanded.

"Just a few minutes ago."

"Why didn't you tell me?" Old Tim snarled. "Why didn't she come in and kiss me good night?"

Morton, still nervous, answered, "I guess she thought you were busy."

"Busy, eh?" Callahan sneered. "Personally I think you're a liar."

He stood suddenly erect again, wrapped the dressing gown more closely about himself, and without bothering about slippers, strode toward the door. As he passed out of the library he called over his shoulder, "You men have another drink. Sit down and wait for me."

As he walked along the hall Old Tim clutched tight about his body the vivid dressing gown. His stockinged feet fell noiselessly on the deep rugs. Morton had left the light in the hall chandelier, and as the old man passed beneath it, a curious expression twisted his dominant features. He was muttering to himself and his lips formed unheard but concise words.

He turned and mounted the stairs, one hand clutching the dressing gown, the other gripping the banister. His shoulders hunched over, and though his movements were virile, they had in them an unaccustomed and vaguely frightened tone. He paused at the top of the stair to catch his breath. His glance darted along the hall before him as though his mind sought to achieve a speed of movement to which his aged body could not respond. After a moment he walked on, his footsteps still noiseless. In due course he reached a door at the rear of the hall. He did not pause for a single instant. His free hand clutched the knob, twisted it, threw the door wide. He paused sharply on the threshold and a look of infinite pain swept into his eyes; his body seemed to sag under the weight of his discovery. He raised his hand and braced himself against the door jamb.

"Pat," he called, his voice strangely uncertain. "You hear me, Pat? Drop that cigarette. What are you doing there by the window?"

The window stood open and Old Tim's daughter was resting her head dizzily against the center of the frame. Each of her hands was braced against the sill and she was breathing deep of the fresh air.

At her father's unexpected appearance and command, she turned toward him.

"Hello, dad," she muttered thickly.

Hers was a valiant effort for control, but Old Tim was not to be fooled. The look of hurt loomed large in his eyes, but there was more of anger in his voice. The effort of turning upset the girl's balance. She weaved so that it was necessary for her to find support by resting her hand against a chair.

"I told you to drop that cigarette," Callahan ordered.

With a smirk, the girl half turned, tossed the burning cigarette through the open window. "You're too old-fashioned, dad," she muttered. "All the girls smoke."

"I ain't responsible for all the girls," her father snapped. "I can find trouble enough with you. The way you dress, and your smelly cigarettes. Why," he sputtered, groping for words, "you look and act like a —— Where do you think you're going? What's going to happen to you?"

The girl shrugged and sank onto the chair. Her head rolled wearily on her shoulders. "I've got to have air," she said. "I'm dizzy and sick."

Old Tim strode across the room and his wrinkled hand caught her chin and lifted her face so that he could look into her eyes.

"You've been drinking!"

He spoke as might a man making a staggering discovery. So great was the blow that he released the girl's head and himself leaned against the window and gasped the cool night air.

Pat permitted her head to drop on her arm laid across the back of the chair. "Only two or three cocktails, dad," she muttered. "I never thought they'd do this to me."

For the first time in his life Old Tim Callahan seemed without thoughts or words, was suddenly stricken helpless. He rested his white head against the window frame much as his daughter had done, and silence

Office Managers

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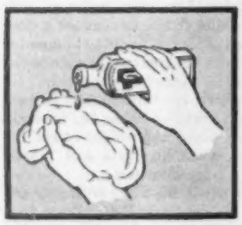

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came between them. The girl on the chair fought strenuously against collapse and the cords on her father's forehead stood out from the pumping of his heart. His lips moved convulsively and he regarded the girl through eyes that told a story more eloquent than words.

They were standing thus when Morton tapped discreetly at the door. Callahan turned to the man and accusation leaped into his eyes.

"You never told me, Morton," he said in dull tones. "You sneaked her into the house and never told me."

Morton remained mute, his glance shifting between the two.

"I might never have known," Old Tim muttered. "Ain't I always been square with you, Morton?"

The servant remained quiet, but stepped slowly into the room and rested a hand on the girl's shoulder. She surrendered to the ravages of the liquor.

"Gee, Morton," she moaned, "get me something. Can't you get me something that will help me?"

As Old Tim watched in amazement, Morton bent above the chair, lifted the wisp of a girl bodily in his arms and carried her across the room to the bed. He laid her there and propped pillows for her.

"I'll get you something, Pat," he said tenderly. "Just stay quiet for a time. I'll be right back."

Without so much as a word or a glance at his employer, the man disappeared into the hall and strode toward his own quarters. While he was gone, Old Tim left the window and stood above the girl on the bed. His clawlike hands stroked her hair. And at last she opened her eyes and looked up at him.

"I didn't do anything so very wrong, dad," she said. "We went to a dance and all the girls drank a little gin."

Still he stroked her hair and gazed down upon her. The weight of a thousand doubts clung upon his withered shoulders. They were thus when Morton returned. Almost brusquely he stepped past Callahan, slipped his arm under the girl's shoulders and raised her that she might drink some preparation he had brought.

"Will it help me, Morton?" Pat asked as he brought the glass to her lips.

"Drink it, Pat," the servant instructed. "Drink every bit of it. Drink it down quick."

The girl complied and Old Tim stood back and watched as she shuddered from the effect.

"Now lie down," Morton suggested. "Keep as quiet as you can, Pattie. I'll get Mrs. Knowles. She'll help you into bed and stay with you till you're asleep."

He straightened and looked almost belligerently at Callahan. He spoke no word, but his eyes moved suggestively toward the door. Automatically Old Tim turned away, paused, turned back and bent over the bed. He did not speak, but his lips caressed the girl's forehead. Then he, too, straightened, and there was fire in his posture. He clutched the dressing gown about him, started for the door.

From the threshold, he said, "Morton, have Mrs. Knowles come in here right away. Just as soon as she is here you come to my bedroom."

Without waiting for a response, he walked along the hall, entered his own sleeping quarters and snapped on a single light. He strode noiselessly across the room and sank into an easy-chair by the window.

Outside, the street was virtually deserted. One or two stray pedestrians were visible. A horse-drawn hack rolled by beneath him, its slow progress furnishing momentary delight to a party of four revelers who sat sprawled upon its cushions and talked in an unnaturally loud tone. There was a brilliant immutability about the steady street lights and an inexorable raucity in the sound of an occasional motor horn. Old Tim Callahan looked upon the scene unseeingly. He remained tense and quiet there by the window, and so it was that Morton found him when he came into the room.

"You lied to me, Morton," Old Tim said without so much as a turning of the head. Morton accepted the accusation in silence. "Haven't I always been fair with you?" the old man demanded. "Didn't I give you a house and a lot? Haven't I raised your pay with the birth of each of your children? When you named your boy Timothy, didn't I put his college education in the bank for him?"

Morton looked silently at his own feet, and though his fists clenched, he made no reply. "For all of that," Callahan went on querulously, "the only reward you give me is to conspire in the downfall of my own kids! Hell's bells and gingerbread! You're a father; you ought to understand. If I ever can trust anybody on earth, it ought to be you." His own words seemed to lift him from lethargy to virulent anger.

He jumped suddenly to his feet and faced the servant. His clawlike fist shook under the man's nose. "You've seen my life for twenty years," he rasped. "You've seen me work like a slave to lift myself to a place where I could give my son and daughter the best that life holds for anybody. You've seen all that I say, Morton, and now you double-cross me. I wouldn't give a damn if you did it in politics or in money, but this —— My own little Pat —— You'd make a drunkard of her!"

Still the servant did not answer, though the knuckles of his hands were white with the pressure he threw against them.

"You can't look me in the eye!" Old Tim defied. "You don't even dare look at me, you crook!" He turned slowly toward the window and flung over his shoulder: "Those two kids have got everything in the world to live for. Why, when they can travel with the best on earth, should my daughter chase off to cheap dances and drink bathtub gin with the scum of the earth?"

Something in the last remark galvanized Morton. His head snapped up and his shoulders flew back. He took a step forward and caught Callahan by the arm in a grip that made the old man wince.

"You old fool!" he said tensely. "You old idiot! If your whole brain blew up, it wouldn't muss your hair! You talk to me about loyalty and about all you do for your children! Fine one you are to talk!"

He paused. From the sheer force of his emotions, Old Tim was too amazed to do anything but stand and gape at the suddenly turned worm.

"Who can Pat travel with?" Morton asked suddenly. "Tell me that, Tim Callahan. What society can your girl go into? The best, you say? Tommyrot! Why, everywhere the kid goes, she's laughed at as the daughter of a low-brow political boss who grafted every dollar he's got. She can't even ride over a pavement without being reminded that you stole half its value before it was laid! How many invitations does she get from really decent people? Why, she's a natural target for every fortune hunter in town. But she never came to you and complained, did she? She never came to you and said that everywhere she goes she's known as the daughter of Old Tim Callahan, the political grafter?"

He paused again, and though he seemed not to notice, Callahan's breath was fairly whistling in his throat and the drooping shoulders of the old man were heaving. By and by Morton released his arm and half turned away.

"I suppose you'll fire me now," he shrugged. "But I won't go. I'll stay right here, no matter what you say. I'll stick by Pat. She's as nice a little thing as ever lived, and God knows, you've given her handicaps enough, regardless of all your money and education and fool talk about high society."

He turned toward the door, and Old Tim lifted his hand as though to restrain him.

"Don't go, Morton," he said slowly. The servant had never before heard his voice sound as it sounded then. "Wait a minute," Old Tim went on. "Lemme get the straight of this."

Impulsively Morton turned back. He spread his hands, palms upward. "Can't

you see, Mr. Callahan," he asked helplessly—"can't you see that Pat's young, and as pretty as ever a girl was? She's got a mighty hard row, that child. She's proud, just as you're proud. And she's bright. Like every young girl, she sees life full of romance and happiness and gayety. Pat'll want to be married soon. It's her right. But all this nonsense of yours about marrying her to a big society name keeps her away from men she might marry, and throws her in with a lot of scum that would marry her tomorrow for her money. She's too smart and too decent to take an interest in that kind, and you're too dumb and too grasping to let her meet any other kind."

They stood silent again for several moments. During that time Old Tim Callahan seemed to be thinking as he never had thought before. Morton dropped back into his rôle of butler and passively awaited the other man's pleasure.

"Maybe you're right," Callahan said ultimately. "Marriage! Lord, she seems like a baby to me!"

There followed another lapse of words. In that interim Callahan got hold of himself.

"Go downstairs, Morton," he said suddenly and imperiously. "Tell the gentlemen in the library I'll join them shortly." Morton bowed almost imperceptibly. "You'll say nothing, of course, about what's happened up here." Morton turned toward the door. "You can serve me a bottle of ale here in this room," Callahan called after him. "Bring it up right away, Morton, and don't be as dumb as you usually are about it. Pick me out a cold one—one that's been on the ice."

The servant disappeared down the hall and Old Tim paced the room. His stockinged feet scuffed gently over the rugs. When Morton reappeared with the ale the boss accepted it without a word, held the golden liquid so that the light shone through it, then drank the entire contents of the glass.

When he had done he set the glass on the tray in Morton's hands and without a word strode past the man to the stairs and so back to the library.

When he entered the room he was outwardly himself again.

"You've let that cigar go out again, Cato," he snapped. "Nothing smells worse than a dead cigar."

Cato smiled good-naturedly and applied a match to the offensive tobacco. Callahan returned to his winged chair, arranged the folds of his dressing gown and seated himself. Quite carefully he packed fresh tobacco into his pipe and kindled it. Through blue smoke clouds which floated about his head, he renewed the conversation.

"I never let my little girl get to sleep without kissing her dad good night," he grunted. "Nothing means more to a young woman than the background of a good home life."

Boden nodded understandingly, but Cato spread his thick lips in that vague gesture of his. Callahan puffed again, then, "Tell me everything you know about Hector Sparr," he ordered. "I don't mean his politics. I know the jobs he's had. What I want to know about is his family and education, his social standing. Just how old is he? Why hasn't he ever married?"

Cato glanced at Boden, said to Callahan: "Boden can probably give you better information than I. Sparr has always been sort of a silk-stocking kind, and Boden knows that bunch better than I do."

"There could be no possible complaint," Boden answered, "on Sparr's family or social connections. Three generations of his family have lived right in this city. His grandfather was a general counsel for one of the biggest railroad systems in the world and stood out as one of the factors in the formation of the country's first trusts. He was on the board of half a dozen huge corporations and wound up as chairman of the board of the First National Bank.

"Hector's father more or less followed in his footsteps. He married into the Van Tyne family. His wife is a direct descendant of the French nobility. Hector himself is a mighty smooth corporation and financial lawyer, but he was early stricken with the political bug, and nobody can deny he has made a success of it. Some members of his family are inclined to laugh somewhat tolerantly at his political activities, but the set in which he travels feels that he is absolutely sincere. It isn't money Hector wants—he's got plenty of that. It's power. Some men get that craze. It wouldn't surprise me in the least to discover that Hector has ambitions that lead to the White House itself. He certainly wants to be governor."

"I don't care a rap about his political schemes," Callahan cut in testily. "The point is, he comes from one of the best families in the country. Is that right?"

"Oh, sure thing," Cato interrupted. "He's a Social Register bird; which makes his political activities appeal to the average person as those of a strong man, instead of a fop living on his reputation and drinking tea with half-wit dames every afternoon. Hector appeals to them as a worker who really wants to do something for the town."

Old Tim Callahan puffed meditatively at his pipe. The fingers of one thin hand drummed a jerky cadence against his knee. A calculating light filled his eyes and the jawbone under the flabby skin assumed a discernible squareness.

"Yes," Boden said slowly, "Hector is a great candidate. And he would give a good deal to be mayor of this town."

"He would, eh?" Callahan asked in far-away tones.

"About anything he's got, he'd give," Cato grunted. "But it's just like you said. If we're going to put him over, we got to have something more than a good candidate. We've got to have the wisest political leader this town ever knew."

Old Tim Callahan laughed cacklingly. "Sounds like you're talking about me, Cato," he admitted frankly.

"Politics is politics, Mr. Callahan," Boden cut in. "I'm quite ready to say this: If Hector Sparr fights Jim Booley without your help he'll get licked. If he has your help he'll win. In my judgment, it comes to just that."

The calculating light was bright in Callahan's eyes. He drummed on his knees some more, puffed strenuously at his pipe. "Very well, gentlemen," he said quite calmly. "You tell Hector Sparr to be at my house here at three o'clock tomorrow afternoon. There's one or two things I want to get straight with him in person. Then I'll give you my answer."

"You mean," Cato exclaimed eagerly, "that if Sparr follows your suggestions in a few matters, you will lend your counsel to his campaign?"

"I mean," Old Tim Callahan answered steadily, "that if Sparr's got brains enough to do as I tell him, I'll not only give him my advice, I'll personally direct his campaign and make him mayor of this city."

Boden leaped to his feet, some exclamation ready on his lips, but Cato forfended the expression. With his thick lips spread in a smile, he turned and faced the senator, hand extended.

"As district attorney of this county"—he grinned—"let me congratulate our new comptroller."

They laughed together and Old Tim Callahan, apparently oblivious of their glee, waved his withered hand at them.

"You two go on home now," he snapped. "It's my bedtime. Have Hector Sparr here at three o'clock. And I won't need you or anybody else with him."

After the two had left, Old Tim stood for a long time, his toes wiggling inside his socks and his head nodding emphatic accompaniment to his thoughts. The great house was wrapped in a deep silence. An extraneous sound now and then penetrated from the outer world, but it was in its death throes.

As the man's thoughts crystallized, his hard, bright eyes lifted until he was gazing speculatively upward—upward toward the room where Mrs. Knowles ministered to little Pat.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

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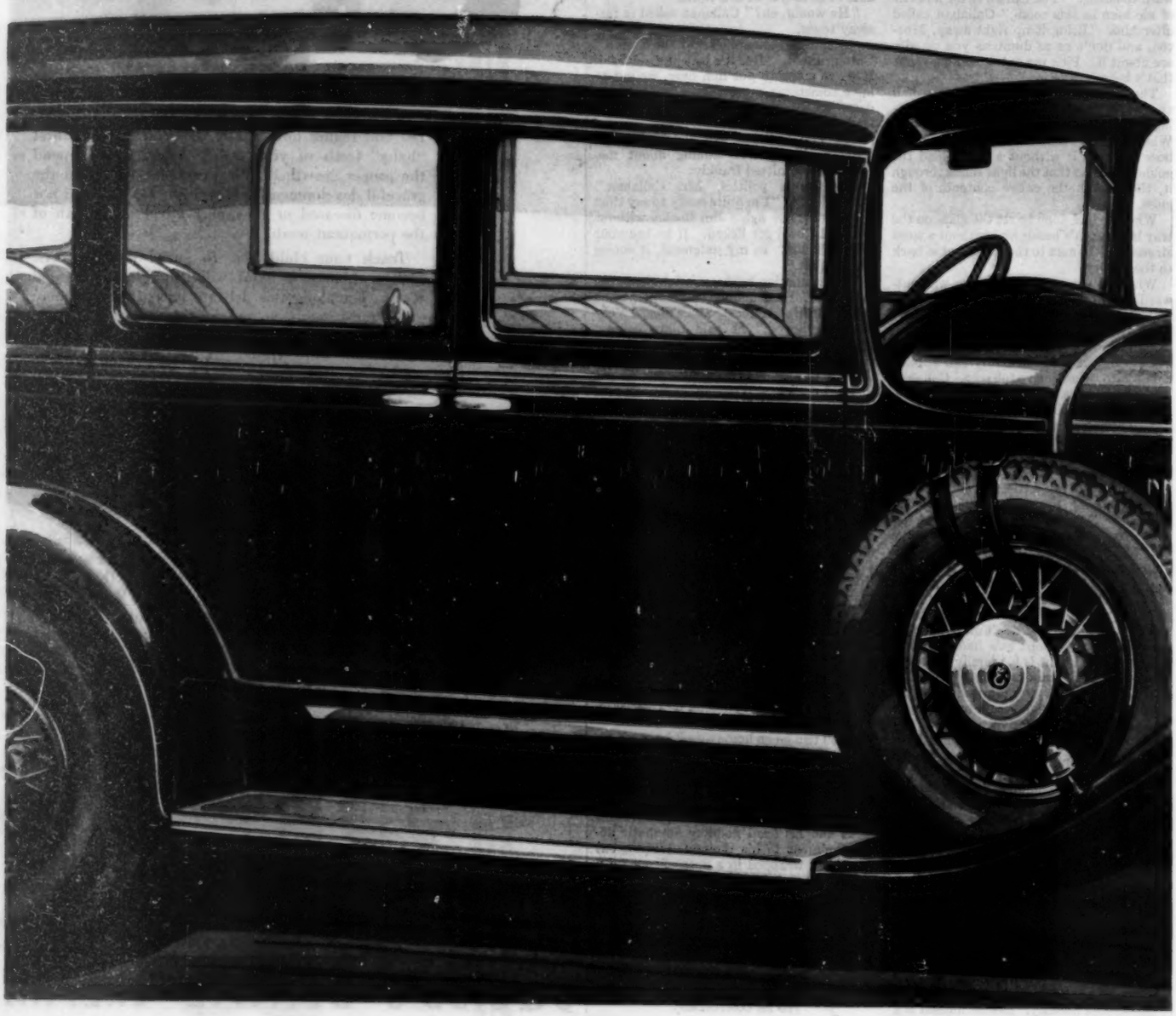

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THE RIOT CALL

(Continued from Page 7)

bedding against the cell doors, set fire to the mattresses, were rescued after a spectacular fight, and started a pandemonium of yells and of banging on cell doors with iron buckets; a pandemonium which, spreading throughout the institution, died down only when the participants were exhausted. Earlier still, other convicts had torn up a geranium bed in the yard—despite a theory as to the softening effect of flowers upon the criminal heart—and engaged in a row with the guards.

NEW WARDEN DECLINES TO MAKE OPTIMISTIC FORECAST

announced a Philadelphia newspaper headline. The new warden was quoted as follows:

"I don't know anything about this place," he said; "till lately I had never been within its walls, thank heaven. I am a new man in a new job, and I have everything to learn. . . . If I can improve conditions here, I am going to do it; but I am not going to say now what I shall do in the matter, for, frankly, I do not know."

Perhaps the new warden may be pardoned for not making an optimistic forecast on that first day in the office. To begin with, the Eastern Penitentiary seemed everything a prison should not be.

Its very location was as wrong as possible. Erected just a hundred years ago, "near Philadelphia," it is surrounded today by a rushing business district only ten minutes' trolley ride from the modern heart of town. For the sake of a city, and more for the sake of the prisoners, such an institution should always stand in a rural spot where there is plenty of fresh air and space, where land is less valuable, and where an escaping convict cannot easily gain the tenderloin hide-outs of his friends. The new penitentiary now under construction thirty miles outside of Philadelphia fulfills these conditions. I felt complimented when I was consulted about its planning.

But the old Eastern Penitentiary, built to accommodate seven hundred prisoners, held, in 1923, sixteen hundred. There were a hundred and ten guards altogether, unarmed and working in three shifts, and many of them were really advanced in years. Restricted by law as to the kind of labor the prisoners might do, hampered also by lack of space, the state department of welfare, which is supposed to supply work for the prisoners, was able to give employment to only three hundred convicts.

Work for Idle Prisoners

These went to the prison shops, while most of the remaining thirteen hundred loafed about their cells in idleness twenty-three hours a day, plotted escapes, devised gang wars and worse. The degeneracy among both men and women prisoners is something about which I cannot even speak. The place crawled with dirt. Idleness and overcrowding were its curse. Here were a few of the things to be meditated, that first day in office. It was difficult to decide where to begin. I began with the dirt.

Hitherto the prison had been inspected once a year, the cells and corridors brushed out once a day, and the corridors washed once a week. For nearly one hundred years the prisoners had been fed in their cells. A certain amount of food was apportioned to each prisoner at each meal. The guards shoved this food through an opening in the cell door, the same amount of food for each occupant. Some ate all their portions and others threw what they did not want out in the corridor, where it remained until next morning.

Substituting written orders for the traditional oral kind, since a written order is recorded while an oral order is not, I directed that the cells and corridors should be flushed and scrubbed every day. It was then I began to discover that nothing which I ordered could by any possibility be done.

"You can't do it!" wailed my old gentlemen, the guards. "We haven't enough employes!"

"You have thirteen hundred idle men," I pointed out, "and scrubbing a floor requires no special training. Hereafter the cells and corridors will be flushed, not brushed, every morning at seven. And there will be prison inspection daily."

"But," protested the guards, "there won't be time every day for the warden to go through the entire institution."

Patiently I made clear the methods of Army inspection. The colonel of a regiment, I informed them, does not personally inspect each man every day, but through a simple system of under-officers each man in the regiment is inspected daily. "Also," I added, "from now on, every prisoner will take three baths a week."

Problems of the New Warden

Prisoners bathed once a week, and often they didn't want to bathe that frequently. My order stood—three baths a week, whether the bathers liked it or not. The guards departed to these fantastic new duties, shaking their heads. But from this time forth the prison smell commenced to wane. Within a few months there wasn't a trace of it left. Later on, visitors used to exclaim, "But there's no prison smell." You can have a prison smell in your own house if it's cleaned only once a year.

On my second day I issued a general statement to the inmates. This notified them that those who obeyed the rules would be permitted all the privileges allowed by law, and that those who did not obey the rules would have to suffer for it. I explained that it was entirely up to the individual whether his life in the penitentiary would be as comfortable as possible under the circumstances, or just the reverse, but that in any case the rules would have to be obeyed.

This done, I pondered the fact that, obviously, any convict who wanted liquor got plenty of it. True, one shop employe had imbibed the top layer of oil from a keg of varnish, but there were not enough kegs of varnish to account for the abundance of tipsy inmates. Worth pondering also were the ninety drug addicts who remained confirmed addicts even after several years behind the walls and supposedly beyond the reach of narcotics. According to the institution doctor, other prisoners seemed well on the way to becoming addicts; he could tell by the symptoms that drugs flowed in constantly. Last but not least among things to be pondered was the subject of weapons, of which, during the riots, the prisoners had demonstrated their ability to obtain a formidable stock. So much contraband among the inmates indicated something out of joint.

From my investigation I found some of the favored prisoners were allowed extraordinary privileges. One inmate in particular was allowed the use of the telephone whenever he liked.

In his cell and exercise yard this man installed a refrigerator, a radio and a still. Other stills came to light in other cells, but the largest—around six gallons—I discovered out in the prison grounds among the Airedale kennels.

The Airedales, by the way, were a curious innovation. There were forty of them, the majority rotten with mange. As a contribution to hygiene, I sold the healthiest and killed the rest. When I asked a somnolent guard about the dogs, he said they were valuable "because they hear sounds no human ear can detect. If anything happens, like a prisoner escaping, they bark."

"And wake up the guards?" I could not forbear inquiring.

Without going into detail as to the various searches conducted by myself and the deputy wardens, I can perhaps convey a notion of the interesting existence enjoyed, up to the time of our treasure hunts, by the inmates. One clean-up netted fifty-seven stoves, two hundred and twenty knives,

twenty-nine hammers, eleven hatchets and eighteen radios. Another netted half a dozen revolvers. Knives might be fashioned of material stolen from the prison shops, hammers might be purloined from the same source, but clearly the guns were received from friends outside. A genial prisoner offered, if I'd make the bet big enough, to get a complete machine gun into his cell in sections and assemble it there within a week.

Besides stills and arsenals, our searches revealed ten thousand dollars' worth of heroin, morphine and similar drugs. To shut off this drug-running proved the hardest job of all, but success meant the elimination of two or three problems at the same time. A tiny packet of heroin easily changes hands, but if you can prevent tiny objects from being smuggled into cells, you can prevent larger ones.

Ready for Revolt

I found there were only two ways by which prisoners could obtain drugs or other contraband articles—through friends who called to see them, or through the guards. They were getting a supply from both sources. To trace the seepage by way of the prison guards involved a long, patient process which gradually exposed an underground system of crookedness and ended with the discharge of every guard found guilty. The next point of focus was the prisoners' visitors.

It had been customary to allow inmates to mingle rather freely with the visitors while walking across the yard from the gate to the prison, which gave the visitors an opportunity to smuggle drugs, and so on, to their friends or relatives among the inmates. On entering the prison itself the visitors were conducted to a cell in each block which had been set aside as a visitors' room, a guard superintending the interview. If the visitor would slip some of the guards a five-dollar bill he could then give the inmate a package of drugs, a bottle of whisky, a pistol, or anything else he considered necessary for the comfort of the prisoner.

I decided the only way to prevent contraband articles reaching the prisoners was to have a different type of guard and not allow the prisoners to mingle with the visitors. My first step toward reorganizing the guards was to secure the services of three state-police captains who had served with me for sixteen years. These men I made deputy wardens. I then started to replace the old guards, and of the one hundred and ten guards in the institution when I became warden, I eventually discharged ninety-five for violation of the rules, physical disability or for not being qualified to handle prisoners. Having persuaded a new board of trustees to increase the guards' salaries, I replaced the discharged guards with young, able-bodied men, physically fit, with good past records, most of whom had "excellent" discharges from the U. S. Army, Navy or Marine Corps or the Pennsylvania State Police. Having thus stopped the flow of contraband articles through the guards, I then established a large room for visitors outside the second gate to the penitentiary and ran a four-foot wooden counter the length of the room and, above that, a fine wire netting up to the ceiling. Visitors were admitted to this room from the main entrance and prisoners were brought from their cells and placed on the other side of this partition.

After this the drug running, together with all other smuggling, stopped. Most prisons, I believe, have a similar visiting room, but so great a faith in human nature pervaded the Eastern State Penitentiary that these inhospitable measures had not been employed.

All this round-up of contraband, check-up of visitors and shake-up of staff consumed several weeks, and long before its completion a dozen additional abuses or touch-and-go situations developed. I have said that the guards were unarmed. Weapons had been taken away from them because, it was urged, with so many convicts and so few guards, the convicts might rush the staff and take the weapons anyhow. Two weeks after I became warden and before I had secured competent guards, six convicts escaped one morning in broad daylight. Three of the convicts brandished revolvers, but they would not have possessed the revolvers nor been able to effect an escape if my order about strict daily inspection had been obeyed. I dismissed six guards for negligence. With drugs, liquor and weapons in the hands of the prisoners, with many of the guards useless, and with practically no discipline, the situation was nothing short of critical. Through my first month at the penitentiary, it would not have surprised me if a hundred convicts had got away any day.

In fact, a hundred convicts did plan to get away within my first month, but I got notice of their intentions and we were prepared for an outbreak. Long afterward I talked it over with one of the prisoners.

"You fellows delayed a little bit too long, didn't you?" I asked.

"Sure did," he admitted; "by the time we were ready, you were ready too; so we never tried it."

But it took a good deal of furious activity for us to be ready. In addition to unarmed guards, the guardhouses at each corner of the wall were built upon the ground—apparently to make it simpler for an escaping prisoner to overpower a sentry. Twenty days after my arrival, these guardhouses were on top of the forty-foot wall, with two trapdoors in each that locked between the sentry and any possible visitor, and the sentries had the moral support of rifle and sub-machine gun.

Another first aid to escape was the plain blue denim suit worn by the inmate. Prison stripes had been done away with on the theory that a distinctive convict uniform tended to degrade its wearer. Certainly the plain blue denim enabled its wearer, once over the wall, to remain undistinguished from among the workmen at any of the big garages near by. Eventually the men were put into blue suits with a broad, vertical, darker blue stripe. The suit is neat, though the pattern marks it at a glance as not the sort of clothes worn by men outside of prison.

New Ovens and New Menus

Meanwhile, supplementary to soap, water, whitewash and new paint, part of the general clean-up included food. I didn't wonder the men chucked their surplus rations back into the corridors. Only hunger would have induced any man to do otherwise with the whole of them.

On their classic tour of inspection, Mrs. Martin's grand jury heard complaints that not only was the food bad but "there were animals and all sorts of things in it." The animals and all sorts of things disappeared after the order for cleaning the penitentiary each day went into effect; but bread properly brown outside was dough inside; properly done inside, it was black outside; and other victuals accordingly. And this was ridiculous, for the raw material that went into the kitchen was an excellent grade.

The head cook showed me the ovens. The floor of one lay in ridges like the Alleghany Mountains; nothing could bake or roast evenly in it. Quite a lot of repairs were needed, so I shut down the kitchen for the requisite time. This disturbed my old gentlemen, the guards, who said it simply couldn't be done, because how would we get along without bread? We bought bread for two days, until the bake oven could be fixed. It seemed a cheaper expedient than wasting good flour for uneatable bread indefinitely; especially since the authorities were constantly pointing out our woeful lack of funds.

In the interim I made arrangements with the firm that carted away our piles of discarded bones every other day or so, to cart them away every day.

The head cook, who happened to come from Reval in the Baltic States, where I

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was stationed for six months after the World War, could really cook. I instructed him to make out a menu for a week each Friday and that the meals must be varied each day. I allowed him—for instance—to have the same breakfast Monday and Friday or the same dinner Tuesday and Saturday but there must be no day of repetition. These menus were first submitted to the resident physician to see that the meals provided the proper nourishment. When the doctor approved them, they were submitted to me and if they met my approval, they were adopted for the following week.

For breakfast we gave them boiled rice and raisins or a cereal with stewed prunes, coffee with milk and sugar, bread and cereal. Dinner—roast ham or beef stew with onions, or fried country scrapple, or fresh fish, or a roast loin of beef, or pork hocks; vegetables were either mashed potatoes, sauerkraut, Lima beans, carrots and potatoes, stewed tomatoes, spinach or canned corn; always bread. Supper—soup, tea and bread one night, potato hash with beef and cocoa next night, baked navy beans, pepper hash and tea the following night. They always had tea one night and cocoa the next and always bread with their supper.

Instead of having the meals fed to the prisoners in their cells I decided to feed the men in the mess hall. At this the old deputy warden said, "The prisoners have always been fed in their cells for one hundred years—there is no room in the institution for a mess hall and if you have six to seven hundred prisoners in one room there will be a riot."

I was growing a trifle tired of this aversion to change and I said, "The fact that they have always been fed in their cells for one hundred years does not interest me at all. I will find some place for mess halls, and if there is going to be a riot let's have it now and find out who is running this show." I fitted up two mess halls seating about eight hundred men each and the guards were horrified when I told them that I proposed to let the inmates talk while eating, as they claimed the prisoners would plot all sorts of mischief while at meals. As the men were already permitted to talk in the exercise yards, I felt this objection did not amount to much. I did forbid them to talk on the march from their cells to the mess hall but allowed them to talk in conversational tones at the table to the man on each side and the men in front. And I gave warning that eating in the mess hall was a privilege which, if abused, would be promptly withdrawn.

At first we had colored prisoners to wait on the table during meals, but as some inmates complained of favoritism, we established a cafeteria system under which every man presented his plate at different windows for soup, meat, vegetables and coffee and then returned to his table to eat. They still have this system at the penitentiary; it works like a charm.

Better Food and Better Morale

Before I became warden the prisoners had practically the same thing for dinner day in and day out—fried beef, potatoes and cabbage or turnips with black coffee. On the varied menu that I had prepared there was fish every Friday, or oysters, at half the cost of meat. One day I said to a darky who was devouring his quota, "Son, how does that taste?" "That's the first oyster I've seen for four years," he answered, rolling his eyes. The theorists and I are in accord on this point; good food helps a lot toward making good prisoners. Incidentally, by serving fish once a week we could feed the men for twenty-four cents per day instead of the former price of thirty-one, though it was variety rather than economy at which I had aimed.

Three or four days after we opened the mess halls, a prisoner threw a plate of soup at a guard, and some months afterward a prisoner struck another prisoner. These were the only riots in five years.

From time to time, however, there were infractions of discipline. For the more serious offenders I used six punishment cells on an upper gallery. The section was known to the convicts for years as The Klondike.

Those solitary cells were exactly like four hundred and ninety-four other gallery cells, occupied by well-behaved prisoners, as to size, ventilation, toilet, steam heating, and light—which, coming through a ventilator overhead, was sufficient for the reading of fine print in the daytime. But the solitary cells had been painted black inside, and had no furniture; an omission due to the tendency of refractory prisoners to break up the furniture the minute they were locked in solitary. Prisoners were allowed to take their mattresses and blankets to the punishment cells, but usually their coats were removed to save the coats from immediate destruction. Sometimes the prisoners threw their shoes through the glass of the ventilator; or tried to do so, and were deprived of them.

Less Sentiment and More Sense

I am explicit about this, because in 1924 the county grand jury, after a tour of the prison, informed the court and the public that rebels at the penitentiary, stripped of their clothes except for shirt and trousers, were placed in absolutely dark cells, unheated and damp. Lightly tossing off the suggestion that the warden attend to his duties in person instead of delegating them to subordinates, the jury also recommended that some other form of punishment be adopted instead of solitary confinement. They wound up in a blaze of philanthropy by petitioning the governor to "remove at once, for brutality" selected members of my staff, and requesting the court to order a special grand jury to make a specially grand investigation of the barbarous conditions at the penitentiary; my first inkling of which came when I read the jurors' report in the newspapers.

Unlike that headed a year before by Mrs. Martin, this grand jury instead of questioning a number of the inmates, had concentrated on six prisoners who were under punishment; passing over the 90 per cent of well-behaved prisoners whose testimony would flatly have contradicted that of the chosen sextet. Three grand juries in fairly rapid succession brought charges of extraordinary brutality, which, in no case, were substantiated.

When I say that reformers gave me more trouble than the convicts, this is an instance of what I mean. Any investigator ought to deduce what every warden knows—that a prisoner refractory enough to be under punishment, is, per se, a prisoner who will say anything to discredit the prison administration.

It is all very well for investigators to hear the rebel's side of the story. The thing to which I object is placing credence in the story without first learning the facts. A little less sentimentality and a lot more common sense would be a great aid to American prison reform, and to American penology in general.

Upon this occasion, the charges were founded on myth. The grand jurors could have exploded the myth by questioning at random any other six prisoners, even though they reported that few, if any, inmates "had ever seen the new warden." They could have learned the absurdity of their recommendations by questioning the warden himself, even though they were under the impression that "he was unable to answer questions about prison routine."

"Theoretical penologists," I pointed out in my reply to the grand jury, "do not seem to realize that a penal institution must be conducted along practical lines. A warden is responsible for guards, discipline, the safety of the inmates, providing work for them, providing recreation, purchasing food and having it properly cooked, knowing that the inmates have proper bedding and clothing, providing proper medical attention, providing teachers for the school, arranging hours and details of religious services, hearing requests and complaints and

answering the large daily official correspondence. The executive and administrative details necessary to conduct such an institution as the Eastern State Penitentiary cannot properly be handled by one man, and the work must be divided among the warden, guards and civil employes.

"The county grand jury, which recommended that punishment cells be done away with, also recommended that some other form of punishment be adopted, but failed to mention what form of punishment they would suggest. Possibly they did not know that confining men in these cells is not only the only form of punishment we have in this institution but is the mildest form of punishment they have in any penal institution in this country."

The court refused to summon a special grand jury. The committee of investigators appointed by Governor Pinchot exonerated the prison administration. The solitary cells continued to exist and to be used whenever necessary.

Not pleasant places, these cells. They were not meant to be. In them a prisoner had nothing to do but think, and even the most mutinous generally decided to behave himself after twenty-four dreary hours.

I remember the first man whom I sent to solitary. Having made clear through my first announcement that each prisoner might decide for himself whether he preferred obedience or punishment, I did not then, nor later on similar occasions, experience any qualms. The man was surly, intractable, a trouble maker.

Discipline in Prison

"Understand that," I said to him, as to subsequent offenders of his ilk, "it makes no difference to me whether you are a model prisoner or not. The only difference it makes is to you. Don't imagine for a minute that it hurts my feelings to put you in solitary, or that the guards are going to cry when they think of you all alone there. You are the one person who is going to suffer, and if you want to spend the rest of your term in The Klondike, that's all right with me. I shan't lose a wink of sleep tonight, worrying because you wouldn't behave."

When the offender found his misdeeds brought discomfort to no one but himself, he usually decided the game wasn't worth the candle. And possibly, when he perceived how punishment automatically followed upon the breaking of prison laws, he might be more careful after his release not to break laws of the community. At any rate, no man inside jail or out can be either a hero or a martyr when his troubles are due to his own foolish behavior.

A word about those guards of mine. In a few months after I became warden I had a set of guards to be proud of—not bruisers nor thugs, but guards not afraid of their prisoners.

I put the guards into a uniform which I'd designed, so that they would look like something, and got their salary raised. One reason why some of the former guards were crooked was because they could not live on their pay. The new guards didn't object to military discipline, either. Previously the guards not only napped or smoked while on duty, and threw cigar and cigarette stubs all over the corridors, but they neglected to salute each other; and, naturally, none of the prisoners saluted them. At the time I left, guards were saluting their superiors; while nine out of ten prisoners either would salute or remove their hats when you met them, and they did it voluntarily.

The trustees had predicted that it would be impossible to get competent guards for the Eastern Penitentiary. Competent men wouldn't take the job. When I resigned, there were forty-seven more applications than we could fill.

My deputy, who was later appointed warden, came to the penitentiary the day after the six convicts effected their daylight escape. The two facts combined to make the newspapers break out into headlines, and I quote here a statement made by me then, because it explains the sort of guard and officer who, in my opinion, is competent.

"I notice the newspapers refer to Captain Herbert Smith, my deputy, as 'Hard-Boiled Egg' and I am not quite sure what they mean by a Hard-Boiled Egg. If they mean by this an officer who never neglects his duty; who strictly obeys and carries out the orders of his superior officers; who enforces the regulations—whether they are U. S. Army regulations, state police regulations, or even the Eastern State Penitentiary regulations; who does not allow prisoners or enlisted men to slap him on the back or call him by his first name, but is just to all men under him; then Smith is a Hard-Boiled Egg and so is every officer worth a damn in any branch of service."

An example of competency, as interpreted by the previous staff, had been furnished when I turned my attention to the fifty or so women prisoners. These formed one of our most serious problems.

Transferring the Women Prisoners

It did not take long to discover that there could be no peace in the prison, nor any real order, nor much approach to decency, so long as a cell block remained occupied by women. Fortunately for me, five days after I had become warden, the governor signed a bill that had been passed by the recent legislature which provided that a penal institution that was overcrowded could have the prisoners transferred to a similar institution that had accommodations, by an order of the Court of Quarter Sessions. I immediately applied for an order to have twelve female prisoners who had been sentenced from Philadelphia transferred to Moyamensing, the Philadelphia County Jail. After that request was granted I then applied to the court to have all the female prisoners transferred to the jail of the county in which they had been convicted. By October the first, 1923, every female prisoner had been transferred from the penitentiary and I used the cell block vacated by them for the old men among the prisoners. Thereafter when women prisoners were sent to the penitentiary I immediately had them committed by court order to their county prisons. I never allowed another female prisoner in the penitentiary, except one, who sat just inside the outer gate with a matron and a much-disgruntled sheriff until, late at night, I obtained an order for her incarceration elsewhere.

With the women gone, and the degenerate men segregated, things were a bit simplified. But, despite transfer to other prisons and a new cell block that I had built to accommodate three hundred, overcrowding and idleness remained. Overcrowding could not be eliminated until a new penitentiary was built, but I racked my brains to discover some work not prohibited by law which would give at least a portion of those thirteen hundred idle men something to do. Leaving them idle was merely breeding degeneracy in the present and more crime for the future. I found they had quite a good prison brass band which, however, only played on holidays. I decided to have them play daily for an hour and a half, commencing at six o'clock in the evening, when the prisoners were locked in their cells. This made locking up a less dreary business, gave the fifty members of the band at least something to do and slight though the distraction was, it did furnish the other inmates something to think about and anticipate.

As it was against the law for the inmates of the penitentiary to manufacture and sell any articles, except through the Department of Welfare and as this department could only supply work for less than three hundred men, it was difficult to find employment for all these idle prisoners.

In New York City I discovered an old man who made rag carpets. He bought what was known as "clean rags" but could not find enough people in his city to sew the ends of the rags together and wind them into balls from which his factory made rag carpets. I made an agreement with this

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man to send the rags to the penitentiary, and one hundred colored prisoners did this sewing and winding. When they became expert at this work I procured one hundred sewing machines, so that they could work faster, as they were paid for their work by the pound. These men made from fifty to sixty cents apiece daily. People who are afraid prison labor might cut down their own wages, and others, said our rag industry was against the law, and threatened to have me arrested, but as we were not manufacturing or selling anything, this threat did not bother me. I found in North Carolina a factory that manufactured cane-seated chairs that could not secure enough workmen to do the caning. I made arrangements with this concern to send the frames and cane to the penitentiary and eventually had one hundred and twenty-five men do the caning, and the majority of these men became experts at this work.

Finding Work for Every Man

From a list of the inmates' previous occupations I found iron workers, whom I put to work at making wrought-iron fire sets, weather vanes, fenders, and so on. Others were expert workers in wood. These men I put to work making wooden boxes, hair brushes, toilet sets, and so on. The tinsmiths among the prisoners made tin wastepaper baskets and similar articles, painted designs on them and baked the paint on in a small cell which we fitted up with steam coils. Other men made ships' models; over a hundred prisoners were working on these at one time. Others made bead bags, and many ladies told me the workmanship was finer than the bags they bought in Paris. Henry Brock of Philadelphia established a shop in the center of the city to sell these articles—without infringing the law. The prisoners, of course, got every cent of the money they earned.

To be sure, it did not seem fair that convicts in the prison shops should earn less than convicts who did individual work. On the other hand, after we had taught men a trade in the shops, it would have been equally unfair to transfer their activities elsewhere; and, in any case, the prison workshops afforded employment for less than three hundred men. The new penitentiary is designed with modern workshops that will give employment to all the prisoners, which is the only fair arrangement, and some day prisoners are going to be paid fair wages for the work they do in these shops for the state.

What the Eastern Penitentiary inmates needed at the moment, however, was work, regardless of the amounts of money involved. And at last every man physically fit and not under confinement had some sort of work to do. He also had two hours' exercise daily in the open air. The drug addicts were cured. The twenty-four or twenty-five cases of tuberculosis which had existed were cured too; and not a case of tuberculosis was to be found among all those prisoners, despite the cramped space and congested conditions.

The ideal prison is one in which every inmate has his own cell. The cell is properly lighted, ventilated and heated, and it contains a decent bed. The prisoner has warm clothing, wholesome, plain food, seven hours' work a day for adequate wages, and at least two hours a day of exercise outdoors. If he has no trade, he is taught one. Physically and mentally, he is exercised; physically and mentally, he is a better man than when he went in, and if he has a grain of sense he works at his trade and stays out.

Reflection will prove that to impose work upon a prisoner without pay as a penalty is not only to inspire him to loaf upon the job but also to give him an added distaste for honest labor. Such a system enslaves instead of helping toward social reconstruction. Granting the prisoner a fair wage for a fair day's work is helping him to discover that steady employment has its advantages.

If, in spite of every effort, the Eastern Penitentiary still remained far from ideal, it was not for lack of theorists who from time to time endeavored to make it a more charming spot. A body of reformers petitioned the governor and the Department of Welfare to put all life prisoners together into a dormitory, instead of locking them in cells, so that they would not be lonely at night.

"Putting lifers," I said, "into a dormitory is the height of cruelty. Do you realize that a man sentenced to prison for the rest of his life and put in a dormitory would not have one single minute to himself as long as he lives, not a moment of privacy for the rest of his life? The dormitory would be like an insane asylum in a year."

We did not need a dormitory, but we did need facilities for recreation. The prison library provided recreation of a sort, but to provide physical exercise in our limited outdoor space required considerable planning. Still, the men contrived to play baseball, football and basketball of a sort. And later we had boxing matches. Sometimes rather impromptu matches.

In the old days two convicts would get into a fight, and one or both having probably armed themselves with knives which they had stolen from the shoeshop, they had many cases of serious cutting. These men were separated by the guards and, after being treated at the hospital, were put in solitary confinement. One day Green, around whom shimmered the legend that he was a dangerous man, punched White, who returned the punch; things were going merrily until the guard appeared. To send the men to solitary would stop the fight but not decide it. My deputy, Smith, an athlete, suggested we get a set of boxing gloves and let the men have it out. The men were pretty evenly matched in size.

Taming a Dangerous Man

This we did, allowing the other inmates to look on. With guards as referees, the two belligerents went at each other like tigers, incidentally getting splendid exercise, and after a while Green signified that he'd had enough. "You began it," the referee decided. "Stay with it." He stayed to the extent of a sound walloping, and when the two were made to shake hands, they had worked off their grouch and buried Green's reputation as a dangerous man. After this any pair with a bone to pick were permitted to send their names to the warden's office with a statement of the grievance, and if the pair were equally matched, we let them box it out at the center or in the yard. In one year, while The Four Horsemen and gangdom held sway, there had been three fatal brawls and sixty or more stabbing affrays. Now, though discipline was strict and the workshop employes still handled tools which could be used as weapons, there had not been a cutting affair up to the time I left. They quite evidently preferred to put on the gloves.

Boxing matches—both for settling disputes and wholly for sport—became a regular part of our recreation program, to the delight of the inmates and the shock of one of the grand juries. It was the same grand jury which objected to solitary confinement and wanted the deputy dismissed for brutality. They based their charge of brutality on the statement of a prisoner in solitary that boxing was used as a means of punishment, a convict in disfavor being matched against a stronger man and forced to fight. The truth was that the men were very carefully matched for weight, height and skill, while the other inmates, together with the guards, were present to see that fair play prevailed.

Some of the men were professional or semiprofessional pugilists in normal life. Some, on the other hand, were clever artists. One inmate, a university graduate, drew the plans for the new cell block which the other inmates built. In fact, we had all types of men except the criminal class.

This does not exist. Environment may have something to do with starting a man toward crime; slums, for example, are bad. Heredity may or may not have something to do with it. But the criminal comes from all types and all classes. At the penitentiary we had murderers from the gutter and from the bank official's office. Yet there is this to be said for a murderer—unless he be an out-and-out gunman, he is the least dangerous to society at large of all the criminals. In a way, he is the least criminally minded. Except for the paid gunman, whom we are steadily producing, murder—unlike safe-cracking—is not a profession. Having done away with his enemy, the ordinary killer is not likely ever to murder again, because it is improbable that ever again will the same set of circumstances exist for him. The professional killer, of course, is in another category.

I can call to mind no class of society or kind of felon of which we did not have an example at the Eastern Penitentiary. And Lord, the flocks of sociologists we had studying them! Heredity ——

"Even if you prove heredity responsible, which you cannot," I used to say, "what are you going to do about it? Prove that this felon's father was a thief and his mother a prostitute; prove his grandparents were the same, and his great-grandparents. All right. This felon has three healthy intelligent children between the ages of six and nine. Even if you know they are going to be thieves and prostitutes, can you imprison them for the rest of their lives? And how can you tell, if heredity counts for so much, that some dim, ministerial ancestor won't upset the apple cart and direct them into the right path after all? What's the good of these careful tables of statistics?"

"Oh," they'd answer, "it adds to the sum total of knowledge. It's information."

I never could find out just what good their prowlings did.

The Youthful Criminal

But I found out from observation that in the United States we are yearly and by the thousand developing a new kind of lawbreaker—the young person of from sixteen to twenty-one years whose first offense is not a misdemeanor but a felony. The most appalling thing about American crime is not the prevalence of crime but the youthfulness of the criminal. When I became warden in 1923 the average age of the sixteen hundred convicts under my charge was forty-one. When I left, only five years later, the average age was thirty-one. In 1927, for example, we had one hundred and ten prisoners less than twenty-one years old; eighty under nineteen; and one, a murderer, of fifteen. The Eastern Penitentiary is a state prison, where offenders are sent for crimes of a serious nature. Many of those young people were serving life sentences. Nor was the Eastern Penitentiary unique in respect to these conditions. The average age of criminals in American penal institutions is still dropping.

People, it will be remembered, at first attributed our recent crime waves to the aftermath of World War influence. This theory explodes when you recall that at the end of the World War our young criminal of today was less than ten years old.

It is not a change in human nature which makes crime in America an everyday occurrence. It is the change in methods of transportation. We had no crime waves until recently, because until comparatively recently people traveled by horse. Home influence, of which there is less now, may formerly have counted somewhat on the side of right. Simpler standards of living counted a good deal. The difficulty of a quick get-away counted most. Slow horses rather than high ethics stood between the potential criminal and his crime.

Too Much Speed and Luxury

Today we have more motor cars than two or three other nations put together. We have prohibition, which entails bootlegging, with all the lawlessness directly and indirectly connected with it. We have police forces shot to pieces by bootlegger bribes. In short, we have the makings of as many crime waves as you please.

Another vicious influence within the sphere of penology—an influence which works after the offender has been captured—is the indeterminate sentence, beloved of reformers. The longest sentence for second-degree murder in Pennsylvania is twenty years. Under the indeterminate sentence, when the murderer serves ten years he becomes eligible for parole, and the board which acts upon his eligibility is forbidden to take into consideration his past record. I am opposed also to the establishment of permanent, paid state pardon boards, the inauguration of which has been suggested for my own state. The chances of favoritism or negligence are too great.

Whatever the sentences they were serving, whatever their chance of escaping proper punishment or obtaining a just pardon, and whatever causes brought them there, we had too many young people at the Eastern Penitentiary. They constituted both a new kind of criminal and a new kind of prisoner. Guards are beginning to talk of the good old days when the old-fashioned felon took a prison sentence more or less in his stride, obeyed orders as a rule, and usually showed himself amenable to prison discipline. The new young criminal is often a Bolshevik prisoner; a gunman looking for trouble, and as willing to murder a humane guard as not.

Together with all kinds and conditions of criminals, the Eastern Penitentiary contained nearly all kinds and conditions of musical talent. Among those sixteen hundred men were so many musicians and singers of genuine ability that the orchestra and band concerts at the center were broadcast over the radio. One of the soloists possessed a glorious barytone. He could wring sobs from a fish with his Mother Machree.

After his radio première, I received a letter from a woman interested in philanthropic work. She wrote that no man who sang with such exquisite feeling could be really bad at heart, and requested my aid in a campaign for his pardon. As a reply, I mailed a copy of the man's record, which included two convictions for assault on girls under fifteen years of age. The campaign for a pardon abruptly closed. But the letter indicates once again a truth about which I have seldom been able to convince theorists—you cannot run a prison successfully from the outside.

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EDISON MAZDA LAMPS

GENERAL ELECTRIC

A MAN WITH JUDGMENT

(Continued from Page 9)

"How's he lost a week's time with nothin' but a concussion?"

"Well, he wasn't hurt at all, but they wouldn't let him fly. He's back at work now."

"I see that by the report," remarked McClusky through his set teeth. "Why ain't he been signed up? Waitin' for suit to be filed?"

"No," said the manager, squirming in his chair, "but this lad is some kind of special pilot, and he's always off to Montreal or Havana or Tia Juana, and I never can get him. He's single, and willing to settle, I guess, for a couple of hundred."

"Sure. But how much are you willing to settle for?"

"Well, how much would you say, Mr. McClusky?" asked the manager slyly.

"Forty dollars an' medical! He's had a week's vacation hangin' around the speakeasies, an' there's no reason we should pay for it! He had no business gettin' in front of the assured's car anyway! Forty dollars is too much! Start him at thirty. . . . Whaddyuh want, sister?"

A young girl, evidently a stenographer, had timidly entered the office.

"Telegram for you, sir," she said. McClusky took the yellow envelope and tore it open with a pudgy forefinger.

"Huh!" he grunted. "Mullin Manufacturing versus Eagle Mutual. Case comes on tomorrow. Suit for disclaimer on a side-track case when we didn't cover no side track! Man, I gotta be there, an' I gotta read that folder before tomorrow! I'm the guy that disclaimed! . . . When's the next train for Boston?"

"The 3:08's gone from West Philly," said the manager. "Nothing else before 10:59."

"Too late!" cried McClusky. "I gotta be home tonight! Can I make a train to New York an' change there? Where's your schedules?"

"Why don't you fly back?" asked the stenographer.

"Fly back?"

"Sure," agreed the manager, mentally promising the sender of the telegram the finest dinner of his or her life. "There's a mail plane from Newark at five, gets to Boston at seven. That'll give you the evening free."

"Naw," said McClusky, relighting his cigar. "I ain't never been up. I'm too old for that stuff. From a horse car to an airplane is too big a jump in a man's short life. Anyway, it costs too much. Air travel comes high!" He laughed heartily at his own joke.

"It's the trend of the times," urged the manager. "You're not too old to keep up with the wheels of progress, are you? Now listen"—as McClusky was about to leap into vigorous retort. "If you fly home you'll be there in time to review this case that comes on tomorrow, and take in a movie too."

"Yeh," growled McClusky, "but it ain't worth the price of a plane from here to Boston."

"Well, you'll have to hang around the station until eleven o'clock tonight then."

McClusky's teeth suddenly bit into the cigar and his eye gleamed.

"There's no solution comes to your mind?" he asked suddenly. "No?"—as the manager shook his head. "Well, it wouldn't! But let me show you now how a real claim man's mind works! I'll fly to Boston. And to pay the expense, so that the meanest yoik in the treasurer's department can't even look at me cross-eyed, I'll settle this aviator case. I can save enough on the difference between what I'd pay and what you'd pay to make it a saving for the company for me to fly."

"Well, of course," agreed the manager, "with your greater experience ——"

"An' judgment," interrupted McClusky. "Judgment's the thing. Experience ain't got nothin' to do with it."

"Well, first," said the manager, "we'll see if we can get you a plane; and if we can, if this bird we've got the case with can fly it." Then, reaching for the telephone, he called the airport.

McClusky, a half hour later, entered the airport gate and looked around. There were two or three planes warming up in front of the hangars, a number of idle spectators, and a wide stretch of field. He felt a slight wave of uncertainty, and spoke to himself to remove that feeling:

"Huh! Special kind of flyer, is he? Well, they got hold of him easy enough today. He wasn't off to Montreal nor Timbuktu nor Peoria nor nowhere else when I wanted to find him! Boy, what it takes to settle claims, I got a chronic case of!" This self-praise did not seem to have its usual effect. McClusky swallowed once or twice. The blue sky seemed so deep and so very, very high.

A man in white appeared.

"Are you Mr. McClusky?" He smiled. "Your ship is waiting."

He took McClusky's bag and led the silent chief adjuster across the field to where a red plane waited. Beside the plane stood a young man in a gray topcoat and soft hat.

"Get in," said the man in the soft hat cheerily.

McClusky complied, and the young man followed.

"Hey! Are you going too?" demanded McClusky. "Why, I understood no one was in this plane but me! I chartered it alone!"

"I'm the pilot," smiled the man in the soft hat.

"The pilot! In them clothes?"

"Sure." He went forward and seated himself in the cockpit. "Would you like to ride up here?" he asked.

McClusky looked. Forward, and up a step, was a narrow seat beside the pilot's. It had glass above and at the sides, but still it looked too much in the open. And then, two men up there might overbalance the plane so that it couldn't rise.

"No, thanks," said McClusky, settling himself firmly in one of the cabin chairs.

"Come on! You'll be all alone back there! Come up here where we can talk!"

Talk! H'm! He had forgotten that! Yes, he would have to talk with this man if he was going to settle his claim. Well, why not? One seat was like another. He got up, and pulling his way up the incline to the cockpit, inserted himself in the narrow right-hand seat as a foot inserts itself into a shoe. He coughed nervously and took a firm grip of a bar that ran behind him.

This was not as he had expected. The pilot did not wear goggles and a fuzzy suit, but clothes such as any man might wear on the street. The cockpit of the airplane did not look as he had thought it might, but like the front seat of any automobile. There was no "stick" there; there was a wheel. There were a few dials and a cup to hold cigarette ashes.

The motor roared. McClusky shivered. The plane began to bump along the ground. He closed his eyes and tightened his grip upon the bar. He remembered when he had ridden scenic railways as a child, and later as a young man. The worst part was the long climb to the top. Going up would be hardest.

"If I ever get outta this ——" he thought.

The plane continued to bump. "Ah," thought McClusky, "that's what I read somewhere. It feels like ridin' in a car with a flat tire. We must be up now."

He opened his eyes. Before him was a green wire fence, grass, houses, and the placid pilot lighting a cigarette from a patent lighter.

"Still on the ground?" gasped McClusky.

"Yeh. We're going up now, though."

Again the motor roared and the bumping journey began again. McClusky felt his back pressing tighter and tighter against the seat. Going up. He could see nothing but the motor, the vibrating propeller like the spokes of a rapidly moving wheel, and the sky beyond. His heart beat violently. They were off the ground now, all right. It was the scenic railway again, and the long slow climb to the top, whence there would be a soul-sickening descent. Oh, man! The plane suddenly became motionless. They were up. But why didn't they go on? The plane seemed to hover, suspended above one place. The pilot was probably trying it. But suppose he fell back down the hill? Something was wrong here! The pilot took both hands off the wheel, holding them outstretched a little above it, as a man does in an automobile to see if his steering gear has too much play. The ship still hung in air like a hawk. McClusky gave vent to a prolonged howl. If the thing did not move forward, it must tumble backward to hideous ruin on the ground below. He howled again.

"What did you say, sir?" asked the pilot, bending over.

"Why aren't you moving?" shrieked McClusky, above the roar of the engine.

"We're doing a hundred and ten miles an hour!" smiled the pilot. "Want to go faster?"

"No! No! That's fast enough! No! No! Don't go any faster!"

McClusky turned about dazedly and looked out the cabin window behind him. Ah! That was better! Yes, they moved, but not overfast, it seemed to him. Beneath him he could see the landscape slowly unfolding, at about the speed one would expect it to unroll before a man on a bicycle. A block of houses approached slowly, passed beneath them, and then behind. A green field unrolled, slowly and majestically, and then a turnpike on which the cars seemed to move faster than the plane.

Through the cabin window he had no sense of flight or of motion. It seemed that the earth traveled smoothly and steadily along below them, as though on rollers. But forward! Ah, there was the rub! He felt the beat of the engine, he could see the cylinders vibrating and the silver glitter of the propeller, but beyond there was nothing but sky. He felt again the sensation of hanging motionless in air, and the awful presentiment that the next second he was going to fall forward into space.

"Are you trying to catch the Boston plane?" shouted the pilot in McClusky's ear.

"Yeh!"

"We'll make it all right. There's a wind behind that's helping us a lot."

Silence.

"That's Princeton you see ahead of us," said the pilot, pointing. "You'll see the college buildings in a minute. You see that stretch of water? That's where they have the boat races. Those are exciting. I went to one last year. Took a passenger up. They've got some kind of flying school at Princeton, seems to me. Nice thing for a young fellow to learn at college. Now! You can see the college buildings. There's the railroad—the Pennsy. You see, we've been following a straight line, but the railroad curves, you see, and crosses the river higher up."

The plane gave a jerk, as when a boat hits a wave. The seat for a half second seemed to be removed from beneath McClusky. Even as his nerves registered its removal, it was back again.

"Hey!" shouted McClusky. "Never mind the railroad! Pay attention to what you're doing!"

"Oh, that's nothing," smiled the pilot. "We're traveling so fast that the plane jumps a little. It's the wind. It piles air up in front of it in little heaps, and when we hit a heap of air she bumps like that a little. It's nothing; you ought to travel in a storm!"

"I never will!" declared McClusky fervently.

"Now out there," went on the pilot, pointing, "you'll see New York Bay pretty soon. We've been up fifteen minutes and we're halfway already. Now you watch, right over those red houses!"

He leaned over the better to indicate the direction.

"Never mind!" shrieked McClusky. "Keep both hands on that wheel!"

The pilot grinned, one arm thrown negligently over the wheel, and looked at the man beside him. McClusky's face was set, his eyes riveted directly ahead, his hands clenched tightly about the seat supports.

"You can take your eye off the road," yelled the pilot in McClusky's ear. "There's no traffic up here to run into you!"

McClusky made no reply. He had discovered that there was a wheel in front of him that was similar to the one the pilot held so lightly. This wheel at times pressed against McClusky. At other times he realized that it turned. From then on he inhaled his rather prominent abdomen. If the pilot had to do something in a hurry and McClusky's stomach was in the way ——

"We'll be there pretty quick now!" yelled the pilot.

"Hey? Pretty quick?" But the release! The case! The injury! In his distress, McClusky had forgotten why he was in this plane at all. To work!

"Hey, you," he began, trying to control the trembling of his voice, "is your name Warner?"

"Sure! Why, I thought you asked for me particularly."

"Yeh, I did. Say, were you in an accident about a month ago?"

"Yes."

"Well, the man that drove the car was a friend of mine. He wanted me to see if he couldn't take care of your doctor bill or something. He asked me to do it for him. That's why I asked for you—so we could straighten this out."

The pilot nodded in understanding. McClusky began to realize that this was going to be more difficult than he expected. He had to lean over and shout into the pilot's ear, and then the pilot had to lean over and shout the reply into his. This prevented flights of eloquence and any flow of effective sew-'em-up claim talk. It reduced conversation to essentials.

"Were you hurt bad?" asked McClusky.

"No."

"Lose much time?"

"Yes, some. They wouldn't let me fly, you know. Thought it might have upset me. We got to be careful carrying passengers, you know. Mustn't take any chances."

"Have a doctor's bill?"

"Yes, three visits."

"How much was it?"

"Fifteen dollars."

"Listen!" yelled McClusky, forgetting his terror for the instant. "My friend said to give you up to twenty-five dollars. Well, that will pay your bill and leave you something to have a drink on. I'll give it to you and you give me a receipt for it, and I won't bother you any more!"

The plane roared on above green fields, black roads with buglike objects thereon, over a marsh, and then above a toy village. Beyond, far away on the horizon, appeared a dirty haze of brown.

"New York!" shouted the pilot, pointing.

"Yeh, I see," replied McClusky, "but did you hear what I said before?"

"No. What about?"

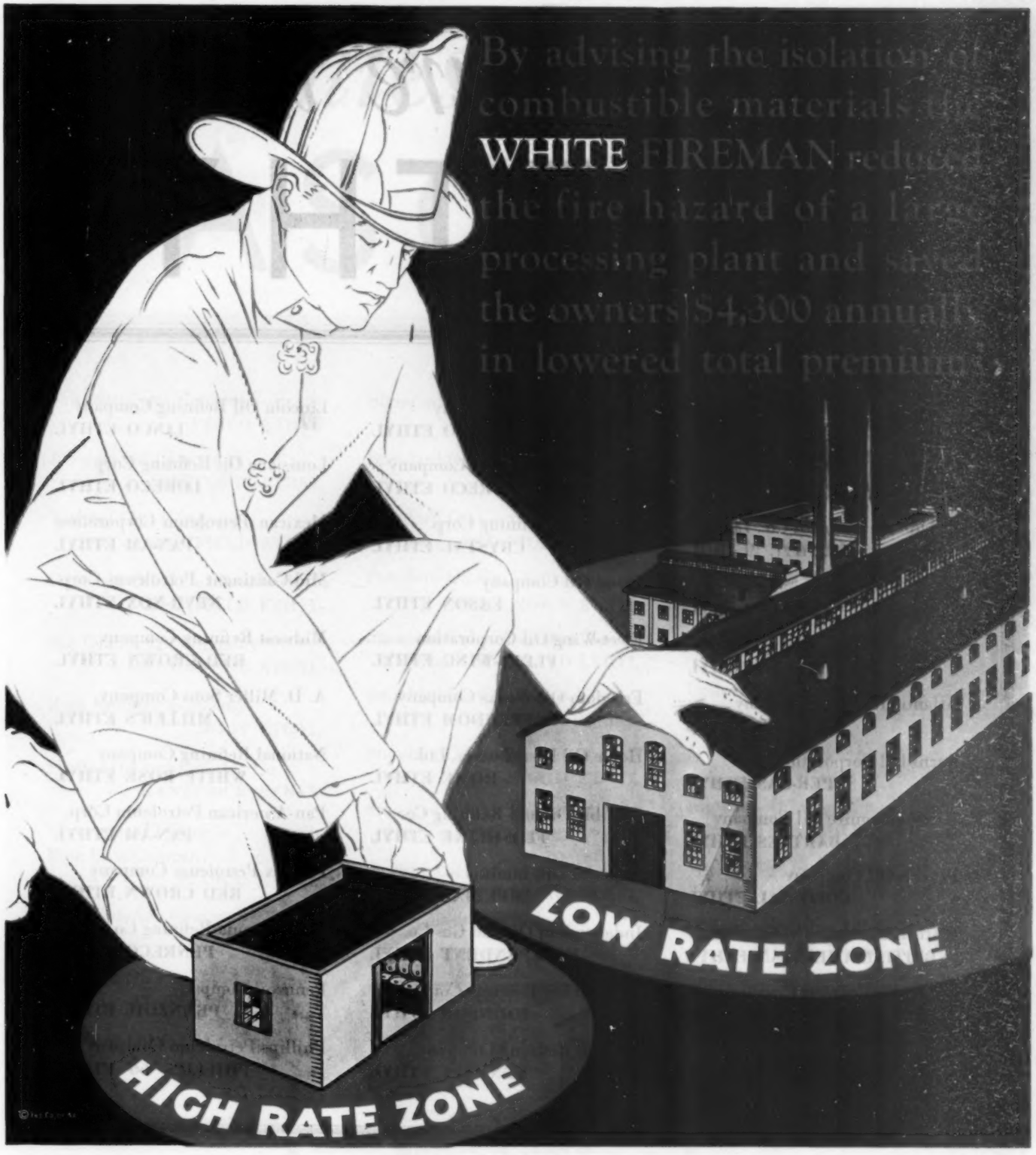
"About twenty-five dollars."

"Yes, I heard it. But I know a better joke than that. Listen. There was a Scotchman, an Englishman, and an Irishman ——"

"That wasn't a joke!" yelled McClusky. "I meant it. I'll give you twenty-five dollars!"

"I don't want it!"

(Continued on Page 109)



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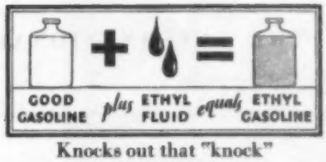

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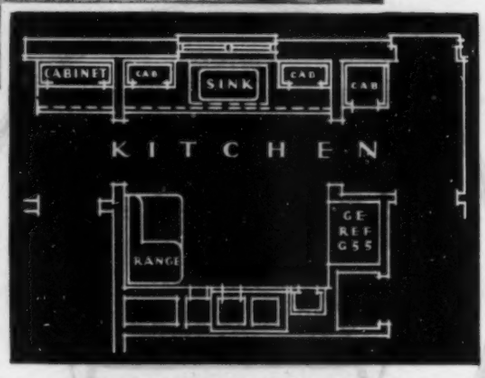

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(Continued from Page 104)

The obvious question now, and one that the average boob claim man would have asked, thought McClusky, was: "How much do you want?" But he, McClusky, was not a boob claim man. The motor roared and the ship bumped into air waves, but he would not ask that fatal question yet.

"You don't? No hard feelings at all, huh? Well, that's a gentleman!" shouted McClusky, with what he hoped was a hearty voice, but which had a little too much tremolo to be convincing. "But I'll have to have something to show my friend that I offered it to you. Listen. I got a little form here. Will yuh sign a little form?"

"Tell your friend to go see my lawyer!"

"Lawyer?" shouted McClusky. "Why, you don't need no lawyer. He'll take all your money. My friend ain't antagonistic; he wants to do right by you. Whaddyuh want a lawyer for? They don't work for nothin', those birds. Never heard of a lawyer dyin' in the poorhouse, did yuh? What can he get yuh, anyway? You wasn't hurt; you didn't lose no time; you're a strong young feller with no dependents, you don't need no attorney. You see, you don't understand these things."

"That's why I got a lawyer!" shouted the pilot.

McClusky removed his mouth from the other's ear and withdrew into the compass of his small seat, from which he looked at his companion with hurt surprise and something of reproof.

"There was nothing in the file about this lawyer," began McClusky, leaning forward again. "He hadn't written us no letter, so that leaves me and you able to talk yet."

"Got a file?" grinned the other. "Your friend must be a real business man."

"Sure he's got a file!" replied McClusky in some confusion. "Ain't he got to keep track of this thing? It worries him. All he can think of is this poor young feller that he owes a doctor bill to. He wants to pay it. He don't like to have debts, you see. If he owes money, it keeps him awake nights."

"Yeh?" The pilot leaned farther from his seat toward McClusky. "I don't want to keep anyone awake nights. You tell your friend that if he wants to give me five hundred dollars, I'll call it square."

"Hey? Five hundred dollars? Did I hear you say five hundred dollars? Dollars? Five hundred?"

The pilot nodded.

"What put that idea into your head?"

"Don't let's talk about it any more! I'm getting hoarse!" yelled the pilot. . . . "See those oil tanks ahead of us? Look right over the top of them, through the haze there. You'll see a New York skyscraper. In a couple of minutes you'll see a lot of them."

He lighted a cigarette, and leaning back in his seat, wiggled himself into a comfortable position. McClusky leaned back in his, inhaling his abdomen to keep it away from the wheel in front of it, and regarded the pilot's profile with displeasure. He looked forward over the ridiculously short engine, at the ground so far, far below, and at the distant pinnacles of New York. It seemed to him that those pinnacles leaned slowly backward, and then sank gradually from sight. The back of the seat pressed against his shoulders. Hey! Were they going up some more?

"I thought we were almost there!" yelled McClusky.

"We are!"

"H'm," thought McClusky, "I'll get this bird on the ground and talk to him. He's up in the air now, in every sense of the word. But I'll bring him down! Huh! I've brought down higher flyers than him in my day!"

He looked idly at the clock before him. Three-fifty-five! And the Boston plane, with which he hoped to connect, left at four! There would be no time for discussion of this on the ground! And yet he did not feel like pressing the matter here. He did not seem to have his old pep and assurance. It was one thing to meet signing resistance in an attorney's office, with one's feet solidly on a soft rug and one's jaws set on a good cigar, and another thing to meet it here, with one's feet on nothing, and a growing feeling of uneasiness and apprehension in the abdominal region. But forward! Never say die! The man who attacks half-heartedly is already licked.

"Listen," he began, stretching over to the pilot's ear; "you're a good lad, and I like you ——"

"Just a minute," replied the pilot. "Lean back a bit, will you? I think I'm running out of gas."

McClusky leaned back, and the pilot, stretching across him, peeked very soberly out of the window. McClusky also peeked. There was a great wing there, painted red and black like the underside of a ship, and beneath this wing, close to the ship's side, was a little gauge like an eye. This gauge said: "Empty."

"Wow!" shouted McClusky, and rose as though to leave the ship at once.

"Sit down!" yelled the pilot. "Where do you think you're going?"

McClusky sat down hastily. He had felt the ship rock beneath his feet as does a canoe. He realised now that he had had that sensation all the time, and that he had been balancing himself in his seat throughout the trip as does one in a frail craft in rough water.

"The tank's empty!" choked McClusky.

"There's another full one on the other wing!" smiled the pilot. He reached between the seats and turned a valve.

"You ain't kidding me, are you?" demanded McClusky hoarsely. "You really got more gas?" His heart sank. Had he not noticed a few minutes back that the plane had seemed to be rising? The pilot had been trying to get altitude. McClusky knew from the newspapers that that was the first sign of danger; that the minute anything happened, the pilot tried to get higher instead of lower.

"Sure, got lots of gas," replied the pilot, rubbing out his cigarette butt into an ash receiver. "Got a whole tank in the left wing."

"Take me down!" yelled McClusky. "I gotta catch a plane for Boston!"

"We can't go down until we get to the airport," replied the pilot. "Don't want me to land you in the freight yard, do you?"

"I don't care where you land me," replied McClusky, "only do it quick. I got to catch the Boston plane."

The pilot peered from his window.

"Hah!" said he. "I guess you don't need to hurry. The Boston plane has gone."

"It can't have! Why, they said it left at four o'clock! It's just four now!"

"That clock's slow!" grinned the pilot. "Well, now we can talk a little more about my five hundred dollars."

"No, we can't," howled McClusky. "I wanna go down, anyway."

"I'm afraid I can't. There's a plane hopping off. I've got to wait until he's in the air. Let's go out over the bay. We'll be nice and quiet there."

McClusky cast a despairing look to his right, where a great expanse of blue glittered, fading miles and miles and miles away into nothing. Think of a man turning himself loose over that to try to reach land on the other side! He shuddered.

"Come on," urged the pilot; "let's talk over this accident while we've got a minute."

"I don't want to!" objected McClusky. "You don't know anything about claim values. Five hundred dollars for getting brushed by an auto! You're crazy! You don't know what you're talking about!"

The pilot removed his hat, and brushing his hair with one hand, leaned close to his passenger.

"Mr. McClusky," said he, "did you ever see me before?"

"No!" replied McClusky vehemently, as if to add, "Nor I don't ever want to again!"

"Well, you fired me in 1917, and that's the reason I enlisted and have a pilot's job today!"

"I don't remember you!"

"You wouldn't," smiled the pilot; "you fire so many!"

The plane hit another air wave, and the resultant little drop into nothing for the space of half a second seemed to tear McClusky's heart from its fastenings. He felt, suddenly, on the defensive. Did this man harbor him any ill will? It was true, he had in his day separated a great many men from their employment as adjusters of personal-injury claims, and this separation had in nearly every case been accompanied with verbal violence and insult.

"So you see," went on the pilot, "that I know something about claims. And this claim of mine is worth five hundred dollars!"

"What makes you think so?" barked McClusky.

The plane dipped and McClusky clutched his seat madly.

"Come over the bay and I'll tell you!" replied the pilot.

"No, no! Take me down! T' hell with the bay and you and the claim! Lemme out of this thing!"

"Then you agree with me that it's worth that amount?"

"Yes," yelled the tortured McClusky, "it's worth that amount!" Mentally he added: "But that ain't no sign you're gonna get it!"

Below them now was a river, ships, and to the left, an airport, black with its cinder covering, its gloomy-looking hangars looming rapidly nearer.

The pilot leaned over and looked McClusky in the eye.

"Well, then, you take out that little form you spoke of and fill it in for five hundred dollars, and I'll sign it. Then we'll go down!"

"Never mind lookin' at me!" yelled McClusky. "Watch what you're doin'! You'll have us through one o' them barns in a minute!"

The motor roared louder, and the nose of the plane again pointed upward. McClusky groaned and took the release form from his pocket. It was all filled in, save for the amount. He groaned again as he thought of how he had hesitated to put twenty-five dollars down, for fear he might be able to settle it for fifteen.

"Go back in the cabin, if you don't mind," yelled the pilot, "and fill it out! I can't land with you in the seat beside me, anyway. Somebody might make a lot of talk about it. Passengers aren't supposed to ride there."

"You can't sign this up in the air!" protested McClusky. "You shouldn't take your hands off the wheel!"

"You wouldn't have cared about my hands if I'd signed it for twenty-five!" replied the pilot.

McClusky smothered a terrible word. He got up, teetering, and scrambled back into the cabin. It seemed that the ship rocked with his weight.

"Careful!" he protested. "Watch what you're doing!" Groaning in spirit and in fact, he filled in "Five hundred dollars" on the release form, with much the same feeling with which he would have written his own death warrant. Then he passed it to the pilot.

Suddenly, with almost no warning, they were down. The roaring of the motor died; there was a swift, gliding sensation, bumping, and they had stopped. McClusky looked stupidly out the window. There was gravel there, not three feet from him. He got to his feet, opened the door and got down to the ground. The good old ground, solid and firm beneath his feet!

A man came hurrying toward them from the hangars.

"Are you Mr. McClusky?" he asked. "They phoned from Philadelphia about you. We held the Boston plane five minutes, but we couldn't hold it any longer. It's gone. I'm awfully sorry!"

"I'm not," said McClusky earnestly.

The pilot descended in his turn from the cabin.

"Hello, Joe," he greeted. "Say, just give a look here, will you? I've just signed this

(Continued on Page 112)

Snaps Up the FLAVOR

HERE'S how to make drinks served at home taste better than ever before. Simply serve them with Stone's Sanitary Straws. These dainty, golden-tinted straws make the best drink taste better and look better, too. That is why they are used by discriminating hostesses throughout the world.

Get a 10-cent Home Package of Stone's Straws at your druggist's or delicatessen store. Serve them with drinks on all occasions. And remember: children who "turn up their noses" at milk, drink it readily when served with a straw.

To be sure of the genuine, always ask for *Stone's* Straws by name. If your dealer cannot supply you, send us his name and 10c and we will send you a package postpaid. Stone Straw Corp., Washington, D. C.

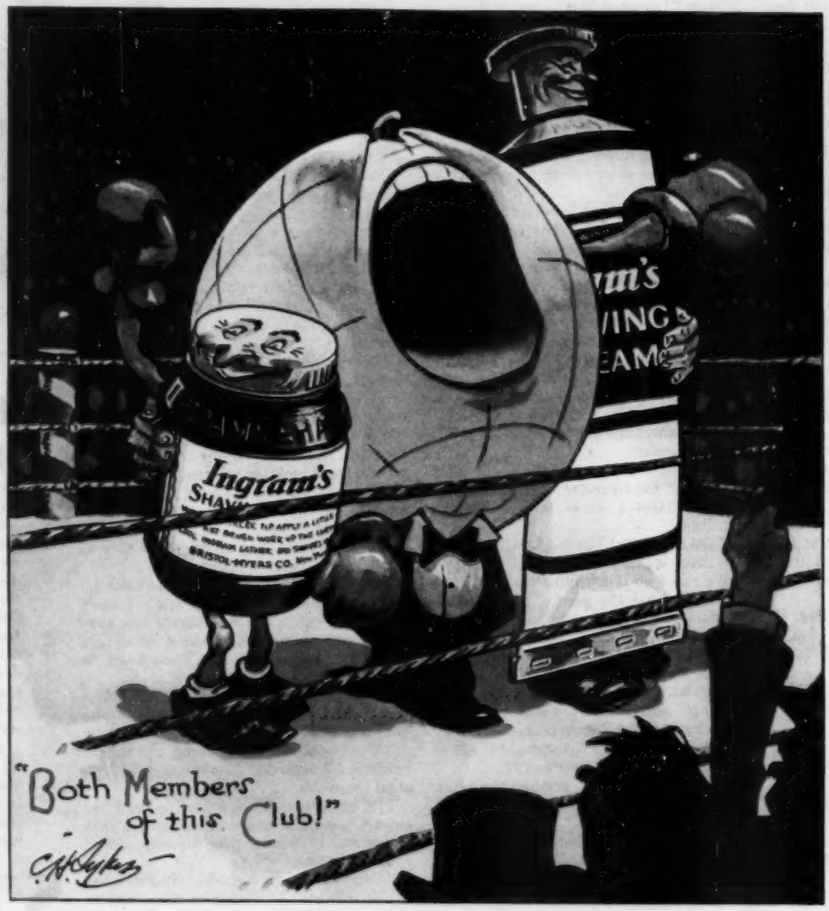
STONE'S Sanitary STRAWS

It's a Contest now between the Ingram Jar *and* Tube!

"I warn you to bet on the jar," says Lee H. Bristol, Advertising Director

"The little jar that started Ingram's Shaving Cream on the road to fame and popularity may be no beauty, but the point is that a million grateful men are used to it. They associate it with the coolest shaves a man ever had! The jar has its advantages besides; I count on it to outsell the new tube by a good percentage!"

Lee H. Bristol



"My tip is that the tube is coming strong," says E. A. Means, General Sales Manager

"I've been working for a long time to see Ingram's presented in a modern tube! Even with the old blue jar, it climbed to fifth place among all shaving creams. That's a striking testimonial to a shaving cream so cool it's revolutionary! Don't underestimate the new tube—it's going over big!"

Earl A. Means

OUR contest is a sporting one. No tricks, no slogans, no red tape! It's as simple and easy to enter as A-B-C.

Yet it's a practical test of how well you can size up a business situation! Here's the proposition!

Shortly before January 1st Ingram's Shaving Cream made its appearance in a new tube. Of course it's the same cool shaving cream that was introduced, five years ago, in the famous blue jar. And the new tube sells for the same price.

We want your opinion of how well the new tube will sell this year. If you make a prize-winning prediction, this contest will mean the easiest money you've ever earned!

Here's the History of Ingram's to Date

For four years, with very little advertising, Ingram's has climbed steadily. It was the pioneer *cool* shaving cream. Originally placed on the market in the little blue jar, it was a success from the first!

For Ingram's is the silky, velvety cream that brings a new, stingless delight to the faces of shaving men everywhere. It has three special cooling and soothing ingredients that tighten and tone the skin *while you shave.*

The minute you lather up with Ingram's, you'll know it's unique. It's a shaving cream, a lotion and a skin tonic all in one! With it you can shave closer. And above all, without those fiery little pin-pricks that most men bemoan!

Men like Ingram's so well that today it ranks as one of the largest-selling shaving creams in the world! Here are its sales for the last four years:

1926	751,392 Jars
1927	1,148,628 Jars
1928	1,560,828 Jars
1929 (last quarter estimated)	2,141,964 Jars

INGRAM'S

$5,000.00 in Cash Prizes

Easy, Fascinating Contest! Test your Business Judgment! Open to Everybody! 328 Chances for you to Win!

IT'S the little blue jar that built the Ingram business. Some men like the jar. But others prefer a tube. So to offer Ingram's in a form attractive to all men, we've brought out the new tube as well.

Prior to this year, Ingram's Shaving Cream was packed only in jars! But now, Ingram users have their choice of tube or jar. The difference is only in the package—the cream and the price are the same.

We don't know, ourselves, how big a success the tube will make. Your opinion is as good as ours! So here's your chance to share in $5,000.00 by predicting how well the new tube will sell its first year on the market! See the column to the right for details of the contest!

Note the sales of Ingram's in jars on the opposite page. See how they have grown. Consider the relative advantages of the tube and jar. Then write, *in 75 words or less,* how you think the new tube will "go over"—how it will sell in comparison with the famous old jar and what effect it will have upon the established sales of the jar. Predict, if you like, just how many tubes will be sold. Neatness, brevity and logic of reasoning, not your prediction, will be the factors that count in awarding the prizes.

To the 328 contestants who submit the best opinions, we'll give $5,000.00 in cash prizes as follows:

First prize	**$1,000.00**
Second prize	**$500.00**
Third prize	**$250.00**
Next 325 prizes	*each* **$10.00**

Clip the coupon in the column on the right. It will bring you a week's supply of the most cooling and bracing shaves your face has ever felt.

SHAVING CREAM

© 1930

CONDITIONS OF THE CONTEST

1. Contest closes at midnight, December 31st, 1930. Entries postmarked later will not be considered. To insure absolute fairness we have engaged Liberty Magazine to act as the judges. Their decisions will be final. Names of winners will be published as early as possible in 1931.

2. Contest is free and open to any person except employees of Bristol-Myers Co. (the makers of Ingram's) and Liberty Magazine, and their relatives. You need not buy nor subscribe to this or any other magazine, nor buy or use Ingram's Shaving Cream, to compete.

3. You may submit as many opinions as you wish during the period of the contest. Submit each opinion on a separate single sheet of paper, legibly written or typed on one side only, your name and address at top.

4. If two or more contestants submit opinions of equal merit, the full amount of the prize will be awarded to each.

5. Address Contest entries to Ingram's Shaving Cream, Box 233, General Post Office, New York, N.Y. Contestants agree that entries become the property of Bristol-Myers Co. and may be used by them, in whole or in part, for advertising or other purposes. Entries cannot be returned, nor can Bristol-Myers Co. or the judges engage in correspondence about the contest.

If you'd like to try Ingram's, you can get either the tube or the jar from your druggist. Or we'll send you a week's supply of COOL Ingram shaves free on receipt of the coupon below.

But whether you use Ingram's or not, the important point is for you to enter the contest! Don't delay! Submit your answer today!

INGRAM'S SHAVING CREAM,
Box 233, General Post Office, New York, N. Y.
I'd like to try seven cool Ingram shaves.

*Name*_____

*Address*_____

*City*_____ *State*_____

Coupon has nothing to do with contest.
Use only if you want free sample.

"RED STREAKS" cut like lightning

—say hack saw users

Mechanics everywhere praise the new "Red Streak"—the blade with the red end.

ELECTRIC furnace steel from Simonds' own steel mills is the reason for the unusual toughness and wear-resistance in "Red Streak" Blades. Uniform, evenly set teeth prevent one side getting dull and making cuts drift off. They always cut straight and true!

Test "Red Streak" quality in your own shop. See how they cut faster and easier. The first few bites tell the story.

You can always depend upon the quality in "Red Streak" Hack Saw Blades. The red end, the brilliant symbol of hack saw perfection, identifies every "Red Streak" Blade. Look for it when you buy.

SIMONDS
SAW AND STEEL COMPANY
FITCHBURG, MASS.

"RED STREAKS" cut like lightning — "The Saw Makers" — Established 1832

Branch Offices and Service Shops in Principal Cities

(Continued from Page 109)

paper for the gentleman, and I'd like you to witness my signature."

"Sure," agreed the third man.

"That release ——" began McClusky sternly.

"Never mind," grinned the pilot. "You tendered it and you're bound, unless I refuse to sign it."

"I can prove coercion!" snapped McClusky.

"Yes, but you won't. There are too many guys would enjoy hearing the story! . . . There, Joe; that's fine. . . . Here's your release, Mr. McClusky. I hope you enjoyed your trip!"

"Shall I get you a taxi, sir?" asked the third man.

"No," replied McClusky, stamping the ground. "No taxi for me. I'll walk! I'd prefer to!"

He picked up his bag and stumbled rather dazedly toward the entrance. It seemed to him that it was dark and growing cold. He passed a booth, dark with grime, on which a faded sign said something about flying, three dollars for three minutes. Three dollars for three minutes! Five hundred dollars for a week! He staggered. Gee! McClusky had been stuck! Had such a thing ever been heard of?

What would the company think of him? How would he explain that item of travel expense: "Chartered plane, Philadelphia to Newark, eighty dollars"?

"You're a fool," he said to himself bitterly. He put down his bag, and reaching into his pocket, produced a small bundle of papers that appeared to be hotel bills, and on the top of which, secured by a small clip, was a sheet with the words "Flight Order" thereon. This McClusky detached and inserted in his own pocketbook.

"You'll pay for this little trip yourself," he muttered. "Maybe it'll learn you something."

Five hundred dollars! The words rang in his ears. And he had been going to settle it for fifteen! Maybe!

Well, how badly had he been stuck? A week's lost time on the part of the claimant was worth eighty dollars. There was an admitted medical expense of fifteen dollars. Then, since a kindly law allows a man liberal compensation for the suffering he undergoes, put down one hundred hard, round dollars more. Be liberal and allow one hundred and fifty. Even at that, the company had been done for two hundred and fifty more than the claim was worth.

"Oh, glue!" muttered McClusky to himself. "I'll never live this down!" He walked on a way, then halted and mused aloud once more: "But if I hadn't paid it, that bird would have kept me up there an hour or more!" He walked another step. "The son of a gun! I don't remember him from the Widow Shaley's cow!" Two more steps. "If I fired him, he deserved it!" McClusky stopped and his shoulders sagged.

"Of course," he muttered, "that mental zero in Philadelphia would never look up a plaintiff's history to see maybe was he a claim chaser himself once." He moved on once more. "There was nothin' to do but pay it. That guy would have tried to scare me and maybe cracked up the plane and killed us both. Killed us both. And how much would the company have been out then?"

Again McClusky halted in his slow progress under the whip of his own conscience, but this time his shoulders did not sag; they squared. "How much would they have been out if I'd been killed?" he demanded of the darkness in ringing tones. "Well, four thousand dollars under the Workmen's Compensation Act for an employe killed in the course of his employment, and an intangible value, unknown, for the loss of that employe's services! Uh-huh! And how! And now, Mr. Plaintiff's attorney, we'll hear you on that!"

The darkness made no reply. McClusky reached into his pocket, and bringing out his pocketbook, he opened it and transferred once more the small sheet of paper bearing the words "Flight Order" from the pocketbook to the small bundle of hotel bills held together by a clip. Then, replacing both pocketbook and bundle, he rebuttoned his coat and looked about him for a taxi.

"It takes a man with judgment to see these things," he growled with his old firmness.

SOLD OUT

(Continued from Page 15)

some anchovies, Mr. Wott?" I went home that day, and to bed, you may believe.

On the following morning I received my statement as to the shares of Tobacco that I had bought; the commission was an outrageous overcharge and I hurried down to Trout & Renard's to assert my rights. I am not small and I do not bicker over trifles, but the commission charged on this transaction was more than triple—more than triple, I assure you.

"You have always found me agreeable, Mr. Waler," I said, "and I'm willing to adjust this matter amicably, but there must be an adjustment. More than triple, Mr. Waler!"

"Please, Mr. Wott," he said, putting me off. And he continued his interview with a well-known and successful trader named Harnett.

"But I tell you, Walter," insisted Harnett, maintaining his opinion, "that there's a pool in Dufferin Teas, and I'm in the pool! It's 205 now, and it's to be washed to 215."

"A sucker's pool, Mike," said Mr. Waler. "D-Teas are in trouble, and this pool is just an inside job to unload the stock. I can tell you who's steering it—and that's Billy Durango, who has 40 per cent of the common. Didn't they try to get us into it? They sent for a lot of out-of-town firms, and when the representatives came on they stuffed them. Told them about what a wonderful business D-Teas was, and what a wizard the management was, and what wonderful profits the pool members would make. They sent the representatives back all smoked up to spread the glad news on the quiet. Mike, there's no sucker like a broker. Any time a broker tips you to a good thing and tells you he's in the pool—lay off! Real pools don't work that way; they're not passing out tips—none that are on the level."

"I understand perfectly all about that, Mr. Waler," I interposed sociably. "But on the other hand ——"

"Please, Mr. Wott," said Mr. Waler.

"Are you calling me a sucker, Walter?" said Harnett.

"Yes," said Mr. Waler.

"Watch me," said Harnett. "Watch that stock. It'll go up another 10 points, and I'll bet you a hat on it."

"All right, Mike," laughed Mr. Waler, throwing himself back in his chair. "But buy that hat for me now and put it away while you have the price, will you?"

"But surely, Mr. Waler," I argued, "Mr. Harnett ——"

He swung over to me, saying, "Just a moment, Mike. . . . Well, Mr. Wott, let's have it. I mean about that commission."

"It's right here, Mr. Waler," said I, opening Trout & Renard's own booklet. "It is stated here most explicitly that the commission on buying stock at twenty-five dollars and above, but under fifty dollars, is fifteen cents a share. But you charged me more than triple that. It's an exaction, Mr. Waler, and you compel me to say so."

"And we charged you a dollar?"

"Precisely."

"We must have a minimum charge, you know, Mr. Wott."

"Oh, I understand perfectly about all that, Mr. Waler," said I, "but not more than triple, surely. Come, now; I'm willing to compromise. Suppose we split the difference, which is seventy cents ——"

"Done," exclaimed Mr. Waler, jumping up and paying me thirty-five cents out of his own pocket.

Mr. Harnett's manner had impressed me; he seemed to be a knowing sort. And I had Mr. Waler's own frank confession that a tip from a broker was worse than worthless. I retired into the managers' private room, closed the door to signify that I was not to be disturbed, and sat down to some close and accurate calculations.

Combining the profits from my several successful investments with my original capital, I had a matter of more than five hundred dollars. On a twenty-point margin—that usually required by Trout & Renard—I could swing a line of twenty-five shares of Dufferin Teas. It was dangerous, I knew; if the pool managers became aware of my purchase, they might halt the advance to shake me out, as it would be their idea to cause the public to buy on the decline and not on the way up. I had heard the methods of these pool chaps fully expounded in my days in Trout & Renard's. They themselves would buy to the top and would then begin to unload; and the public, imbued with confidence, watching the stock, would hurry to buy on the recessions, looking for another move upward. Their purchases would lift the stock and the operators would unload again, sending it under its previous low, when the process would be repeated by a species of hypnotism—a most engaging operation, you may believe. And there is this to be said about a pool—it must unload slowly.

Knowing that there was a pool in the stock, I would watch it cleverly, going up with it, but always prepared to get out if it began to fall away.

My mind made up, I went out to a customers' man named Berk, a chap who smoked very choice Egyptian cigarettes. Borrowing a very few from him—with his leave, certainly—I gave him a full list of my commitments, told him to close them out at the market, and to buy me in their place and stead twenty-five shares of DTS.

That was on October twenty-third last—ah, me!

A ten-point rise in DTS—the rise assured me by Mr. Harnett's explicit statement—would net me two hundred and fifty dollars. Should I make only eight points, failing to get the top—and let me explain to you that, operating in stocks, you will not always sell at the top or buy at the very bottom—I should still have gained two hundred dollars. And two hundred dollars, after all, was quite two months' salary in the Buckingham Duchess; so that the advantage lay all with operating. And the end was not yet; once I had sold and had watched the stock until I was assured the unloading was in progress, I could sell it short! Did I sell but twenty-five shares, I should make twenty-five dollars for every point it sank. Ah, me!

There was an unwonted tension in the usually balmy atmosphere of Trout & Renard's on the following morning; I shall call it a premonition of the coming storm. As the seamen on the vessels of the Iron Steamboat Company, by which I make an occasional excursion to Coney Island, become portentous when the heavens darken and look with contracted gaze on the deep, so the managers and customers' men of Trout & Renard, having made what preparations they could, sat in silent contemplation of the bright ribbon over the board and awaited its fateful story when the clock struck ten. These chaps knew.

"Now, Mr. Wott, please," said Mr. Waler, when I had addressed him; and he arose and towered over me with his great hands on my shoulders and looked very kindly and pleadingly into my eyes. "You lay off

(Continued on Page 114)

Thanks to the WARDWAY de Luxe Porcelain Washer, thousands of women will now enjoy a degree of Monday freedom and leisure they never experienced before! Snow-white washings at a small cost . . . and so much quicker and easier than with many other types of machines!

This Glistening Porcelain Washer

is distinctly up-to-the-minute!

FEATURES

New, improved WARDWAY Gyrator agitator. . . . Greater washing speed . . . Tub enameled inside and out in china-smooth porcelain. Easy to clean and keep clean . . . New-type Lovell detachable wringer . . . Washer is built by one of America's foremost makers—guaranteed for ten years—and saves you many dollars at our price of *only* **$84.95***

UNCEASING in its efforts to provide American homes with the newest and finest labor-savers, Montgomery Ward & Co. takes especial pride in announcing this new WARDWAY de Luxe Electric Washer, with porcelain enameled tub.

WE invite every housewife to get an entirely new idea of washday satisfaction by visiting the nearest Montgomery Ward & Co. store and see for herself this machine's compactness; its simplicity—its sturdy strength, graceful lines, and easy operation. Study the gyrator-type agitator in motion—run your hand over the gleaming porcelain of the tub . . . Then you'll understand why thousands of women are so greatly impressed by its greater washing speed and unusual ease of cleaning.

This WARDWAY de Luxe Washer is now on display at all of our 550 Retail Stores. If not convenient to visit one of our stores, you may order by mail and washer will be shipped immediately by freight, prepaid. Montgomery Ward's simple plan of direct distribution without costly "in-between profits," has made the price so low that any family can afford to own it at once. Our Budget Plan also makes it possible to buy this washer on an easy monthly payment basis.

Comparison of the WARDWAY de Luxe Washer will prove it just another example of the dependable quality to be found in more than 40,000 different articles of Montgomery Ward merchandise.

Millions of women today combine savings with satisfaction by "shopping at Ward's." You, too, can discover this economy secret by paying an early visit to one of our stores.

EASIER TO CLEAN
Cleaning this porcelain-enameled tub is simple as wiping a china dish. No corners to catch and tear clothing—no corroding—and its beauty is as pleasing as its dependability.

WARDWAY DE LUXE WASHER, WITH NEW-TYPE PORCELAIN TUB **$84.95***
(Reproduced by color photography direct from machine)
**Price slightly higher in some states*

MONTGOMERY WARD & CO.

World's Largest Chain of General Retail Stores

Mail Order Branches at: Chicago · Kansas City · St. Paul · Baltimore · Portland, Ore. · Oakland, Calif. · Fort Worth · Denver · Albany

© M. W. & Co. 1930

Does your City Buy Enough Health?

Does your city pay enough to get a competent man to accept the vitally important post of full-time Health Officer? Is your Health Department on duty all day and every day? Can you protect your own health and that of your family in a city which buys only part-time health-protection for its citizens?

HEALTH records show that cities which have able Health Departments and able Health Officers, and that counties with adequate health units, have lowered their deathrates and saved millions of dollars in reducing costs attendant upon unnecessary illness.

Does your own city employ the available scientific methods of preventing the spread of communicable diseases?

Does it inspect and protect milk, regulate health conditions in schools and factories? Does it support health centers which demonstrate educational measures for disease prevention and personal hygiene?

If you live in a city which does not have the full benefit of all modern precautions, you can do a great service by finding out all that should be done and bringing such influence to bear as is necessary to make health conditions in your city what they ought to be.

Your Board of Health and your Health Commissioner may need additional ordinances and appropriations in order to expand their work. Remember—they cannot work without tools! Back them up.

* * * *

A digest of an Annual Report of the Board of Health in a city of 31,000 inhabitants which has an enviable health record will be sent to you without charge. With the report also will be sent a complete set of the Health Ordinances which should be in force in every properly governed city. Address Booklet Dept. 230-E.

METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY
FREDERICK H. ECKER, PRESIDENT — ONE MADISON AVE., NEW YORK, N.Y.

(Continued from Page 112)

me today, will you, or somebody's going to jump down your throat!"

A sigh went through the room; the clock was at ten and the tape started jerkily forward. "But, Mr. Waler," said I, perplexed by his manner.

He looked at me most discourteously. I turned to see what could have agitated him so, and read on the shining tape:

ALEX ..	DTS....	WVC ..	NI
197 .	201 .	76¼ .	40,000s157

Somebody cried, "New Investors off sixty-seven points on the opening! Great Jimmineddies!"

Everybody seemed much impressed, but I could not see that that was the news of the day. What appealed to me more nearly, to be painfully frank, was the loss of four points in Dufferin Teas. Why, it took my breath away in its suddenness; I had lost a hundred dollars, and plus commissions if you please. I simply couldn't afford it, you know. I would wait till it came back to 205, and then I would sell and let my prospective profits go hang. Evidently there was to be a general recession this day, and the pool in DTS would not choose such an unlikely occasion to begin unloading.

Mr. Casagher saw that I was disturbed and divined that all was not well with my investments. He twiddled his finger at me, saying, when I had approached him, "Make it snappy, Mr. Wott, this is my busy day. What are we carrying for you? . . . What, twenty-five shares of a dog like DTS in this market on twenty points? Ten points more margin, Mr. Wott."

"But, Mr. Casagher," I protested.

He waved his hand at me. "Ten points more, or I close you out! Sorry, but I won't debate it."

Why, it was an imposition. And besides, I did not have the additional two hundred and fifty dollars, or any considerable part of it. I went to Mr. Casagher's burly associate, and I tapped him on the shoulder and said very bluntly, "Mr. Waler, I'm a client of this firm and I demand attention and don't propose to be driven off. You are carrying for me twenty-five shares of Dufferin Teas on a twenty-point margin."

"Is that so?" he said forbiddingly. And he made a note. "Well, Mr. Wott, I'll tell you what you better do if you don't want to be sold out: You jump over there to the window and double that margin."

There was cold comfort, but he, too, would not take the matter up with me in a thorough way. But still and all, I had not bought the stock through either one of these gentlemen, but through Mr. Berk; I was his customer. I went directly to Mr. Berk.

He was telephoning at the time—as, indeed, they all were now—but he encouraged me to approach, waving me forward gladly. I sat at his desk and reached for the cigarettes. Here at least I was reasonably assured of sympathetic treatment, but all he said to me, as he put his cigarettes into his pocket for the first time in our acquaintance, was: "About that D-Teas, Mr. Wott. Somebody's shaking the tree and you better raise that margin to fifty points. It's a sucker stock and it's liable to strike an air pocket."

"Fifty points!" I echoed, and was compelled to smile in his face.

And then this went plodding by:

.. PRC	...DTS	... NI	..
98.	194 .	75,000s143	

It was ghastly. Dufferin Teas was down eleven points, netting me a loss of two hundred and seventy-five dollars—more than half my money swept away in this maelstrom! But pshaw, it was impossible. The country was stable, business was booming. Who would take a poor man's two hundred and seventy-five dollars? But what should I do? What could I do? I couldn't face that infernal ribbon that I had watched so long and fondly as it led treacherously on to fortune. I started away, while behind me voices called, with a familiar nagging ring, "Mr. Wott! Wott! Wott!"

I staggered downstairs, and so to the streets, which I walked for hours in quite an agony. Ah, me, you other chaps who saw your fortunes swept away in those bitter days can sympathize. What a fool I had been. I'd not go through those hours again; not I. I made a resolution then which I will never break: "If I ever get out of Wall Street with my money," said I to myself, "it will never see it more! I'll be happy and content," said I to myself, "to work and to save; I'll go back to the Buckingham Duchess." But with that, I will admit, there came before me a repulsive vision of Mr. Limbuster.

And then I looked up and saw the offices of Trout & Renard; I had walked in a circle.

I went upstairs, to find the board room quite jammed. I thrust myself forward, peered between shoulders and at last had a view of the board. For a long time it would tell me nothing, tantalizing me, and then finally the ribbon spoke:

GB	PDQ	VIZ ..	DTS ..
58¼ .	11¼ ..	123.	104

D-Teas at 104. It was the end. I was as clean as the proverbial hound's tooth. I had lost all. Provided, certainly, that they had sold me out. Perhaps, in the pressure of other business ——

I was not left in doubt; Mr. Berk, driving through the multitude to throw an order into the window, caught sight of me.

"I congratulate you, Mr. Wott!" he cried cheerily, seizing my hand and pumping it. "You've saved a lot of money—a whole lot of money! I sold you out at precisely 185! . . . What's that? Well, I must say you take it strangely, Mr. Wott. If you want your stock back, you can have it. You can buy it now at 104."

"With what?" I gasped. "You should have given me notice."

"I'm giving you notice now that I've saved you near two thousand dollars!"

He did not get my point at all; nor, to be quite fair to Mr. Berk, did Messrs. Casagher and Waler. When I succeeded in isolating Mr. Waler, he said curtly, "Sold out, yes! Will you do me a personal favor and lay off me for an hour or two, Mr. Wott?" And all Mr. Casagher said, flashing into his likable smile, was: "You're a lucky man to get out of that dog, Mr. Wott. Oh, yes, don't worry; we closed out your account!"

And, if you can believe, that's the best I had of them, or of anyone else in the offices, for that matter. It shows how selfish human beings can be, and it was as good as a lesson to me, I'll tell you. The only chap I saw that was free and easy was a chap in the managers' private office, with his feet up on the desk and whistling very musically. While I was talking to him another chap hurried in, fearfully worried.

"Why, hello, Mr. Jones!" he cried, shaking hands very heartily. "I've been looking for you all over. Here, my boy, have a good cigar and put a few in your pocket. Can you come out to my place over the week-end? I'll show you the time of your young life. Well, Mr. Jones, now that you're out of the market, I suppose you'll open your office again; I'll send you lots of good business; you can rely on me." He couldn't be good enough to the man Jones, flattering and pleasing him.

"It's well for you, Mr. Jones," I said to him later. "You were on the right side of the market, I see."

"It seems so," said Mr. Jones. "Last week I had a hundred thousand in stocks, and he was deviling the life out of me for the forty thousand dollars I owed him; now I'm stone broke!"

There was only one thing for me, and that was to go back to my situation. I went around to the Buckingham Duchess that evening and asked for Mr. Limbuster; he came up out of the basement looking like a puff of black smoke.

"Mr. Limbuster," I said to him nicely and respectfully, "I'd like to have my situation back again, please."

"You would," he said, cheering up and smiling softly.

(Continued on Page 117)

A desert *mystery* and *miracle* on the way to California

Tom knew his Dad was "regular." Always, a walk with him had been an excursion; a trip to his office an adventure. But this trip to California!

The Apache Trail! There before the Tonto ruins the mystery of Arizona touched them. Arizona, the ancient...with its whispers you can't quite hear, from a deep-shadowed past. Crumbling cliff dwellings—broken toys of vanished children.

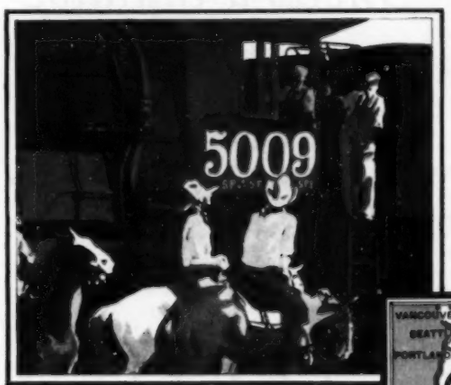
Then a few hours along this old trail and the *new* Arizona broke upon them. The miracle of Salt River Valley and fast developing Phoenix. Water, stored in these red and tan mountains of the grim Apache, had brought the magic of green agricultural gold.

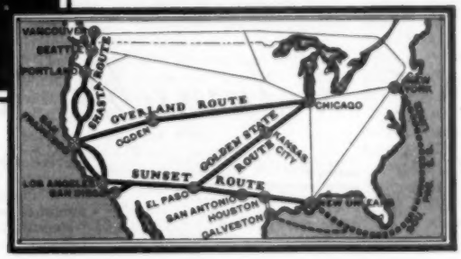
That night Tom listened to the clicking song of the rails. His was a magic berth... swept on by a swift chain of speeding lights. Golden lights that flashed to reveal and quiet the grotesque ghosts of the desert. His Dad had bought just regular roundtrip tickets to California, but all the sparkle and color of a Western legend seemed caught in their folds.

What a background for their entry into California. They had left home strangers to the West. But a pioneer railroad had given them the secret of the spirit of the West. El Paso...Tucson as new as tomorrow's hotel; old as the Mission San Xavier. Had they not followed the trails of California's pathfinders—the marching Conquistadores, the heroic Padre? They were ready for California. And so were their tickets. Through it they rode on rails that helped build it—to pause at its great national parks, Yosemite, Sequoia; its vital cities—Los Angeles, San Francisco; famous resorts—Del Monte, Lake Tahoe.

Then back, direct across mid-continent, over the historic OVERLAND ROUTE, the first transcontinental rail line, following the trail of the Pony Express—bearers again of the treasures of the West. They had come one way, returned another, just so all California would be in their tickets. Yet in their choice of Four Great Routes they had found a new United States.

An imagined trip? Of course. But no imagination ever rode a finer train than the "Overland Limited." No railroad is closer to the West you are going to see. No railroad more directly and conveniently serves the whole Pacific Coast. No other railroad offers the choice of Four Great Routes.





Southern Pacific

Four Great Routes

Write to O. P. Bartlett, 310 So. Michigan Blvd., Chicago, or H. H. Gray, 531 Fifth Ave., New York City, for copy of illustrated book: "*How Best to See the Pacific Coast.*"

BEHIND THAT GRILLE IN THE WALL

Write down your own ideas of a radiator in tune with the modern day . . . then see how perfectly the Herman Nelson Invisible Radiator meets them!

Invisible . . . this radiator fits unseen behind the plastered wall . . . occupies no floor or room space . . . never mars the tasteful decorative plan . . . never interferes with the placement of furniture or draperies.

Easy to control . . . you simply turn a tiny knob at the grille, and heat is quickly distributed and diffused throughout the room—in the exact quantity you desire.

Trouble-proof . . . once the Herman Nelson Invisible Radiator is installed, it never requires a moment's further attention. It has no joints of any kind to leak and fail—no parts that can rust or get out of order.

Architects and heating engineers everywhere have given this radiator their stamp of approval. Due largely to their efforts, it is now serving in thousands of fine residences and other buildings.

If you are planning on a steam, hot water, vapor or vacuum heating system you cannot afford not to consider Herman Nelson Invisible Radiators—from the standpoints of heating results, comfort, interior beauty, and security of your investment.

Consult your architect or heating engineer, or get in touch with our nearest sales office. If you prefer, write for our descriptive catalogue.

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There's a radiator that says..."This home is modern"

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* Makers of the *Herman Nelson Invisible Radiator*, for residences, apartments, offices, hotels, and similar buildings—the *Univent*, for the ventilation of schools, hotels, offices, churches and all buildings having an acute ventilating problem—the *Herman Nelson hiJet Heater*, for economical distribution of heat in factories, mills, garages, warehouses, and smaller buildings.

(Continued from Page 114)

"I would," I said with hope. "I'm willing to let bygones be bygones, Mr. Limbuster. I've lost all my money in the stock market."

"Yes?" said he.

"I haven't a dollar in the world nor the price of a supper," I said. "At least," said I, doubting his queer smile, "you'll give me a character when I try elsewhere and they ask me the last place I worked."

"Where was that, Wott?"

"Why, here."

"Oh, no," said he, "you never worked here. Tell them to call me and I'll give you a character! Of all the dizzy, dopy, soldiering hide-outs that I was ever cursed with ——"

"Come, Mr. Limbuster," said I; "hard words break no bones."

"True for you," he said, reaching for me. I could have knocked him down in his own hall, the cold-hearted ruffian, but we were out of there so quickly and going up the block that I missed my chance.

In a case like that, a man's thoughts turn to the woman he loves; I called up Jennie from the corner. "Jennie," said I, "I must see you at once. I've lost every dollar I had in the stock-market crash, sweetheart."

"What's the name, please?" said Jennie.

"Why, this is Davie!"

"Davie what?"

"Yes, sweetheart," said I. "If you can't come out to see me, send it to me in a letter and I'll have it in the morning."

"Oh," said she, "you used to work here. Sure I remember you, Mr. Wott. But I guess you want to speak to Mr. Limbuster, don't you? . . . Oo-hoo, Mr. Limbuster!"

"Jennie," said I; but then Mr. Limbuster spoke, and very nastily, saying for me to wait and he would be right out, and I heard Jennie laughing. It was no time to laugh, and I have that against her; and I have as good a sense of humor as any man that ever stepped. But women are like that, the best of them.

I tried for the next three days to find a situation, but the agents weren't taking anybody on, and not a man without a character. I went at last to Trout & Renard's, though I hoped never to see that board room again.

"Mr. Waler," I said to him like a man, "you took all my money away, and what am I to do now?"

"But we didn't take your money, Mr. Wott," he denied.

"Indeed, and you did!" said I, standing up to him with spirit. "Many's and many's the commission I paid you, and well you know it. Now what are you going to do for me?"

He lit a cigarette without even offering me one—oh, I tell you. "Are you really strapped, Mr. Wott?" said he.

"I am," said I. "Not a dollar or a chance of one, unless I can get back a bit of what you as good as robbed me of." I wouldn't mince words with him.

I told him, short and plain, and he didn't like it; but when I was done, he got up and put his big arm around my shoulders and gave me a hug.

"Old boy," he said, smiling down at me, "if ever a man needed money, it's you; because you haven't a friend, and I know it." And he put his hand into his pocket and drew out a roll of bills, and I thought he was going to give me my five hundred dollars back again, but all he gave me was five dollars. "Toddle along, now," he said, sitting down again. "And there's no more where that came from, remember."

"And what will you do for me, Mr. Casagher?" I demanded. "You sold me out and took away my five hundred dollars, didn't you?"

"I did," said Mr. Casagher. "And I want to tell you, Mr. Wott, it was the one bright spot in a dark day."

"Yes, I had to sell you out to protect the house, Mr. Wott," said Mr. Waler. "That was the chance you took, and I asked you first for more margin."

"What's that?" said Mr. Casagher. "You say you sold that account out?"

"Well, you know I did," said Mr. Waler, staring at him. Mr. Casagher jumped up and hurried down the passage that led into the room behind the order window.

I watched the bright ribbon over the board; not that it could mean anything to me now:

UPD	TAG	SIC	DTS
169	32⅛	14	55

"Jennie," He Called Softly, Coming Forward

D-Teas at 55, but not a thrill in it for me. As good as robbed of all I had, and now I was given five dollars and told to go and not to come back.

"Walter!" shouted Mr. Casagher from the window. "Come here and let's get this straight!"

They came from the passage together, looking much confused, and Mr Waler cried, "Did anybody else here give an order to sell out Mr. Wott at the market?"

"I did," said Mr. Berk

"Well, Mr. Wott," said Mr. Waler, sitting down heavily in his chair, "it's great to have friends. I told you to put your orders in through one man and he would look out for you. But you didn't do that, and so, when your account was in trouble, everybody looked out for you! You were sold out three times, Mr. Wott."

"Sit down, Mr. Wott," said Mr. Casagher, holding the chair for me like a gentleman. "Selling you out seems to have been the national sport. On account of the big market, the reports just came in. I suppose you want us to cancel two of the orders?"

"You certainly shall, Mr. Casagher," I said, without stopping for close calculation, "or I'll have the law on you! Sold me out three times, did you? It's an imposition."

"I'm afraid we can't cancel, Mr. Wott," said Mr. Waler. "Much as we'd like to."

"We'll see about that," said I.

"You don't quite get your position, Mr. Wott," said Mr. Casagher. "I hate to have to explain it to you. It's a thing that never happened before in my experience, but the way the market was boiling the other day —— Mr. Wott, it amounts to this: We sold fifty shares short for your account and risk at 185."

"Oho!" said I, seeing light, but not daring to believe.

"The shares were sold for your account," said Mr. Waler. "And D-Teas is now down to 55. It's up to you. Shall we cover? You have a 130-point profit."

"Why, Mr. Waler," said I—"why, Mr. Casagher, I—that is—yes, yes!"

And Mr. Waler wrote out the buying order at once and put it into the window. I sat and looked at the board and tried to grasp my position; and there I was yet when a clerk came and threw the sales slip on Mr. Waler's desk.

"Pretty clever at trading in and out, you are, Mr. Wott," said Mr. Waler, beginning to figure. "A hundred and thirty points on fifty shares—five threes are fifteen—you have a profit of six thousand, five hundred dollars, less commission and tax."

"Less what, Mr. Waler?" said I.

"Commission and tax. The commission is twenty-five cents a share, or twelve dollars and fifty cents. That's for selling short. The commission on buying is eight seventy-five. The tax ——"

"Tax?" said I, standing up for my rights. "Commission? Oh, no, you can't rub that on me, Mr. Waler! I never told you to sell any shares for me. I'll not stand for being imposed on."

Mr. Waler looked at me, but he couldn't look me down. "Mr. Wott," he said, "the commissions and taxes amount altogether to twenty-three dollars and twenty-five cents. And your profit is six thousand, five hundred dollars."

I halted him. "I understand perfectly about all that, Mr. Waler," I said, "but did I ever tell you to sell those shares short? I never did, and I certainly shall not pay any commissions or taxes for your mistakes; and that's flat."

Mr. Waler turned quite red, and then redder; he knew he was wrong. "Bert," he said to Mr. Casagher in a subdued voice, "you talk to him, will you? There's never been a murder in this office, as far as I know, and we don't want that kind of publicity."

"Mr. Casagher can save his breath," said I. "Right is right. I only want what's for me. Oh, no; not so green as that!"

But I had to come to it, I'll tell you. Oh, I was quite disgusted with them. They had made thousands and thousands of dollars

(Continued on Page 120)

Perfect protection is yours

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MILK left uncovered quickly loses its purity and wholesomeness. Ordinary paper caps once punctured by ice pick, fork or other instruments do not provide sufficient protection. Only the PERFECTION PULL and HINGE CAP, which never has to be punctured or removed from the bottle, can keep milk clean and fresh until the last drop is used.

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PLANTERS

The next we find the children,
Up where it snows and snows,
And MR. PEANUT shows them
A tribe of Eskimos.

They soon were riding swiftly
Across the deep white snow,
The sled was bright and shining,
And how the dogs could go!

(About ⅘ actual size of book)

Youngsters will

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The interesting pictures above are taken from an attractively colored book of 32 pages—Mr. Peanut's Paint-book. (It's a world of fun to read about Mr. Peanut's adventures, and actually paint the scenes.)

Save used Planters Peanut bags and Jumbo Block wrappers until you have ten in all. Then mail them to the Planters Nut & Chocolate Company, Wilkes-Barre, Pa.—and you will receive your free copy of Mr. Peanut's Paint-book.

The largest selling peanut bar. A rare mixture of selected choice peanuts and pure wholesome candy. Just packed full of goodness

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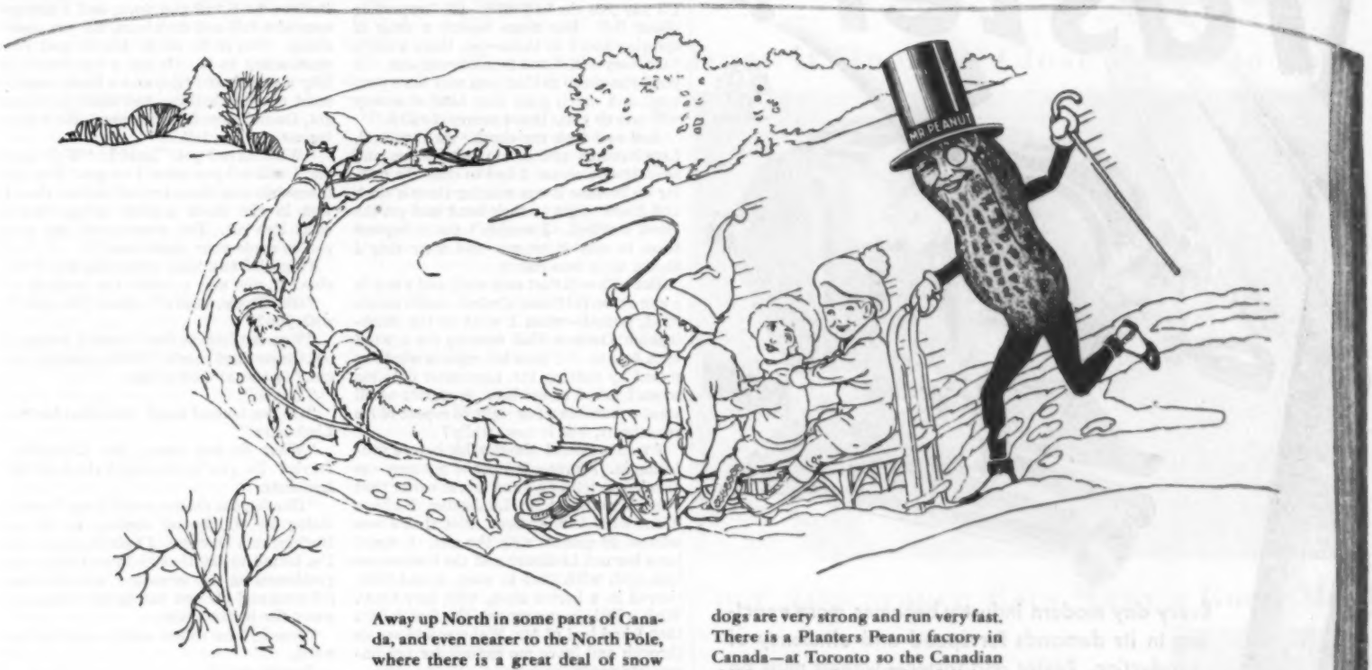
PEANUTS



Away up North in some parts of Canada, and even nearer to the North Pole, where there is a great deal of snow and ice, men use sleds drawn by dogs or "huskies" as they are called. The dogs are very strong and run very fast. There is a Planters Peanut factory in Canada—at Toronto so the Canadian children can also eat the delicious

PLANTERS SALTED PEANUTS ENERGY FOOD

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It laces both ends of belts from one to six inches in width in 90 seconds! It applies a pressure of 37,500 lbs. with such velvet smoothness that the Clipper hooks are embedded flush with the belt surface, without damage to the belt fibers.

Yet this amazing machine weighs only 56½ lbs. and is operated by just one man!

Price $75.00
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FURNISHED WITH STAND AT AN ADDITIONAL COST

Whatever your shop requirements, there's a Clipper Lacer to meet them efficiently—lacing the smallest of belts up to the heavier and wider ones. And the use of Clipper Pins and Clipper Hooks ensures a perfect, lasting joint. For complete demonstration, communicate with your nearest dealer, or with the

Clipper Belt Lacer Company
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Clipper
No. 6 Speed Lacer
QUALITY
BELT LACING

(Continued from Page 117)

commissions in that big market, and here they would badger a poor man to make him pay twenty-three dollars and twenty-five cents that they weren't fairly entitled to at all. I never thought they could be so small and mean, and I was very short and plain in telling them so.

"You'll compromise, will you not?" said I as a last hope. "Come, I'll stand a loss rather than break friendship, gentlemen; I'll pay you the half of it. I'll be sporting about it." But there wasn't a drop of sporting blood in them—no, there wasn't. "Oh, very well," said I, quite worn out. "If you're as cheap as that, you may have your way, and much good that kind of money will ever do you. Blood money, I call it."

And so I took my check—six thousand, four hundred and seventy-six dollars and seventy-five cents; I had to close the matter up because it was nearing three o'clock and I had to get to their bank and get the check certified. I wouldn't put it beyond them to stop it on me—not after they'd shown their true colors.

But all's well that ends well, and I was in a more cheerful frame of mind—quite reconciled, indeed—when I went to the Buckingham Duchess that evening for a word with Jennie. I'd have her explain what she meant by putting Mr. Limbuster onto me when I asked to see her. It wasn't at all what a man has a fair right to expect of his sweetheart, was it now, really?

I reconnoitered about a bit before venturing in. I have a temper of my own—as Jennie can tell you—and it was better that I should not meet Mr. Limbuster. I'd have it out with Jennie alone. Not that I was minded to quarrel with the girl. I would have her out to dinner and the theater, no less, and, with that in view, I had been shaved in a barber shop, with hair tonic. With a little management, the five dollars that I had had of Mr. Waler would see us through and leave me enough for my immediate needs.

To my surprise, I discovered Jennie standing in the shadows beside the Buckingham Duchess; and prepared for our proposed outing, too. I had never seen her looking finer, and it quite overcame me.

"Jennie," said I in a shaking voice, taking her hands.

"Oh, it's Mr. Wott," she said.

"It's Davie!" said I. "My sweetheart."

But she drew away. "You mustn't call me that any more, Davie," she said. "And don't get me to crying and spoil my make-up. Davie, you've been perfectly awful to me, losing your place and all, and you can't blame me. I was waiting here, Davie, but I wasn't waiting for you, and I might as well tell you right out."

"For who, then?" said I.

"For Mr. Limbuster," she whispered; and she uttered a sob. "Davie, I always loved you more than Mr. Limbuster, but you went away and left me, and he is so overpowering. What's a girl going to do, Davie? Love ain't all there is in this world. Besides, he is tall and dark, and I always wanted a tall and dark man, till you came along. You're no sheik, Davie, and you must admit to it. He has a hundred and fifty a month and tips, and a lovely apartment next the boilers; and what have you got, Davie? I'm fair with you. He is taking me out to a talkie."

"What have I got?" said I. "Well, Jennie, I will tell you what I've got. I've got thousands and thousands of dollars that I won in the stock market today—that's what I've got. But never mind, my girl; you've made your choice now."

I signaled to a taxi; that's the way I felt about it, you may perceive for yourself.

"Oh, Davie, really? Have you got it with you?"

"You can look at that," said I, bringing out the certified check. "Well, good-by, my girl." I was as cold as ice.

"Davie."

"Oh, no, none of that! Save that for Mr. Limbuster."

"What do you mean, Mr. Limbuster, Davie? Do you know what I think of Mr. Limbuster?"

"Here's your chance to tell him," said I, seeing Mr. Limbuster coming out of the Buckingham Duchess. I hate the man, but I'm bound to say that he looked quite the gentleman on this occasion; with his new fall coat and his new hat on his breast, he was quite in the mode.

"Jennie," he called softly, coming forward.

He saw me.

"Do you cross my path again, you little wart hog?" he cried fiercely.

You should have seen Jennie's eyes flash. She drew back her hand—and not such a light one either, as I can tell you!—and swung it right in Mr. Limbuster's face.

"You will try to date up a married woman, or just as good as!" she exclaimed. "I told you I was engaged to Davie, you big cur. Take that!"

And, leaving Mr. Limbuster coddling his cheek tenderly, Jennie and I stepped into the taxicab and were off.

DRAWN BY EDMUND JONES

"Beg Pardon, I'm a Stranger Here. What Time Do Your Church Services Begin?"
"What D'ya Mean Services—This is the Double Bubble Gas Station!"

WHEN BEGGARS RIDE

(Continued from Page 36)

He nodded sympathetically. "At least you're thinking, and that's almost more condescension than I expected. Here's the road—the long road of life's increasing appreciation. From the lard sandwich to a balanced meal, from food to ambrosia, from drink to vintage wines, from books to literature, from metaphysics to an individual aspiration. In short, starting from contentment at a bestial level, away from ugliness and up the ladder of our short three-score years and ten to the limit of human discernment. To attain to the skillful sifting of all the nuances of beauty, wherever found, is far more than an entrancing occupation; it's the foundation of all philosophy and the one completely reasonable goal of a transitory existence. Once grasp its vast expanse and I defy any man—any boy or girl—to stand with nose glued to a defeatist wall. Is that Greek?"

"No," whispered Sybelle with a shake of her head.

"Yet all I've done is to dangle the skeleton of education before your eyes; education being the conveniently short name for every conscious withdrawal from the primitive." His eyes twinkled. "Why don't you make a struggle, my dear? Why don't you promote yourself—get up and away from your lard sandwich?"

"Please!" stammered Sybelle. "I'm—I'm going to cry."

Apparently he had not heard, though he turned his eyes away. "All successes have the quality of ashes," he continued dreamily, more to himself than to her, "for flame must consume and die. That's normal—merely normal. Creation or procreation, affluence or uncounted dollars, struggle and victory, war and peace—even peace over Europe, over the whole world—they're nothing. What I mean is they don't come in—they're not inside the picture any more than the sands of the sea or the stars beyond the skies—because man hasn't a hope if he can't transcend the universe. Events are merely his background, undying perception his only goal."

Nelson appeared in the doorway and half drew back. "Excuse me, sir," he stuttered. "Miss Dumont, sir."

XV

IN THE house around the corner, in Mrs. Brent's boudoir, of all conceivable places at that minuscule hour, Hallam continued to stare at Nona, powerless as yet to speak. Whether from her long robe, her monumental stand, or arising from that inane suggestion of nascent divinity which seemed still to urge him to bend the knee, she appeared older, to have assumed with her mother's pose her mother's forceful imposition.

"What do you want?" she repeated without variation of tone.

"You can be sure it's nothing about me," he said at last, "or I wouldn't have had the nerve to get you out of bed." Having found his tongue, surely the rest would be easy. He told his story as rapidly and concisely as possible, naming all names, and dotting every *i*. He concluded with a verbatim report of Mr. Dumont's final instruction to him, and tried to smile as he added, "So there you are, and here I am."

"Well, what do you want?" she asked for the third time.

"Want!" cried Hallam, exasperated. "I want you to slip on your things, take along your maid, and go over to bail out your friend Miss Trumbull. Do you realize she's stretched out, totally unconscious, on a couch in F. V. Dumont's most private office?"

Nona's lip commenced to curl, and then settled back to as even a line as its natural curves would permit. "I'm sorry," she said quietly, "but I couldn't possibly go."

"Why not?" asked Hallam, unable to conceal his astonishment.

Nona moved past him to the seat before her mother's dressing table, crossed her knees and smoothed the robe down around them. The trifling incident was nothing, and yet it assumed significance from the very calm with which she could take pleasure in the charm of texture at such a moment. She looked up, but not at Hallam.

"You may go, Marie."

"Mademoiselle?" questioned the maid doubtingly.

"You may go," repeated Nona; then she turned her eyes and let them come to rest on Hallam.

He had not been asked to sit down; in fact, there was no place where he could sit without retiring to the confines of the room like some respectable needlewoman waiting for her day's pay. The fancy amused him, but for some reason he could not quite manage a smile. His hands plunged into his pockets and he straightened.

"What's the idea?" he asked.

"I was looking you over," said Nona calmly. "You see, you're Mr. Hallam, and I never met you until this afternoon. I was trying to connect Hallam with Herring and Herring with Hallam."

"Well?"

"It isn't the sort of thing you can do in a hurry, and there's no particular reason for hurrying."

"There certainly is; there are two reasons. One is that I've got to file a cable before two in the morning, and the other's Sybelle Trumbull. Somehow I don't think I've made you understand that she hasn't simply passed out; it's something a lot worse than that. They've sent for a doctor."

"The cable may be important," said Nona.

He stared at her, perplexed. "Do you mean to suggest that Sybelle's condition is of no importance?"

"Not even to her," replied Nona, unmoved. "If you feel as seriously about the cable as you seem to about Sybelle, there's really nothing to prevent your going to send it."

He scowled; his fingers closed and opened nervously, but in the end he managed to regain enough of his self-possession to seek a new grip on the puzzling situation which confronted him. Here was more than met the eye, and it wouldn't do the slightest good to fly off the handle.

"I don't understand you, Nona," he said conciliatingly; "I simply can't make you out."

"That's amazing—I mean, it's amazing that you should admit it, even to yourself!"

Immediately his anger flared, but again he gained the mastery. Why be always on the defensive? Why shouldn't he himself attack for a change? He sensed that her words had given him an opening, though in the instant he snatched for retrospection his mind failed exactly to locate it. Then his eyes narrowed.

"It hardly seems credible," he said slowly, "that you'd take out on Sybelle any grudge you may happen to have against me."

The mildness of Nona's surprise alone would have been sufficient to tell him he had barked up the wrong tree, but her words, when she answered, left no room whatever for doubt as to the trend of the tide of battle. Even that thought was unfair, for she seemed genuinely unconscious of any sort of contest.

"It is incredible," she said thoughtfully. "In fact, it's practically silly. I haven't been saying anything difficult or complicated; I've simply been telling you that I finished with Sybelle last night."

"That sort of thing isn't done," said Hallam angrily. "You can't run around with a girl—you can't have a girl for a friend one night and turn your back on her the next, just because she's down and out."

Nona looked at him measuringly. "I wonder which is the fool," she said, "you or I. I suppose everybody carries around an

(Continued on Page 124)

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(Continued from Page 121)

inch rule to measure what they think's done and not done. I made up my mind this morning I was through with Sybelle, and there's the bare possibility that my judgment is just as good as yours."

"Oh, Nona ——" He stopped, choked on his own exasperation.

"Have you ever been in Texas?" she asked surprisingly.

"Yes," he managed to answer wonderingly—"that is, I've had to pass through there once or twice."

"Did you ever hear of tick fever?"

He frowned. "Vaguely."

"I'm afraid I'm going to shock your tender Eastern ears," she proceeded. "There's no more reason why I should stand by Sybelle than there is why a Texas steer shouldn't leave a tick behind in the wallow if he gets a chance. I'm through with living up or down to other people's lives," she stated, apparently not so much by way of explanation as for the individual satisfaction of proclaiming one's creed. "I'm going to live my own."

The consistency of a mood has its own weight, subtly difficult to estimate, but unfailing in its pressure. Hallam marveled not so much at the words he had been hearing as at Nona's failure to waver one way or the other in sympathy with his own seismographic emotions. If the mere announcement of his true name had been sufficient to change his personality to her, as he was beginning to think it must have been, was that any reason why she should have become transmogrified to him?

He felt angrier at himself than at her. It never occurred to him that a woman's subconscious method of attack when directed toward a ne'er-do-well, an outcast, any bit of male flotsam, is inevitably different from the stand she takes before an implied superiority, however fictitious.

"Do you mind if I sit down?" he asked, looking calculatingly at a distant chair.

"I'd rather you wouldn't."

In spite of their face value, there was rudeness neither in the words nor in her bearing. She implied that he could go whenever he felt like it, but that if he wished to pursue the interview further, he could do so standing up. He continued to stand.

"I think your reasoning in regard to the Trumbull girl is rotten, Nona." He looked at her curiously. "I almost feel as if I ought to make that 'Miss Brent.'"

Nona made a gesture which seemed to say that he could do what he liked about that also.

"I think you're foolishly worried over Sybelle anyway," she murmured. "She's probably having a drink by now, or on her way to her next party."

"And I tell you she's not," said Hallam with spirit. "I say she's down and out, and that if you don't put on your things and come along, you're placing Mr. Dumont in an unnecessarily equivocal position."

"Me?" asked Nona, her eyes widening. "What had I to do with it? Why didn't you leave her on the sidewalk where you found her?"

"That's nonsense; would you have left her lying on the curb, out in front of your own house?"

Nona considered the matter. "No," she said judicially, "perhaps I wouldn't. But she's not on the curb now; from what you say she's on a comfortable couch."

"I'm beginning to get good and sore," declared Hallam, his eyes flashing. "You say you're no longer Miss Trumbull's friend, but I might remind you that I met her in your mother's house, which constitutes a sort of obligation in itself."

"That's rot," said Nona. "In spite of whatever you may think, I have my grown-up moments. Since I'm through with Sybelle, it would be particularly idiotic if I should consent to lift her out of a hole and hand her the sticky grip of gratitude."

"Did I ever accuse you of being half grown? I believe I did, and I take it back. You're not only grown but overgrown, incrusted with a hard shell. I've seen you before, but I don't know you. Where's your mother? Do you object to telling me that?"

"She went to Mary Kelper's debut in Madame Butterfly and to the party for her afterward. I don't care particularly about debuts, especially since they seem always to be in Madame Butterfly."

"Any idea when she'll get home?"

"None whatever."

"Well, when she does and if you're still awake, will you kindly tell her about Sybelle?"

"If I'm awake," said Nona, toying with a small traveling clock on the dressing table. She turned it so that it faced him.

"Great Scott!" he cried. "Is that clock right?"

Without waiting for an answer, he rushed from the room, almost hurling Marie off her feet as he threw open the door, and hurried down the stairs. The concierge who had admitted him after so much difficulty was equally deliberate about letting him out, but he finally reached the street, ran down it to the Rue Pergolèse and presently caught a taxi.

Even though riding along at the usual vertiginous speed of Paris after midnight, through the Avenue de la Grande Armée, around the Étoile, down the Champs Élysées, up the Boulevards and into the Rue du 4 Septembre, he still had plenty of time to think and plenty to think about. The message in his pocket, destined to bring profound relief to the official bosom of his native country, seemed somehow to have shrunk in its proportions. In a sense it was still important, but important with such a vastness that it could no longer be associated with the idea of hurry.

Other things—smaller things, mere trifles—obtruded persistently, ousting the overwhelmingly greater consideration from any share in the immediate present. Nona Brent, abruptly become baffling, was a case in point. He had fought free of her in a perfectly straightforward manner. An onlooker—especially one whose years had advanced into the forties—might have termed his frankness brutality. But since the methods and language used were their common heritage, the familiar coin current of their day, the possibility that Nona should have been guilty of such a confusion was absurd on the face of it.

No, that didn't bother him, for in the nature of things it could not even occur to him. What troubled him was the nascent suspicion that, having rid himself successfully of one Nona, another and greater was already looming on the horizon of his earnest life. How long was this sort of thing going to keep on? Even if he left Paris, what assurance had he that he could stop asking himself futile questions as to why she had done this or why she had said that?

Didn't he have enough to think about already? The disposition of the body of Miss Sybelle Trumbull, for instance. He had been intrusted with the relief of Mr. Dumont, and how had he carried it out? What explanation was he going to give as to why he should have failed in so simple a matter as persuading Miss Brent to get dressed and walk around the block? Nona again! Now, when he tried to visualize her, classify her, impale her on the specimen pin where for so many days she had seemed properly to belong, he failed completely.

With the stopping of the cab at the post office, his powers of action seemed suddenly to be restored, and a plan leaped full-fledged into his brain. He got rid of the cable in short order, then went into a telephone booth, where he prepared his temper for the tiresome rigmarole of calling Miss Dumont's number. The connection was made so quickly as to strike him speechless.

"Well?" said Miss Dumont's positive tones. "What is it? Who is it? What do you want?"

"Don't be angry, Laura; it's me, Hal. Were you sitting with that thing to your ear?"

"No," she laughed. "It's because I just this minute came in from the reception for Mary Kelper."

"Oh," said Hallam, "then you're still dressed. That's lucky."

"Why? What do you want, Hal?"

"Please rush around to our hangout in the Rue Lalo. Your sainted brother's all alone with the doped body of a young girl we carried in from the street, and he certainly needs a woman's helping hand."

"Hal, are you joking? Is there really a girl, and is she dead or what?"

"No, not dead. At least, she wasn't when I left there. But seriously, Laura, I mean it; you'd better hurry around. You know I wouldn't send you on any wild-goose chase at this hour of the morning, and if Emile hasn't put up the car, you can beat me back by fifteen minutes."

"Where are you?"

"At the Bourse, filing a message."

"Good news?"

"The best, and that's funny!" He laughed nervously. "It's the great and final news we've been in such a stew about for years of weeks, and I would have forgotten to mention it if you hadn't asked! As to just how good it is, you'll have to get that from Fred."

"Of course I'd heard it was all over," she began rapidly, and stopped. "But this isn't catching Emile. Good-by."

"Wait a minute!" cried Hallam. "Did you see Mrs. Brent?"

He also stopped, realizing he was speaking on a dead wire.

In the meantime, Mrs. Brent, upon reaching home from the Kelper reception, had been surprised to find Nona up and seated on the bench before the dressing table in the boudoir.

"Nona! How you frightened me! What are you doing in here?"

"Waiting for you," said Nona, with an air of relief. "Mr. Hallock Dumont Hallam called a few minutes ago, and this is where I received him."

"Hallam?"

"You know—Mr. Herring."

"Oh! What did he want?"

Nona told her at length, not forgetting to give an exact account of her own stand. "I promised to tell you about it if I was still up when you came in," she concluded, "and I am up."

At the beginning of the recital, Mrs. Brent had begun taking off her things, but scarcely had Nona launched into her story before her mother commenced slipping on her rings again, and then half off, as though illustrating the unsettled condition of her mind. When the narrative, with all its argumentative accessories faithfully listed, was completed, she stood for a long, thoughtful moment, weighing the values of what she had heard.

"You were quite within your rights in sticking to it that you wanted to give up Sybelle, Nona. As far as that goes, I can't help admiring your common sense, because there's really an awful lot of bosh talked about people turning their back on so-called friends. There's genius in knowing when and how to turn your back on a bur. But as for refusing to help out Mr. Dumont, I think you were wrong. I'm going around there at once. What's the number?"

Nona pushed Hallam's card toward her. "There it is; he's written it in pencil. Do you mind if I go with you?"

"I don't mind, but I can't see the use. You're not even dressed."

"I can slip something on in two minutes."

"I really don't see the use."

"What are you going to do about Sybelle?" asked Nona, a subtle change in her tone.

"How can I possibly know until I get there?" countered Mrs. Brent, starting toward the door.

Nona sprang to her feet. "You might as well wait for me, mother. If you don't, I'll come around there alone."

Mrs. Brent studied her curiously, a little impatiently. "All right," she agreed finally, "but I'll wait downstairs. Though you say it's only around the corner, we may need Charles and the car."

XVI

MR. DUMONT hesitated to put forth the effort necessary to bring himself back to the reality around him. Or was it reality? By what right of reason does man believe himself more real when he has the toothache than when the mind, lifting itself by its own bootstraps and dismissing his carcass, projects his soul into regions of invulnerable content?

Only vaguely was he aware in that instant of the girl on the couch and that his sister Laura had been announced. Undoubtedly this conjunction of insignificant human spheres spelled conflict, if not collision, and he was in no mood for either. What did he care how Sybelle came to be there, who she was and what? Hadn't she provided the impulse which had hurled him above the clouds?

In spite of the elevation of his thoughts, he looked up sheepishly as he struggled to his feet. "Hello, Laura. What on earth brought you around?"

"Good evening, Frederick," said Miss Dumont sonorously, striding into the room. "Congratulations on the long-delayed victory."

"So that's it, is it?" he said, scratching his head. "Let me introduce my little friend, Miss—er—Miss ——"

Sybelle also struggled to her feet, passing her glass from her right hand to her left as she arose. "I'm Sybelle Trumbull, Miss Dumont."

"Hello," said Miss Dumont with an air of discovery. She glanced at her brother frowningly. "Your *petite amie*, did you say, Frederick?"

"Don't be catty, Laura; I only wish she were!"

"So do I," murmured Sybelle brazenly.

Miss Dumont's face broke into an appreciative smile, and extending her hand, she seized Sybelle's in a devastating grip. "You must forgive my bewilderment, Miss Trumbull, but I came here on the understanding that my brother was holding a wake beside a corpse."

"Mrs. Brent and Miss Brent," announced Nelson, the mask of his face beginning to twitch from sheer exhaustion.

Scarcely were the words out of his mouth when the sound of a hurrying footstep caused him to glance desperately over his shoulder. He beheld Hallam, and memories of conflicting instructions, linked with the name of Brent, bewildered him.

"What name shall I say, sir," he asked warningly in a hoarse whisper, "Herring or Hallam?"

Hallam stared into the room and ran his fingers through his hair. "You needn't say any name at all, Nelson. You can go to bed."

Mr. Dumont, for a moment at a loss, had raised inquiring eyebrows; now he recovered himself and stepped forward quickly. "Mrs. Brent?"

Mrs. Brent apparently did not see his outstretched hand; her eyes fixed questioningly on Sybelle, and then swerved to meet those of Miss Dumont. "I'm afraid there's been some misunderstanding—an overstatement perhaps. I understood ——" she began.

Hallam stepped hurriedly forward. "Mr. Dumont, Mrs. Brent and Miss Nona Brent," he introduced. "You remember, sir, you told me to run around and get them. I found there was going to be some delay, so I called up Miss Dumont." He in turn stared at Sybelle. "Miss Trumbull seems to have made a miraculous recovery. I feel like a fool."

"No need for that, Hallock," said Mr. Dumont, "though I admit the sensation is quite natural. We all feel we've been done out of our rights when anybody slips on a banana peel and doesn't fall."

"But she had fallen," protested Hallam. "When I left here she was laid out as cold as a turbot on ice."

"I don't feel so good now," said Sybelle, swaying. "If you don't all sit down, I'm

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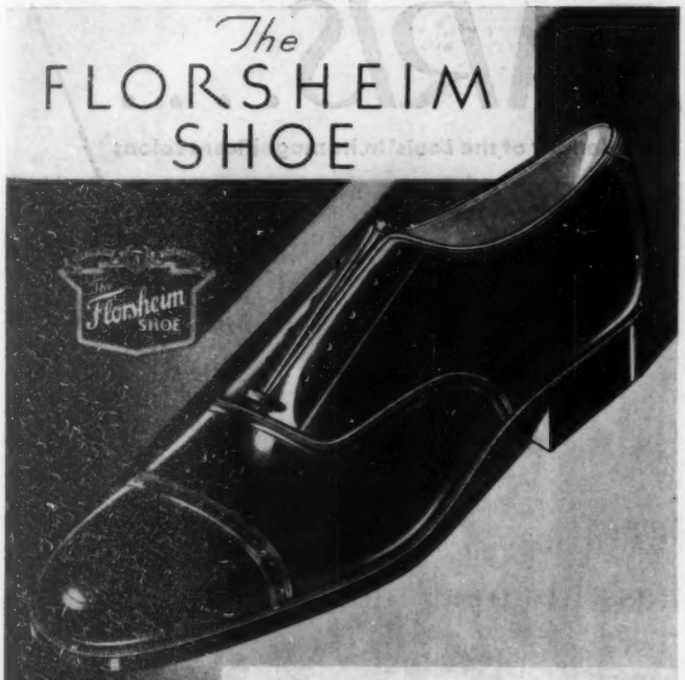

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going to take a header into the wastebasket."

Mrs. Brent was the first to reach her; she threw her arm around her shoulders and forced her back to a seat beside her on the couch. "What's the matter, Sybelle? What happened?"

"It doesn't really matter what happened, Mrs. Brent," interposed Hallam. "What I'm curious to know is how she climbed out of her trance."

"Stomach pump," explained Mr. Dumont laconically. "There was a doctor with a beard. He pumped her out, then he dosed her with an inhaler, and after that I don't know what he did."

"After that," supplemented Sybelle, "Mr. Dumont gave me a drink. It was great while I was alone with Mr. Dumont, but now"—again she swayed—"all of a sudden, I feel lousy."

"Keep quiet, Sybelle," said Mrs. Brent, "and keep still. You'll be all right again in a minute. You got up too quickly."

Nona alone remained standing. Perceiving the fact, Mr. Dumont caught himself in the action of seating himself and arose, though Hallam, who had thrown one leg over the farther arm of the couch, did not move.

"I beg your pardon, Miss Brent," said Mr. Dumont. "Won't you sit somewhere? Shall I pull up a chair?"

"No, Mr. Dumont, please!" said Nona. "Please don't anybody get up. Do you really mind if I stand?"

Mr. Dumont looked at her fixedly, his eye arrested by something unusual in her words and pose. "Not at all, my dear. You're so radiantly young that my age can certainly be excused." As he reseated himself he turned to her mother. "If you had come sooner, Mrs. Brent, or you, Laura—say an hour ago—I would have had to offer no apologies. Miss Trumbull, as Hallock says, has made an extraordinary recovery. We had reached the point of indulging in a most enjoyable talk, but I suppose it now remains for somebody better fitted to the rôle to look after her for what's left of the night."

"I'm sorry you should have been troubled, Mr. Dumont," said Mrs. Brent. "Since Mr. Herring—I mean Mr. Hallam—since Mr. Hallam met Miss Trumbull in my house, I'll be glad to assume charge of her from now on."

"Mother," said Nona quietly, "if you take Sybelle home with you, I won't go."

There occurred one of those startled silences which have a reverberation all their own. So that was the meaning of the girl's odd look, thought Mr. Dumont, as he turned slow eyes upon her. Miss Dumont lifted a startled, amused and pleased glance. Hallam frowned, but also with more than the suspicion of a smile. Miss Trumbull grew slowly tense, like a pretty snake preparing to strike, but held in the suspension of surprise. Only Mrs. Brent's reaction was completely forthright; two spots of color flared in her cheeks, her arm abandoned Sybelle's shoulder, and her hand moved quickly to grasp the back of the couch.

"You're not yourself, Nona," she said in a low voice.

"That's exactly who and what I am," said Nona quite clearly, "only you don't know me. I told you I was through with Sybelle, and you couldn't believe it; but I meant it, mother."

Sybelle's head straightened on her slender neck. "Dance for them, Nona," she suggested sweetly.

Nona looked her over coolly. "I haven't anything against you, Sybelle; not even that. You've got a right to go anywhere you like, do anything you like, be what you like, but so have I. I just don't want to go with you. I don't want to go with anybody except myself."

"I think you're a little excited," said her mother coldly. "You're tired out or you'd never make this sort of scene."

"Is this a scene?" asked Nona, glancing around inquiringly. "I'm sure I don't mean it to be. I'm just trying to use a little common sense. If I should put up with Sybelle for another minute, I'd be just like the sappy fools who are always taking one more cocktail after they've gone on the wagon. It isn't any easier to decide you're through with a girl you've been going with than it is to give up cigarettes, and if it's a bother to make up your mind once, it seems to me it's about ten times as much bother to make it up twice. Does that sound silly to you, Mr. Dumont?"

"'Out of the mouth of babes and sucklings,'" murmured Hallock, but Mr. Dumont threw up a silencing hand.

"Far from it," he stated, smiling at Nona. "If anything, it sounds as hard-headed as you look soft and tender."

"Soft?" demanded Nona, with her first show of feeling. "Do you think I'm soft?"

Mr. Dumont looked helplessly at his sister. "Have I said something wrong?"

Miss Dumont laughed outright. "I should say you have. He didn't mean sentimental, Nona; I can assure you he intended it for a compliment."

"Oh," said Nona, with a shrug.

"What have you got against Sybelle?" asked Miss Dumont, still smiling.

"Nothing," said Nona promptly. "What does anybody ever have against anybody? Are you all blind? It isn't in the least that I care what she does; it's only that I've made up my mind to care what I do."

"Nona," said Sybelle unexpectedly, "I think you're perfectly swell, and it's only the second time I haven't thought you were completely dumb! The other time ——" She turned her head to look at Hallam. "Why, you were there! You saw her dance."

"That's enough, Sybelle," said Mrs. Brent, the troubled look increasing in her eyes. "Haven't you a hat, a bag—anything you want to bring along?"

"I meant it, mother," said Nona gravely.

"Oh, Nona, please!" cried Mrs. Brent imploringly. "Don't be absurd." She turned to Sybelle and steadied her voice: "Where have you been staying, Sybelle?"

"With the Fontebello woman, but I have a hazy recollection her dump was raided tonight."

"Haven't you anywhere else I can take you?"

"Sure. Give me a couple of hundred francs and put me in a taxicab."

"You see, Nona?" said Mrs. Brent with a pleading look.

"Do what you like, mother; but if she goes home with you, I'll take the taxicab and go to Maxim's or the Boulevards instead of her."

"Nona!" cried Mrs. Brent sharply, her eyes blazing.

Tears rushed to Nona's eyes, her face turned white and she caught a trembling lower lip beneath her teeth to steady herself. "I hate you all!" she gasped—"you, and Mr. Dumont, and Sybelle, and Miss Dumont, and—Herring! You're nothing but people—people—and I'm myself. I don't care what you think of me; I'll be myself!"

Hallam leaped to his feet and made a stride toward her, but Miss Dumont, rising, caught him by the arm and pushed him back.

"Any other time," she murmured. Then she turned to Nona. "You're absolutely right, Nona. I've been keeping my mouth shut for the sheer pleasure of hearing a human being stand up for the right to be human in its own particular way. There's loads of room at my place for Sybelle, and I'm going to get a special kick out of talking to her father tomorrow." She walked over to Nona, very gently laid her strong hands on her shoulders, and turned her around. "Let's get out of this, shall we? Just for a minute. I want to show you something; I want to talk to you."

As they walked slowly from the room, Mr. Dumont looked intently at Mrs. Brent as if to hold her on the couch with his kindly eyes. "I congratulate you," he said, quite earnestly. "I've seldom seen a more remarkable girl, and the strange thing is, I've seen her always. The moment my

eyes fell on her, I knew her; and if I should never see her again, she'd remain with me just as she will with you, with all of us, forever. She's startlingly alive—the most straightforward and vibrant identity it's ever been my joy to meet." He glanced at Hallam. "Do you mind pouring me another drink, Hallock?"

"Thanks," murmured Hallam gratefully, as if the words had released some spring, permitting him to walk about once more, to resume the use of his brain and even to speak if he could think of anything to say. He went to the side table, lifted the decanter and looked over his shoulder.

"What about you, Mrs. Brent? Won't you have something?"

"No, thank you," she said in a low voice. Her heart also was swelling with gratitude, not because Nona had been praised but because she herself had been granted a moment of grace in which to regain her poise. "Perhaps some cold water," she corrected herself; "nothing but cold water."

"While you're about it," said Sybelle, "make mine a stiff one, will you?"

"Haven't you had enough punishment for tonight?" asked Hallam, without looking around. "Here's something more in your line," he added, unfolding the napkin from the plate of sandwiches. He took it and deposited it on Sybelle's lap. "Eat the lot and I'll give you a drink for prize money."

She began to plow her way methodically down through the pile of sandwiches like a child set to a task. Mr. Dumont, sipping his drink, watched her with mingled curiosity and wonder. He had the sensation of having entered at a ripe age upon a magic world, read about in current fairy tales, but never before visualized. Surely here was no playful naiad, no innocently erring Undine, but rather the spirit of Lilith come to life in an absurdly inadequate frame.

It amazed him to think, not that this tender offshoot of a riotous age could mock lightly at scorching flame, but that he should be present to see her do it.

She licked the last crumb from the corner of her lovely mouth and raised confiding eyes to Hallam. "Can I have the drink now, please?"

Miss Dumont and Nona came into the room. Neither one could have been said to be accompanying the other; they did not even suggest an alliance. If anything, they had the air of sovereign independent states returning from an amicable excursion together.

Sybelle looked at them curiously from over the rim of her glass. She drank slowly, but with fairly large swallows which Mr. Dumont was delighted to find he could trace all the way down her long throat. He was convinced that each took three skips and a jump.

"Has she been blacking my eye, Miss Dumont?" asked Sybelle.

"At the risk of hurting your feelings," replied Miss Dumont promptly, "I must tell you we didn't even mention you. Come along now. Bottoms up on that drink; I'm an old woman and I want to go to bed."

"You're one of those people I could never possibly think of as old," said Sybelle, rising and setting aside her glass without emptying it.

She turned to say her farewells with the ease of a perfect poise. "It's been swell seeing you again, Mrs. Brent; and you, too, Nona. You've been perfectly splendid tonight—almost as good as when you danced!" She walked up to Mr. Dumont, who had arisen. "I can never thank you enough, Mr. Dumont," she said in a low voice. "Before everybody came, you made me feel as though I was somebody else—somebody I've almost forgotten—but as soon as everybody came, of course they made me realize how really lousy I am. Good night, all."

When she and Miss Dumont were gone, Mr. Dumont turned profoundly troubled eyes on Mrs. Brent. "That child could be lovely," he said in an awestruck tone. "What is it she needs? A good old-fashioned spanking?"

"Hardly," said Mrs. Brent dryly; "she'd be too interested for it to hurt. I don't know what I'd do with her, Mr. Dumont; nobody knows." She frowned at him as she arose, but her frowns were rarely unpleasant. "There doesn't seem to be anything to do except leave them alone."

Hallam's eyes had not left Nona from the moment of her return to the room with Miss Dumont; now he stepped forward and said to Mrs. Brent, "Can't I see you home?"

"Wouldn't that be rather idiotic?" interposed Nona, advancing to say good night to Mr. Dumont. "You see, it's only around the corner, and besides, we happen to have brought the car."

Hallam contented himself with showing them down to the porte-cochère, and returned to the library, to find that Mr. Dumont, having lighted a large cigar, had seated himself before the fire. The signs indicated a long talk.

"Make yourself comfortable, Hal; there's something on my chest."

"What is it, sir?"

"That youngster."

"Sybelle Trumbull?"

"No, no. Nona—Nona What's-her-name."

"Brent," supplemented Hallam. "What about her?"

"Yes, Brent," said Mr. Dumont reminiscently. "Forthright sort of a name; it certainly fits her. Did you ever see such guts? I wouldn't have traded this evening for a month of board meetings. But this young bunch has me guessing, Hal. Just imagine any man telling that girl where to get off!"

"Oh, I don't know," said Hallam rather doubtfully. "You have to fight them, of course, but ——"

"But what?"

"But I can't see anything so wonderful about them." He felt annoyed, almost hurt. "Things have changed since your day, sir. You didn't have to go around with your guard up all the time, and holding a wallop in your right hand for any hour of the night or early morning."

"You don't tell me!" exclaimed Mr. Dumont interestedly. "That's the way of it, is it? I wondered."

"Oh, well; Nona's not so bad."

"That's another one of those inverted phrases. What you mean is she's exceptionally good, and I can believe you. I could imagine inviting that girl to take a partnership in anything from a garbage-disposal contract to running the City Bank. You don't remember her father, do you?"

"No, sir; never heard of him."

"That's because you've managed to keep clear of the Street. For three or four years he was the lovable laughingstock of the Stock Market. Play-the-Air Brent, they used to call him. I never saw him but once, and then not to speak to him. A sort of lost Viking, plowing his good-natured way through a lot of pygmies. If it hadn't been for the accepted theory that he was a buffoon, there's no telling what friends he would have made. And here's the shameful end to the saga. By the time the rest of us were buying the air, and were ready to take off our hats to him, he had cleaned up to the tune of millions and fallen dead with the shock.

"There are a lot of little things you regret as you look back over a long life, Hal, and one of mine is that when I had the chance I didn't have the brains to shake Brent's hand before he died."

Hallam arose and stood for a moment, his head bowed, his hand resting on the back of his chair.

"I feel rotten, sort of woozy. Do you mind if I turn in?"

Mr. Dumont looked up solicitously. "Why, no, Hal; of course not. But I think I'll just sit on here for a while. I'm still enjoying myself—having a lot of fun."

(TO BE CONCLUDED)

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PACKED IN VERMONT BY VERMONTERS

New-Fashioned cars built with Old-Fashioned Honesty of Purpose

By Theodore F. MacManus

EVERY so often the simple idea that the best way to build a sound business is to deal with others as you would have them deal with you, falls into such general disuse that it becomes old-fashioned and temporarily goes into the discard.

Then along comes someone or other who firmly believes that the golden old business formula contains just as much vitality and magic as it ever did—and to the astonishment of the shallow and the thoughtless, a tremendous success is registered.

Something of this sort happened in the case of the three Graham brothers who, without doing or saying anything at all sensational, wound up their first year as motor car manufacturers with the largest first year sales ever recorded by anyone in the industry, with a second and still greater year just finished.

Their motor car and their methods were as bright-and-shining new and modern as any the automobile has ever produced—but the idea underlying their business was nearly twenty centuries old.

With full faith in the most modern manufacturing processes, they decided that it would be better to think of people not as a mass of buyers or a sales-volume, but as individual human beings whose complete satisfaction was vital to Graham.

To that end they adopted and still pursue the unusual policy of shipping cars only as they are ordered by the dealer or, in other words, only when there is a convinced buyer waiting for each car.

Instead of acting as a deterrent upon car sales, this scrupulous care in the manufacture of each car inspired such public confidence that sales were immensely stimulated.

They were old-fashioned enough to feel serenely sure that if they took care of the other fellow, the other fellow would in due time take care of them by buying and approving what they built.

The other fellow, in the case of the Grahams, was the prospective owner and the distributor or dealer and they were confident that if they dealt fairly with these two—in other words, if they simply built very good cars at low prices—nothing need stop them short of world leadership.

It was a modest formula upon which to build a world-wide business; but their faith was not misplaced, for out of it has grown the astounding first year sales total already accorded to a group of magnificently modern $14,000,000 factories at Detroit, Evansville, Ind., Wayne, Mich., and Perry, Fla.—two superbly up-to-the-minute body building plants at Evansville and Wayne, with a daily capacity of 750 bodies; and an astonishingly loyal organization of 1900 dealers in the United States and Canada who almost unanimously sell the Graham brothers policies first and their motor car as a natural sequence.

Now the three Graham brothers have, for the first time, assumed the responsibility of placing their own name upon excellent new six and eight cylinder cars—each very good, very beautiful, and very low in price when their high quality is considered.

They are signalizing this turning point in their manufacturing and merchandising career by a characteristic but still very unusual innovation in which they and their dealers relinquish all profit for the protection of the public.

The details of this are given on the next page.

The new name of these new cars is the old reliable name of

GRAHAM

VERY GOOD CARS AT LOW PRICES

+

Completely Protected by Shatter-Proof Safety Plate Glass

The Six and the Eight engines are Graham-built + +The standard-shift, four-speed transmission is Graham-designed and Graham-proved + +The bodies are now all Graham-built to the rigid Graham standards

This announcement signalizes the appearance of a new line of motor cars, bearing alone, for the first time, the name of the three Graham brothers.

It is likewise the occasion of a proposal so unusual that nothing even remotely comparable to it has ever occurred in the motor car industry.

Deeply impressed by the necessity of providing motorists with a positive safeguard against the frequent occasion of accident and death, the Grahams and their dealers celebrate the advent of these cars by foregoing all profit on a complete protective equipment of shatter-proof safety plate glass.

The Graham brothers endeavored faithfully to fulfill their stewardship to the Graham-Paige properties, to Graham-Paige dealers and owners, by a progressive policy which constantly produced better cars.

They endeavored to anticipate public needs in advanced engineering practice—by perfecting the four-speed transmission, by providing freshness and smartness of design, sturdiness and versatile performance.

They endeavored to build each and every car with the one thought that every owner must be made to feel kindly toward the Graham producing and distributing sources.

In pursuit of this patient policy of studying their public, not as a mass of people but as individual human beings, they were rewarded by the largest first year's dollar sales volume in motor car history—with a second year that eclipsed the first.

Now, with the obligation of a product bearing only their own name, their one ambition is to be worthy of the public confidence of the past and a greater measure of confidence in the future.

To that end—aided by the generosity of Graham dealers who voluntarily forego all profit on the operation—they offer two new Graham Sixes and two new Graham Eights, equipped with one of the most important safety factors known to present-day motoring.

The entire industry must, of necessity, provide the public in due time with this imperative protection because it is a safeguard which they should not be denied.

The Grahams have overcome the obstacle of the comparatively high cost of laminated glass by decreeing that Graham shatter-proof windows and windshields shall not be a profit-item but a protection gladly granted the public.

See the new Graham cars, learn the deadly difference in the two types of glass, and observe how fully these new Graham cars live up to the Graham guarantee of very good cars at low prices.

When the three Grahams came home

By Theodore F. MacManus

It might at first blush seem strange and almost grotesque that great masses of Americans should admire and even celebrate the mere business decency of any man or group of men or any business institution. But it is not at all strange. Once in a while the opportunity comes for people to express their weariness with the seeming success of the superficial and to record their allegiance to that which is genuine even though it be prosaic.

It was some such spontaneous recognition of the ordinary decencies which inspired a year ago, in the pleasant Indiana city of Evansville, a public outpouring probably without parallel in the history of American life.

The only likeness to it which can be recalled is in the public demonstrations which have celebrated the undimmed genius of Thomas Edison.

But in his case there was the recognition of tremendous inventive achievement—whereas in the other case more than one hundred and fifty thousand people poured in to the streets of Evansville simply to pay tribute to three quiet business men who had returned for a day to the vicinity of the farm from which they had sprung.

There was no record of public glory or spectacular accomplishment behind them. They simply came back bearing a name for a certain sort of business rectitude.

But the stores and the business houses and the banks and schools and churches all closed their doors, and from all parts of Indiana, in motor cars and buggies and wagons, the people poured into Evansville and jammed the streets with a roaring welcome.

A huge parade passed for an hour in front of them and the three quiet, embarrassed business men were overwhelmed with tributes of affection and ceremonials which continued far into the night.

And what was the popular public impulse which led these tens of thousands of Americans to pay these three business men such an extraordinary honor?

Nothing more vital—if there can be *anything* more vital—than the plain homely desire of neighbors and friends and fellow citizens to say that they liked the decent qualities which had built the business character and career of their three good friends.

It might be almost indecent to record such an incident if it were not for one thing. This characteristic American celebration conveys a salutary reminder—much needed at this moment—that even in the sordid sense of monetary success it does pay to remember that preservation of honorable human relations is the most vital contribution that can be made to the enduring success of any business operation.

COLLECTORS' WIVES

(Continued from Page 25)

"Yes, but, Ernest," she said, "we have two of those already—nice ones."

"I know, Alice," he said, "but ours haven't got the original brasses. Did you take a look at those original brasses? Just take a look at them!"

"I know, darling," she said, "but our bureaus are prettier because they're inlaid, and they didn't cost a third of that one. Where would we put it if we got it?"

"That isn't the point!" he protested. "We got those bureaus three years ago when prices weren't half what they are today, and neither of them has got the original brasses. Why, there are some dealers that would pay $100 for these brasses alone!"

"To put on another bureau, you mean?" she asked.

"Why certainly!" Ernest told her, a little fretfully. "They're scarce—original brasses!"

"I know, dear," she said mildly, "and of course somebody may have done the same thing to this bureau."

"No!" he said. "Not on your life! Those are the original brasses. All you have to do is look at 'em. You can't fool me on those brasses! Why, if those aren't the original brasses, I'll eat 'em!"

"Well," she said, "I'll go out and sit in the automobile. You know we have to pay for painting the house next month."

"Look here," he said, "if you really don't want this bureau, all you've got to do is say so. If you think you aren't going to like it, I won't take it, of course; but I'll tell you right now that it'll be a long time before you see another one at this price with the original brasses. It's a great opportunity, and we'll always be sorry if we don't take it."

"All right, dear," she said. "You do what you think is best, and I'll wait in the automobile."

With that, she went out, and Ernest turned to me with an air of exasperation. "Isn't that a woman for you?" he asked in open disgust. "I could talk to her for a hundred years and she'd never get my point of view. She'd never believe that those original brasses add just about 1000 per cent to the value and beauty of that piece! Look at 'em! Look at those brasses!"

Original and Unoriginal Brasses

I looked at them. They looked to me exactly like the brasses that can be bought for $9.75 a dozen. These can be very pleasingly aged by putting them in a large kettle with a number of pebbles, shaking and stirring them vigorously for an hour, and then scouring them with wet sea sand. A golf caddie, I have found, is delighted to handle the entire operation for one dollar; and when he has finished with the brasses, they look more original than 90 per cent of the original brasses that are called to my attention by collectors and dealers.

I asked Ernest what he proposed to do.

"Do?" he demanded. "Do? What can I do? I've got to let it go—that beautiful piece with the original brasses! I'll probably regret it all my life. I shouldn't have let her see it! I shouldn't have said anything about it! I should have bought it without mentioning it to her in any way! Then it would have been done and over with, and it wouldn't have done her any good to kick. As it is, I wouldn't want to buy it, because she'd look at me without saying anything whenever anything went wrong, and I'd know she'd be blaming me for buying it."

He shook his head bitterly. "What does a woman care about original brasses? What does she know about the charm of historical association; about the beauty of these fine old pieces? She'd just as soon have a pink satin dressing table with a three-piece mirror on it!"

He made a noise in his throat—a noise that sounded something like "Gah!" and that seemed to indicate both hopelessness and disgust. Immediately afterward he went away, leaving behind him the swell-front bureau with the original brasses.

It is probable that Ernest's Alice and other wives like her will never be able—as long as there are paint bills to be paid or children's clothes to be bought—to sympathize whole-heartedly with the overwhelming emotion that fills their husbands' breasts when they are confronted by something rare and beautiful, like a set of original brasses. They might be made to see the light if they could be sent to a school for wives, such as I have already mentioned—it is barely possible. If their teacher could be a large, loud man who would stand no nonsense, something might be done about it. He would have to be very firm, however. When he placed before his class two swell-front bureaus, one with original brasses and one with reproduction brasses, and told how much finer and more beautiful and more valuable the one with original brasses was, he would have to be prepared to deal peremptorily with those who questioned him. If one of the wives so much as dared to ask why the original brasses were more beautiful and more valuable, he would have to shout savagely and brutally: "Because I say so!"

Four Kinds, None Pleasing

Generally speaking, collectors' wives are divided into four categories:

1. Passive wives, who attempt in sly and underhand ways to make their collector husbands feel uncomfortable when they spend money for antiques.

2. Noisy wives, who openly rant against all antiques as being either uncomfortable, useless or overexpensive.

3. Helpful wives, who don't quite get the idea and are apt to slip into the fourth and most dangerous of all categories—that of:

4. Overenthusiastic wives, who buy antiques to be in the swim, pay prices that make their collector husbands shake all over, and bring home specimens calculated to arouse the cupidity of almost no one except a junk dealer.

There are, of course, many subdivisions of these four great classes. Some wives are complacent when their husbands pay high prices for fine old furniture, but give way to hot and cold flushes when the husbands dabble in Early American flasks. Some will stand for sleigh seats, but draw the line at Currier & Ives prints. Some can overlook their husbands' extravagances in purchasing pine and maple furniture, but become almost uncontrollable when they show signs of wishing to annex the more refined furniture of Chippendale and Hepplewhite. Some will say nothing against their husbands' eager desire to acquire carved eagles, but will fly into tantrums if the same men attempt to go in for Pennsylvania slip ware or printed handkerchiefs.

I assume that this attitude of collectors' wives toward the activities of their husbands has some deep meaning. I am reasonably sure that there are, in the United States, many persons who could interpret it if they would put their minds on it. These persons, having already interpreted the deep inner meaning of the large number of young women who use lipsticks, of the thousands of matrons who have turned to cigarette smoking, of the prevalence of jazz and dancing, of the inordinate number of college undergraduates who wear coonskin overcoats, of the abnormal willingness of the younger generation to ride in automobiles, attend movies and pet, could doubtless solve this strange business of collectors' wives in no time at all. I will not, therefore, attempt to interpret it, and will content myself with merely stating the case and indicating a cure.

As between the passive and the noisy types of collectors' wives, there seems to me to be little to choose. Each type, as I see it, is equally apt either to ruin a good and beauty-loving collector and turn him into an ordinary hard-working husband with few desires beyond golf, overstuffed chairs and an exciting detective story in which the keen young barrister outguesses the old inspector and discovers that the murder was committed by the butler, or to swell the already large procession that is passing through our divorce courts.

The attitude of the noisy type was well exemplified, not long ago, by the wife of a bottle collector who unburdened herself to me on the subject of her husband's foibles.

Bottle collecting, it should be understood, is regarded by bottle collectors as practically the finest and fairest flower of antique collecting. To a bottle collector, a bottle is not a bottle but a flask. In many an old bottle, originally made to hold a quart, a pint or a half pint of rum, rye or bourbon, there is compressed, according to bottle connoisseurs, beauty, color, art, history, tradition—in short, a wealth of old, forgotten, far-off things, and souses long ago.

Bottle enthusiasts get together and talk about bottles by the hour, agreeing excitedly that a fine bottle is an ultimate antique—one of the few antiques that will never be pushed out into the garage or hidden away in an old trunk or carelessly given to unappreciative relatives, as must inevitably be the case with 90 per cent of the antiques now being accumulated by untrained and half-baked collectors.

A fine Corn for the World bottle, they say, will always be something to treasure, to handle with loving care, to display to visitors with a running accompaniment of throbbing and absorbing information concerning the glass industry in the United States.

I know next to nothing about any of these things, you understand, and am merely quoting some of the bottle collectors to whom I have had the good fortune to listen from time to time during the past decade.

At any rate, I encountered the wife of a bottle collector, and she said, with a cynical, contemptuous look on her face: "Well, have you bought any bottles recently?"

I replied that I had not, since a pool seemed to have been formed in bottles, or some other malign influence brought to bear on them, so that their prices had shot up into the same class with Stradivarius violins, Button Gwinnett autographs, fresh caviar as dispensed on Madison Avenue, and anything even faintly resembling the antiques that sold in four-figure prices at the Reifsnyder sale.

"Well," she said bitterly, "you probably know my husband's collection of bottles!"

The Blue-Bottle Blues

I said that I did indeed know it, and that I envied him his many rare and beautiful bottles.

"Beautiful!" she exclaimed. "Beautiful! Is one bottle more beautiful than another because it has an inverted D on it?"

"Not necessarily," I said, "but you must admit that some of his blue and amethyst flasks are very lovely!"

"No," she replied, "I won't admit it! I won't admit anything! I am sick and tired of hearing him talk about bottles. I have heard about the Doctor Dyott bottle with the reversed D so many times that I can barely keep from screaming when he brings up the subject. Nobody ever comes into the house any more without hearing all about the Doctor Dyott bottle with the reversed D. That's all there is about the bottle that's worth mentioning. It's a sort of sickish green in color, and it looks like all the other bottles that he fritters away his money on, and just because it has a D on it that is reversed, he talks as though it was more beautiful than a diamond bracelet!"

"His blue bottles ——" I started to remind her, but she would not let me go on.

"Blue bottles!" she exclaimed. "Yes, if he'd get three or four blue bottles, and be content with them, and put them in a window so that the sun would shine through them, I wouldn't mind. But he doesn't! He puts them in a closet, because, he says, they may fade if they are exposed to the light. Fade! I just can't bear it! He has seventeen blue bottles, including the one with the cracked neck and the one with the hole in it, and the last one he bought he paid $150 for! One hundred and fifty dollars! First and last, he must have spent $20,000 on his darned old bottles! And he won't have the automobile painted because he says we can't afford it!"

"But the rarity of these bottles ——" I attempted to remind her.

"I don't believe a word of it!" she said. "I brought him a small blue bottle the other day and told him it was one of the desk bottles used during the Martin Van Buren Administration, and he examined it for nearly two hours, and called in two or three of his bottle-buying friends to look at it, and when I told them what it was, they were angry."

"What was it?" I asked.

Bottled History

"It was a blue ink bottle from the corner drug store!" she snapped. "That's what it was! And I saw another bottle in the drug store that my husband has. It's a bottle shaped like a fish, and my husband has one just like it that he paid seven dollars for. The one I saw in the drug store is full of cod-liver oil, and costs a dollar, full. I don't believe any of you bottle people know what you're talking about!"

"Just a minute!" I protested. "The historical associations connected with these bottles are such as to make them ——"

"Oh, my goodness!" she exclaimed. "I've had that thrown at me until I'm almost deaf, ever since that Mr. Lefèvre wrote about bottles in THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, and told how he had to go into bottle collecting to learn about American history. You'd think, from the way my husband talks, that every bottle had a picture of a rare American hero on it, like the Major Ringgold bottle that Mr. Lefèvre told about. Well, it isn't so, and you know it! You know as well as I do that nearly all of them have George Washington on them; and all I've got to say is that a person must be weak-minded if he has to spend about $20,000 buying bottles before he can learn about George Washington and Major Ringgold! I told him to give me the money to have the automobile painted, and I'd get a lot of books out of the library and read him the lives of a hundred American soldiers that the bottle makers never heard of, and that he'd get all the information without having to buy a single bottle."

She stared at me defiantly, but I could see plainly that she was not open to argument. Consequently, I let her pass on without pursuing the subject further. A few days later I encountered her husband in the smoking room of his club, staring moodily at a small book. This, I saw, was the bottle collectors' Bible and manual—Van Rensselaer's Check Lists of Early American Bottles and Flasks. It seemed to me that I should mention the nervous condition to which his wife had been brought by his bottle collecting.

"I saw your wife the other day," I said, "and she seemed to feel a little upset over your bottles."

"Upset!" he said. "I should think she might feel a little upset! Do you know what they're doing? They're faking the Success to the Railroad flasks and the Sunburst flasks and the Jenny Lind bottles, and they're turning out a Pitkin in jade green that would fool Mrs. Pitkin herself!"

"Surely they're not good enough to fool anyone who knows his bottles," I protested.

(Continued on Page 133)

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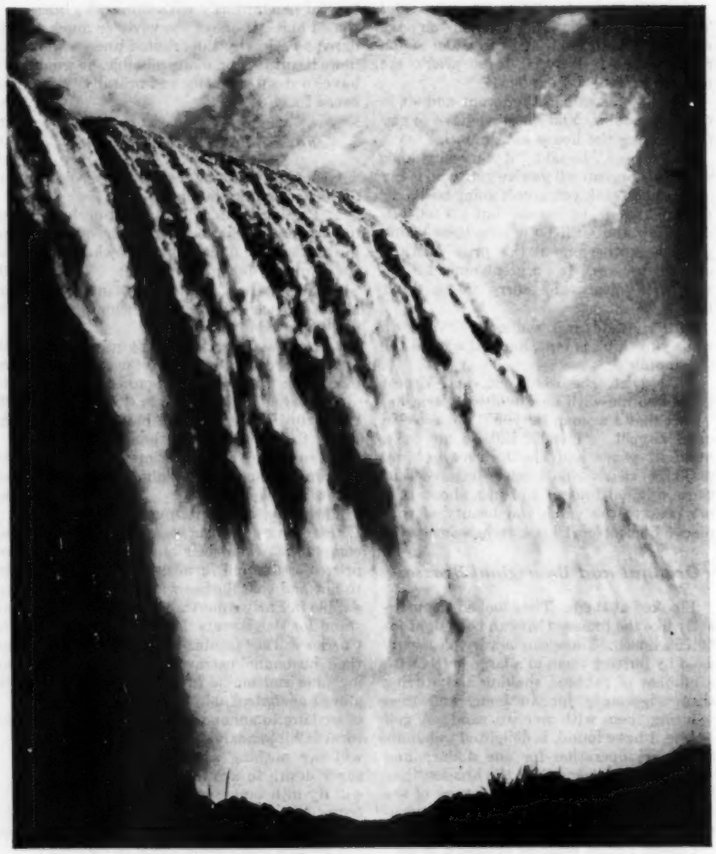

POWER IS CHEAPER IN NEW YORK STATE

This book interestingly describes the specific industrial advantages of the territory served by Niagara Hudson, which includes among many others the towns and cities listed below:

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ALBION	DEPEW	GOWANDA	LANCASTER	OSWEGO	TONAWANDA
AMSTERDAM	DOLGEVILLE	GREEN ISLAND	LEROY	PULASKI	TROY
BALDWINSVILLE	DUNKIRK	HAMBURG	LITTLE FALLS	RENSSELAER	UTICA
BALLSTON	E. SYRACUSE	HERKIMER	LOWVILLE	ROME	WATERFORD
BATAVIA	FAIRPORT	HOMER	LYONS	ROTTERDAM	WATERTOWN
BOONVILLE	FALCONER	HUDSON	MALONE	ST. JOHNSVILLE	WATERVLIET
BROCKPORT	FORT EDWARD	HUDSON FALLS	MEDINA	SALAMANCA	WELLSVILLE
BUFFALO	FORT PLAIN	ILION	MOHAWK	SARATOGA SPRINGS	WESTFIELD
CANASTOTA	FRANKFORT	JAMESTOWN	NEW YORK MILLS	SCHENECTADY	WHITEHALL
CARTHAGE	FREDONIA	JOHNSTOWN	NIAGARA FALLS	SCOTIA	WHITESBORO
COHOES	GENESEO	KENMORE	N. TONAWANDA	SOLVAY	WILLIAMSVILLE
COHOES	GLENS FALLS			OLEAN	SKANEATELES

NIAGARA · · · HUDSON
POWER CORPORATION

(Continued from Page 131)

He shook his head doubtfully. "How do I know?" he demanded. "Maybe some of the flasks I've already got are fakes. Maybe, if my blue Major Ringgold is a fake and I think it's real, a real one would look like a fake to me."

He glanced hurriedly over his shoulder, as if to make sure that no eavesdroppers were lurking near by. "Do you know what I heard today?" he whispered. "If it's true, it's the climax of my entire bottle-collecting career. I heard"—again he shot a suspicious glance over his shoulder—"I heard of a woman in Illinois that has a puce Paul Revere quart in proof condition; Paul Revere on the face and One If By Land And Two If By Sea on the reverse! What do you think of that?" He laughed a crowing, triumphant laugh. "I'd rather have a flask like that than a Daniel Webster flask. Yes, I'd rather have it than a Henry Clay flask, if there is such a thing! I'd pay $1000 for a flask like that—$1000!"

"I don't believe there is any such flask," I said.

"Why not?" he demanded fiercely. "Don't you know your American history? They made rum in Medford, didn't they? Millions of gallons of it? And didn't Paul Revere ride near Medford when he rode to Lexington on the nineteenth of April? Sure he did! They must have made a flask like that, if the New England traders were as smart as they are supposed to be! Why, a flask like that would have sold like hot cakes on every nineteenth of April! Think of having a puce Paul Revere quart to bring out and show these bottle collectors! Why, I'd pay more than a thousand dollars for a flask like that. I'd pay anything to get it—anything!"

"Yes," I said, "and what would your wife say? That's one of the things she was upset about—the amount of money you've spent on flasks that don't seem to her to be worth the money."

Bootlegging Empties

"Listen," said my friend impressively. "You mustn't get the idea that this attitude is anything new with the little woman. She was that way when I brought home my first flask—an amber half-pint Scott and Byron. You know how rare those Scott and Byron half pints are, too—beautiful flasks—Byron's head sticks out like an age-worn bas-relief cut in liquid gold. Yes. You'd have thought she'd have welcomed it into the home, wouldn't you? And did she? She did not! When she found out that I'd paid ten dollars for it, she began to moan that we needed a new set of aluminum saucepans for the kitchen. Aluminum saucepans! Good heavens! Think of mentioning aluminum saucepans in the same breath with an amber Scott and Byron half pint! Instead of weeping and moaning as though I'd been guilty of some horrible extravagance, she should have congratulated me on getting such a gem at such a bargain." He gnawed at his nails gloomily, drew an amethyst Stiegel scent bottle from his vest, held it up against the light and stared raptly at it, rubbed it gently against his trouser leg, and returned it to its hiding place again.

"Well," I asked, "what did you do about it?"

He snorted. "What do you think I did?" he demanded. "You're a collector, because I know you have more than two icons, and when anybody buys two of anything that is beautiful or peculiar or unusual, even if it's 1917-model automobiles, he's a collector. You know what I did! I didn't tell her about the next flask I bought, or the next one. For every five that I buy, I only tell her about one. I can't enjoy my bottles properly, because if I let her see all of them, she'd have an attack of nerves that would require the services of three doctors."

He fell silent again and fingered the Stiegel scent bottle in his vest pocket. "It has become a very serious problem with me," he went on at length. "I don't dare to come home openly most of the time, because I have flasks in my pockets, and I don't want her to know about them. One of my greatest pleasures is to gather my flasks around me in the bathroom and have a flask washing, but I have to be very careful about my flask washing, for fear she'll catch me at it. I can only wash a few at a time—only two or three, so that if she surprises me, I can hide them comfortably. And I have so many flasks that I don't know what to do with my new ones. They are hidden in the cupboards on the first and second floor, and in the attic and the garage, and I have several trunks and barrels that are filled with them. I need a new house to hold my collection, but I can't explain it to my wife. She thinks our present house is good enough. I might"—here he sighed heavily—"I might have to stop collecting flasks; and if I did, I think it would kill me."

The Ultimate in Antiques

It should be remarked at this juncture that although most male collectors of long standing either appear to be impervious to the innuendos and direct criticisms of their wives, or are actually unaffected by them, there are great numbers of incipient collectors whose powers of resistance have not been developed by long practice. As a result, there are numberless American homes whose opportunities of being enriched and beautified with antiques have been cruelly nipped in the bud by a thoughtless, unimaginative or unsympathetic wife. Experienced collectors develop a crafty technic against which their wives are powerless. Some years ago I participated in an antiquing expedition in company with two skilled and resourceful collectors. In the course of our travels we encountered a richly carved Chippendale lowboy with ball-and-claw feet. After some dickering, the more skilled and resourceful of the collectors acquired this gem of the cabinetmaker's art for $4500. It was placed on the laps of the entire party and carried some 200 miles to the home of the purchaser, where the automobile was stopped in a secluded spot to permit him to reconnoiter. He returned on tiptoe.

"It's all right!" he whispered. "She's out! We'll carry it upstairs and put it in the place of my other lowboy!" This we did; and when it was done, the purchaser chuckled fiendishly. "She has to pass it at least four times a day," he said, "and she'll never notice it! Never! She'll never know but what it's the old one!"

"When shall you tell her?" I asked.

He laughed a cold and heartless laugh, and made use of an expression that is frequently heard in antique circles. "What they don't know," he said blithely, "won't hurt 'em."

The young collector—one who is, in the phraseology of the brotherhood, still damp behind the ears—is in a different position. The old, hardened collector can frequently bring home articles that blend so well with the mass of his belongings that they escape the observation of even the most querulous wife. The young collector, starting from scratch, cannot introduce any article, no matter how small, into the home without being instantly detected. Since he is new at the pursuit or pastime of antiquing, he is unlikely to plunge into the purchasing of such articles as are known as ultimate antiques—and it might be remarked in passing that some antiques can be recognized as ultimate antiques only because their prices run into four or five figures. Thus, if a collector picks up a small green glass pitcher in an antique shop and says to the dealer, "What is this?" and the dealer says, "Stiegel!" and the collector says, "Stiegel your grandmother, but how much is it?" and the dealer defiantly answers, "Twelve hundred and fifty dollars!"—then the collector, no matter how inexperienced he may be, knows he is looking at an ultimate antique—a very ultimate antique.

At any rate, the new, fresh, novitiate collector is going to feel his way along gradually. He is going to buy articles that are reasonably priced—odd bits of pine and maple, slightly scabious pewter trifles, little odds and ends like Currier & Ives prints, rusty ironmongery, small hooked rugs, damaged goods of all sorts. This is only natural; for there is no collector living, no matter how wealthy and important and sagacious, who did not acquire, in his earliest collecting days, various specimens of early Americana that, in the light of more mature taste and knowledge, and more particularly in the light of the easier money that comes with more advanced years, make him question his earlier mentality, if any.

Now, one of the great drawbacks to the cheaper trifles obtainable in antique circles is the fact that few of them can be examined in the manner known to German scientists as obyectiff without causing someone to burst into a hoarse, obscene laugh. Incidentally, the German is a great hand to examine everyone but himself obyectiffly, and to talk about the desirability of being obyectiff—or objective, as we less scientific Americans say; but when it comes to being obyectiff about himself, he is not so good. The same thing is more or less true of the antique collector. He is seldom able to be obyectiff about himself: to back off and take a detached view of his own purchases. When somebody else does it, moreover, it is a delicate, dangerous proceeding. It is a dangerous proceeding with an advanced collector who buys nothing but ultimate antiques—dangerous, say, for a noncollector to examine too closely into the mental processes followed and the actual value obtained by a collector who pays $35,000 for a single chair or table or highboy. It is less dangerous, but more cruel, to probe into the early purchases of a novitiate collector.

Not long ago I encountered a man whose life had been empty of antiques. Recently, however, hearing large talk of antiques at the dinner tables of his friends, he had felt within him the stirrings of a desire to collect. At his request, I obliged him with a few hints, and he vanished from my sight. A few weeks later I had word of an American-made Queen Anne card table—a beautiful, delicate thing with cabriole legs as graceful as those of a bow-legged fawn. Since I have never been equipped to compete with collectors of ultimate antiques, I went to my acquaintance and told him about it. "You can get it for four hundred," I told him, "and you will always be pleased with it. The price is high, but not too high. If you want to start collecting, you could do much worse than to start on this."

A Purchaser Sold

He fixed me with a glassy stare. "I started," he said. "I went to an antique auction with m' wife, and the man that did the auctioning was one of these men that pretend to hear bids that nobody makes. Maybe you've heard of men like that?"

I told him that I came from Maine, and that Maine people knew a great deal about auctioneers of that sort.

"Well," he continued dispiritedly, "this man was auctioning off a pair of door hinges—iron hinges; H-L hinges he called them, but I didn't know why till later. These hinges were museum pieces, the man said; they ought to be in a museum, being made out of Swedish iron by an early craftsman as they were, and very beautifully proportioned; and then he opened the bidding at ten dollars. Well, I sort of had it in mind to build an antique house some day and fill it up with antiques, and it seemed to me that these hinges would be good to have on the front door of a house like that; so I bid eleven right away. There was someone in a back corner of the room who bid twelve, and then the auctioneer lifted up his finger toward the other back corner and said thirteen was bid, and right after that it seemed to run up to eighteen and twenty-two, and so on, and the upshot of it was that I bid twenty-eight, and the auctioneer knocked the hinges down to me so quick I thought he was going to throw them at me.

"Well, sir, as soon as I got out of the room with the hinges, m' wife came up to

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me pretty quiet and cold, and asked if I'd seen the men that were bidding against me. I said that I hadn't, and she looked off into the distance, very pained and hopeless, and said that there weren't any other men—that the auctioneer had merely pretended to hear other bids, and that I had been bidding against myself."

"Probably," I told him, "the hinges were worth twenty-eight dollars. Genuine old H-L hinges look well on a door."

"Yes, probably," he said, with little or no enthusiasm. "Anyway, some people came to dinner that night; and after dinner, when everybody was gay and friendly, m' wife brought out the H-L hinges and stood them up on the mantelpiece where everybody could see them, and then told about them, very vivacious—the way a woman is when she wants you to feel as if you'd been caught robbing a baby's bank. 'There they are!' she said. 'That's what our great captain of industry brought home when he let himself succumb to the lure of the antique! Two iron hinges worth eight cents; but the lure of the antique got him and he fought with himself over them for half an hour before he could bring himself to let himself have them for twenty-eight dollars. We hope to get a door knob next week for sixty or eighty dollars; and then he'll be ready to pick up a nice door for a thousand. If anyone knows of a first-class antique key hole, he's ready and willing to part with thirty-five dollars in order to get it, provided he can be assured it's a genuine early American key hole.'"

"This Queen Anne card table I was telling you about ——" I ventured, when he paused and stared darkly at the floor; but he shook his head at me impatiently.

"From the way our guests hooted at me," he went on, "you'd have thought I was the village idiot. One of them offered to sell me a rare old early American parcheesi board for a hundred and thirty dollars, and little Mrs. Bascom got the whoops and had to have smelling salts and aromatic spirits of ammonia. Then m' wife told how I was going to build a house to fit the hinges, both in atmosphere and price, so that it would cost three million and twenty-eight dollars, and furnish it with very simple early Americana that would cost us only seventy-two million."

"Don't pay any attention to that," I said. "Start with something like a Queen Anne card table and ——"

"Excuse me!" he said. "I'm through! If I caught H-L for buying one pair of H-L hinges, what would happen to me if I came home with a table! To H-L with it!"

A Sheraton Back Breaker

I have heard antique collectors complain bitterly that a wife cannot be made, in a manner of speaking, antique-minded if she is unimaginative. I am a trifle hazy as to exactly what they mean by an unimaginative wife, but apparently they mean a woman who is unwilling to accept history in place of upholstery.

"I'm up against a tough proposition," a collector told me. "My wife hasn't any imagination. Not long ago I picked up a Sheraton sofa that was a pippin—fluted back and arms, swags carved in a medallion, swell-front apron and turnings that would knock your eye out. That Sheraton sofa was absolutely right! I had it upholstered with little springs, like the ones Sheraton used; and I want to tell you that when that Sheraton sofa was put in our living room, it was good enough to make Garvan or the Duponts toss all night because they didn't have it. Why, you could tell exactly what any antique expert would say when he came into the room and saw it. He'd say 'Well, well! That's not a bad sofa! Is it all original?' and you'd know he was wondering how he could get it away from you for as little as three thousand.

"Well, you know those little springs aren't too soft; and we'd no sooner got it placed in the room than my wife began to moan about it. She said it was so hard that she was ashamed to have people come in the house. Some day, she said, somebody was going to throw himself down on it hard, thinking it was a regular sofa, and come up with a fractured pelvis, and then where would we be? She got so that when anybody came into the room, she'd warn him against the sofa. 'Don't sit on that!' she'd say. 'That's Fred's mechanical back breaker. It's one of those early American things that were used by people who were training themselves to be ridden out of town on a rail. You'll find it more comfortable to sit on the banisters or the kitchen stove.' That's what she'd say about a Sheraton sofa that was a straight out-and-out honey! Can you beat it? She just simply hadn't got any imagination!

"Well, I'd say to her: 'Look here, Gladys; that sofa is probably the finest thing that you'll see anywhere, and you ought to know by now that you can get as much pleasure out of looking at a thing as out of sitting on it. Why don't you think of this as a looking sofa instead of a sitting sofa? There's a tremendous satisfaction in seeing that sofa, in your mind's eye, surrounded by the ruffled silks and the satin knee breeches of the brave old Colonial days, with the lights of a hundred candles reflected in its shining mahogany surfaces like stars reflected in a pool at midnight. Why don't you use your imagination, Gladys?' That's what I'd say to her."

Gladys' Round

"Do you know what Gladys would say to me? She'd say: 'Listen, Fred; that is merely hooey, all that stuff! If your imagination is as powerful as all that, why don't you sleep on a bed that has cords under the mattress instead of springs, the way beds were made when this sofa was young? Probably this sofa was comfortable to sit on when it was first made, owing to most of the people who sat on it having been toughened by sitting on stumps, or being well upholstered themselves with eight or ten layers of underclothes. Probably they didn't do as much sitting as we do, anyway, what with having to work hard and bring up twelve or fifteen children during the daytime and being so dog-tired at night that they sought the corn husks about forty-five minutes after sundown. Anyway, there is some catch to it somewhere; and I for one think that these stern and rock-bound sofas are only useful in a front hall, where callers can throw their coats and hats on them. When it comes to sitting, I want three or four cushions and a fine set of springs between me and my imagination, and so do our guests; and you are wasting your breath when you try to make me think otherwise, so we won't discuss the matter any more.' That's what Gladys would say; and if you can beat that for lack of imagination, I'm a Chinaman!"

The true collector, as I understand it, is ever seeking perfection, only to have it elude him. It may be this trait that causes some of them, whose wives have been won over to the lure, as the saying goes, of the antique, to rail bitterly at their misfortune in having wives who also collect. It even seems to me to be the belief of these collectors that their wives are pursuing a deep-laid plan to discourage their husbands' activities. Male collectors, it seems, distrust the collecting activities of their mates. The female of the species, according to trained collectors, are more gullible than the male. I know nothing concerning the truth or falsity of this theory, but in it there lies an idea for wives who are genuinely wishful of discouraging the collecting activities of their husbands.

For all the wifely troubles that beset confirmed collectors, however, the only corrective seems to be a school for collectors' wives—a school that will catch them young and make them properly antique-minded. For my own part, I prefer to see collectors' wives remain exactly as they are. Most of us collectors, it seems to me, need a balance wheel of some sort; for while craziness is not essential to the collecting of antiques, it helps a lot.

JGC

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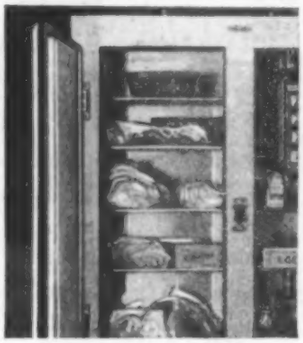

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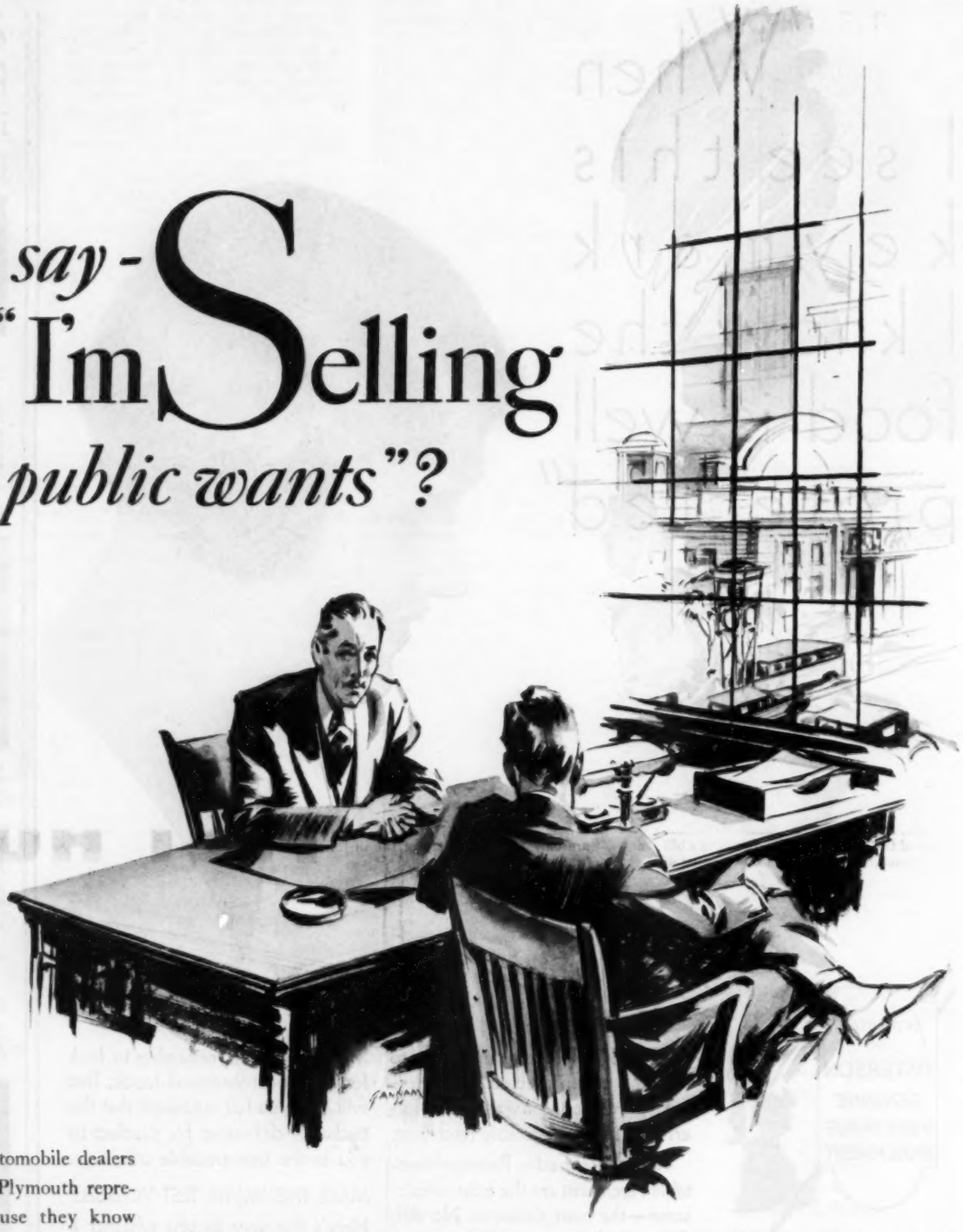

Experienced automobile dealers are turning to Plymouth representation because they know that it is fundamentally sound business to sell what the public wants.

From the moment of its introduction, Plymouth has forged swiftly and surely ahead in public favor. Demand has increased with phenomenal steadiness. Gain after gain has been registered. In many localities, Plymouth is already ranking third in sales volume.

Chrysler Motors has placed back of the Plymouth a mighty array of resources, facilities and engineering talent. It has provided for Plymouth a new and efficient plant—the largest of its kind in the world.

Today, more than 3,300 Plymouth dealer establishments make Plymouth service available in every state in the Union.

Established automobile dealers and other substantial business men are allying themselves with Plymouth. They find in this vast enterprise a new opportunity to satisfy the growing public demand for low-cost *quality* automobiles. They assure the motoring public the highest order of service and enduring satisfaction in Plymouth ownership.

PLYMOUTH

AMERICA'S LOWEST-PRICED FULL-SIZE CAR

THE TORRENT OF LAWS

(Continued from Page 19)

against the bringing of pipes and tobacco within the precincts of the court. All the prohibitory smoking laws were after this tactfully ignored.

But today, Kansas, Arkansas and North Dakota have tobacco-prohibition laws. In Nebraska, Idaho and North Dakota it is illegal to smoke in public restaurants. In North Dakota cigarette advertisements are prohibited.

In January, 1921, a bill was introduced in Tennessee to bar the operation of passenger and freight trains on Sunday, to prohibit Sunday newspapers and the opening of stores on that day.

On August 30, 1653, a law was passed in the Massachusetts Colony forbidding romping, playing, walking streets, sporting, traveling and going on shipboard on Sunday. The Jenks Bill would have prohibited paid Sunday sports. Amateur baseball or catch would have become a misdemeanor if played before two o'clock; the sale of candy, all delicatessen selling, theater performances, whether "tragedy, comedy, opera, ballet, farce, negro minstrelsy, negro or other dancing," the movies, Coney Island, skating rinks, and the making of any disturbing noises, concerts, vocal or otherwise, debates or discussions for a fee, all reduced-fare excursions, five-cent rides on merry-go-rounds, paying admission fees to art galleries or museums would be prohibited.

South Carolina had a hard battle over an anti-hair-tonic act, which forbade the sale of any toilet preparation containing alcohol unless the purchaser executed a certificate, under the pains and penalties of perjury, that he was the head of a family and did not intend to drink it!

Some of Our Fool Laws

Maryland considered a bill to forbid political candidates from making any campaign pledges, which, so far as I know, is all that many of them do make. In Nebraska a bill was introduced making it a crime to catch a frog. Ohio wanted to prohibit the use of a President's or ex-President's portrait in an advertisement—which would have prevented the use of Coolidge's in the sale of his literary efforts. Florida considered a bill providing that every cigar store should have a wooden Indian. Until recently Los Angeles had an ordinance prohibiting street-car conductors from shooting jack rabbits from car platforms. New York has considered bills to regulate the number of residents in any given area; to make it a misdemeanor to move without leaving an address with the city clerk. Michigan introduced a bill to forbid any alien restaurant owner from employing any female under thirty-five years of age. Missouri had a bill to make it a crime to "slander any piece of real estate." Pennsylvania had a bill to make it a felony "to cut, snipe or willfully sever any hair" from any female.

Ordinance 17,666 of Los Angeles—new series—forbids more than one person "bathing in or occupying a bathtub at the same time"; Ordinance 15,022, a misdemeanor to wear false whiskers. Section 413, Chapter 67, Kansas Laws of 1913, I am informed, says: "Nothing in this section shall be construed as in any way preventing, obstructing, impeding, embarrassing, or in any other manner or form infringing upon the perogative of the driver of any political automobibulous band wagon to proceed at any rate he sees fit, compatible with safety of the occupants thereof; provided, however, that not less than ten nor more than twenty ropes be allowed at all times to trail behind the vehicle when in motion, in order to permit those who have been so fortunate as to escape with their political lives an opportunity to be dragged to death. And provided, further, that whenever a mangled and bleeding corpse implores for mercy, the driver of the vehicle shall, in accordance with this bill, throw out the life line."

In one state, cited in West's Compiled Laws, there is a provision that each discharged prisoner from state institutions is to receive a good suit of clothes from the state—priced at not more than five dollars.

In another statute book an investigator has found a provision "that if two trains meet, they should stop until one or the other has passed"! Whew!

These are examples out of the endless mass of fool proposals and fool laws that are no doubt more amusing than important.

They do, however, create disrespect for law—a disrespect for which a law-abiding people are not to blame unless one blames them for tolerance of oppression, of the poor quality of legislators, and of the machinery of justice which tends to make legislation necessary.

A Leash on Business

The chances are that neither oppresive nor fool laws will do much more than sap respect—and we as a nation have it—for law.

Much more serious is the torrent of laws which endeavors to turn back the rising tide of economic progress. We are living in an age of swiftly moving material and economic change. In such an age the solemn pretense of lawmakers that they can direct vast economic currents is so palpably thin as to create disrespect for law. In my memory I can think of few legislative enactments which have contributed to the growth of the nation in any broad sense. The protective tariff is one. The Federal Reserve Bank System is another. And restriction of immigration is the third. Most of the remainder of our attempts at economic lawmaking have been confounded nuisances.

"Business and industry," says the Harvard Law School Endowment Fund statement, "are only too well aware of the ill effects of this continuous piling up of heterogeneous statutes. An example may be seen in the antitrust legislation of a generation ago. First there were prosecutions; then there came to be suits in equity for dissolution; and finally the Federal Trade Commission was set up. Usually the first method involved needless hardships; the second usually proved a futile attempt to 'unscramble eggs'; and the third is seen to involve both uncertainty and a dangerous margin of discretion. Thus the work of the legal adviser of business is made largely conjectural, and the conduct of business is hampered by lack of assurance as to what is permissible and what not.

"Business is adversely affected also because of the necessity for continual scrutiny of a stream of new laws in every jurisdiction in which an enterprise does any business. Before anything of consequence can be done, a great mass of legislation and administrative rulings must be examined in order to make sure that what is proposed does not contravene some local and likely ephemeral statutory provision.

"Further evidence of the ineptness of our lawmaking methods is seen in the problem of law enforcement, now so acute in the United States. The traditional means of enforcement—some sort of penalty or an administrative commission—are proving insufficient. It is becoming apparent that some subjects admit of legislative treatment and some do not. Between these extremes there is a great, unexplored field in which, as things are, we must guess. Most of the guessing takes the form of new and experimental statutes, and one serious result is a growing disrespect for all law."

What is lawful in one state and, indeed, what is encouraged there is found unlawful in another jurisdiction. The responsibility of promoters, for instance, may be one thing if in a Federal court and quite another in a state court. We no longer know in business

THAT IMPORTANT *first* IMPRESSION

ENVELOPES and letterheads of Old Hampshire Bond challenge and win instant respect wherever they are seen, and at the same time claim attention. They make that important first impression a favorable one for the firm they represent; they give an added importance to your letter. More than 60 years ago the first hundred pounds of Old Hampshire Bond was manufactured—today the production runs into hundreds of tons. Made from 100% new, clean linen and cotton clippings, there is no finer paper than Old Hampshire Bond. If you will ask your engraver or printer, he will show you a complete line of samples in white and twelve attractive colors.

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"FEET HURT TERRIBLY"

But pain ended quickly

Costs nothing if it fails

Burning, aching, tired feeling in the feet and legs—cramps in toes, foot calluses, pains in toes, instep, ball or heel—dull ache in the ankle, calf or knee—shooting pains from back of toes, spreading of the feet—all can now be easily overcome.

SCIENCE says many foot pains result from displaced bones pressing against sensitive nerves and blood vessels. Weakened muscles permit these bone displacements. Now a way is discovered to hold the bones in position and strengthen the muscles. Pains stop almost at once when these amazing bands, Jung Arch Braces, are worn. Stand, walk, or dance for hours—you just don't get tired. Just slips on—results are almost immediate. One of the secrets is in the tension and stretch. It is highly elastic, amazingly light and thin, yet strong and durable. Worn with any kind of footwear. Nothing stiff to further weaken muscles and cause discomfort. The styles with exceedingly soft sponge rubber lift are urgently advised for severe cases. Pain stops like magic. Usually band is soon discarded and feet are well to stay. Nearly 2,000,000 now in use. Specialists, amazed at results, urge them widely.

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2 A super-elastic band assists and strengthens muscles, replaces bones. Pain stops instantly.

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what is legal and what is not. The executive who wants to keep within the law has no means of knowing, in the maze of legislation, whether he is in or out of legality. Business, like the individual, is afflicted by the fact that we pass forty-seven laws every time that England passes one.

As Benjamin Javits remarks tartly in Make Everybody Rich: "America has more law and less order than any other civilization." And again: "If a zealous reformer hasn't a majority, a compact minority will do."

The Sherman Law attacking combinations, mergers, restraints of trade, still exists. But it is upon the exact opposite of that statute that America—upon combinations, mergers and restraints of trade—has built her new civilization of unparalleled prosperity.

It is difficult to have respect for laws which, in the main, try to stem a tide of civilization which grows into a coöperation for mechanical slave power as against human slave power, into class coöperation and industrial democracy, into solidarity rather than into such conflicts over meatless bones as are so unnecessarily injected today by the Labor Party into the life of the British Isles.

City Versus Country

We have achieved success by social and economic realities, not by legislation. American life and prosperity have grown not by laws but in spite of laws—harassing, foolish, meddling laws, many of which cannot be understood and many of which, speaking plainly, deserve not our respect but our disrespect.

Make no mistake; there is none of the much-advertised general passion in America for lawmaking. Exactly the contrary. We do not like it. In the end we may not tolerate it. The passion for lawmaking is a passion of leeches on our civilization, on our beliefs, on our taxpayers, on our progress, and on our right to mass and individual development.

It is, then, no wonder that we who in reality have more natural law-abidingness, more readiness for service to the commonweal than most peoples—and almost a passion for it—have been tricked into duress and into fogs of uncertainty by law. Into deprivation of our right to decide our moral and ethical growth as individuals, into ridiculous peanut tomfoolery and, finally, into economic and business hypocrisy—where everyone knows that our conduct never intends, and could not intend, to square with our legislation. And into the intolerable situation where we do not mean what we say by laws. More laws than we can with sense ever obey; more laws than we can understand; more laws passed by forty-eight states and Congress than we can ever regard as stimulating obedience or even promising effective enforcement.

Now for the constructive side of our criticism. We may recognize first as well as last in ultimate analysis that we in America, as everywhere else, have a real problem in the desire and ability of the rural community everywhere to contest with urbanization and the cities. That contest is all over the world. It is a battle which creates a feeling in Chicago that the state of Illinois is a separate and inimical entity. It is an undeclared battle which makes the millions in New York City feel that the upstate rural vote is in lawmaking a thing apart and in conflict. It is just as lively an issue in Czecho-Slovakia or Austria or China.

The urban community deplores torrents of legislation; the rural community desires more and more! For it is the outlet of self-expression of an inhibited countryside. This I know because I belong to the latter. The rural vote will usually be found quite intolerant of any constructive regulation of agriculture, but will be emphatic in its claim to know the needs, the required regulation and the constriction of industry.

Of course the truth is that, as all dirt farmers know and all business men know, economic law marches usually to victory with hobnail shoes over most of the legislative attempts to stop it. Social ethics, based on a spirit of practicability and fair play, walk straight across foolish statutes, just as the social will treads down silly, engrossed restrictions. Heaven only knows why we keep up the pretense of lawmaking which invites benevolent evasion and breeds disrespect for law.

In my preceding article I begged for a primary teaching of our law and its machinery in the public schools. I now have a report from one of my investigators that certain school authorities say that they do not dare to teach law, "as is," for fear of the accusation that it would be Red propaganda! Of course, the truth is that Red propaganda would stand for creating disrespect for law, whereas I am endeavoring to show that respect for law has its basis in conservative reform by which law is made respectable rather than by the ultimately futile oratorical exhortations about the majesty of the law.

Laws—statutory laws today—in quantity and quality, cannot be reformed overnight. There is no panacea to prevent law from becoming mere politics, such as the politics involved in the desire of fanaticism to seize political power by repressive laws or the passion of legislators to distinguish themselves at the request of organized minorities by the number of bills they can jam through the session.

The brake upon this national folly of lawmaking cannot be found in any one jaunty cure-all. Public opinion, however, already disgusted by lawmaking, may be made articulate. The majority of us who detest too much government prefer to see one good law enforced than ten bad ones flouted. Moral or business and industrial laws are often flouted because they neither fit social will nor are adapted to inevitable economic progress. The purpose of this series of articles on American law is to charge public opinion with the job of creating some kind of solid front against fool legislation.

The quality of legislators themselves has not improved, and nothing much but an awakened public opinion will change that condition. Alexander Hamilton saw this not long after the federation of our colonies began. He said:

"The facility and excess of lawmaking seems to be the disease to which our governments are most liable. It will be of little avail to people that the laws are made by men of their own choice, if the laws are so voluminous that they cannot be read or so incoherent that they cannot be understood."

Sir Edward Coke said: "Laws are on a sudden penned or corrected by men of none or very little judgment in law." A former bar-association president adds: "The translation of a legislative idea into an effective statute is not a pastime for a summer afternoon."

A Task for Experts

Prof. Thomas I. Parkinson says, in Legislative Contribution to Progress: "Desirability of legislation depends not upon general consideration but upon detail. The complexity of the life in which we live cannot be met by the development of common-law rules alone. We are bound to have some legislation. The appeal should be made to the representatives of private interests to formulate correct bills. These people should advise with the men who represent the House and Senate committees today on important pending legislation. Good legislative ideas are spoiled by hurried unscientific drafting. As J. S. Mill says, 'There is hardly any kind of intellectual work which so much needs to be done by minds trained to the task through long and laborious study as the business of making laws.'"

We leave the preparation of our statutes to men who know nothing of the science of legislation and act upon the premise that the legislators' duty includes not only determination of questions of general policy but also phraseology of the statute to give effect to an approved policy.

What is needed, of course, as in all the holes in civilization, is not more ideas, but better men. There is nothing new about this conclusion; our American leaders of thought have recognized it constantly.

"Students of our Government all agree," said Governor Emmet O'Neal of Alabama, in 1914, "that there has been a steady decline in the average standard of ability, independence and intelligence of the membership of our state legislatures."

Ogden L. Mills, speaking before the New York Academy of Political Science in the same year: "It is becoming increasingly hard to get our ablest men to become senators and assemblymen, as those positions are no longer looked upon with the same degree of honor as they were in the early days of the Republic."

Trying to Do Everything

Let us travel back to the halcyon time when the best men went to the legislature. It was not in 1875, for then Henry Reed said: "It is true that most state legislatures are composed of men of low tone, ignorant, selfish and easily debauched; it is also true that transportation corporations are often recklessly managed and are apt to be in the hands of unscrupulous men, and the relation between them and the state government is sooner or later one of bargain and sale."

Gideon Welles, in his diary, on December 24, 1866, repeats the thought: "There is less statesmanship, less principle, less honest legislation than usual. There is fanaticism, demagogism, recklessness. The radicals, who constitute more than three-fourths, are managed and controlled by leaders who have no more regard for the Constitution than for the old almanac, and the remaining fourth are mostly party men, not patriots. . . ."

I am somewhat of a disbeliever in much of this pessimism. The average legislator, as I have known him, really tries very hard. There is not at present nearly so much corruption to lawmaking in the United States as there was thirty years ago. Intelligence, however, has not increased and little has been done to invent or create aids to intelligence or rally the force of the opinion of the solid majority of citizens.

Parliamentary government the world around either has the failing of doing nothing or of trying to do everything. And it is not the nature of legislatures to vote their own extinction or put any restraints upon their powers.

They may at least accept such cautions as Trussler suggests, in the American Law Review, when he says: "In the day when reformers are unable to agree, we can only hope that statutes will be intelligible, say what they mean, be capable of enforcement and harmonize with the Constitution."

I hope that President Hoover's Law Enforcement Commission will repeat this conclusion. For to obtain results, some relief work is necessary.

What? First, an increasing respect for the veto acts of Presidents and governors. At the moment this is written, for instance, a tariff bill before Congress has been so mauled, so doctored by lobbyists, and, on the other hand, so involved by organized liberal minorities trying to tie a bonus provision for farmers onto it, that the country at large would support a veto, or probably even be glad to call the whole thing off.

Second, there is the need, within certain limits, of adjusting the legislative activity of states to uniformity. This work, intrusted to a committee of the American Bar Association, already has the achievement of

(Continued on Page 142)

THE
DAINTIEST MEMBER OF
THE JUNIOR SET . .

Yet she has "Athlete's Foot!"

ONLY this morning she had noticed it again—and her pretty brows had puckered with vexation.

Charming—sought after—exquisitely groomed—it seemed to her almost a reproach upon her delicacy—yet there it was, that affection, unnaturally white, unpleasantly moist,* between her smallest toes!

Not that it hurt her so much—it seldom *does* in the beginning—but the *thought* of it distressed her more and more. In the midst of a perfectly divine dance—during the "big" scene at the play—in wakeful moments at night—it obtruded itself upon her mind—it was *maddening!*

She is just one of millions who suffer from "Athlete's Foot" and *don't know what it is!*

Tinea Trichophyton—a National *Affliction*

Her escort, the big Princeton end, had he known of her worry, could have told her that she was suffering from a form of ringworm infection caused by tinea trichophyton and nicknamed "Athlete's Foot"! Also he could have told her *what to do* for her trouble, for college coaches everywhere now know that Absorbine Jr., the familiar antiseptic, *kills and helps prevent its spread.*

This is fortunate, for "Athlete's Foot" is such a *stealthy* infection . . . so easily overlooked at first . . . that it has stolen up on the Nation until it is found simply *everywhere!* The United States Public Health Service even asserts in one of its Bulletins that *"it is probable that at least one-half of all adults suffer from it at some time"* . . . suffer from it without knowing what it is.

Again, tests conducted in such widely separated Universities as those of California and Pennsylvania reveal that probably 50% of the students involved are infected.

There can be no doubt that tiny *tinea trichophyton* has made itself at home in America!

It lurks where you would least expect it

One of the worst features of "Athlete's Foot" is that it is most apt to be contracted in the *very* places where people go for health and cleanliness and recreation! In spite of the most rigid sanitary precautions, the germ abounds on the locker and dressing-room floors—on the edges of swimming pools and showers—in gymnasiums, even on hotel bath-mats.

And from such places it is carried into millions of homes to infect whole families!

It has been found that Absorbine Jr. kills Tinea Trichophyton

A series of laboratory tests with the antiseptic Absorbine Jr. has proved, through bacteria counts and microphotographs, that Absorbine Jr. penetrates deeply into flesh-like tissues and that wherever it penetrates it *kills* the "Athlete's Foot" infection.

This will be good news indeed to many thousands of people who have worried over a threatening foot condition without knowing what it was that was troubling them, nor how to rid themselves of it.

It might not be a bad idea to examine your feet tonight for the distress signals* that announce the beginning of "Athlete's Foot."

At the first sign of infection begin the free use of Absorbine Jr. on the affected areas—douse it on morning and night and after every exposure. Not injurious to the tenderest tissues.

Absorbine Jr. is so widely known and used that you can get it at all drug stores. Price $1.25. For free sample, write

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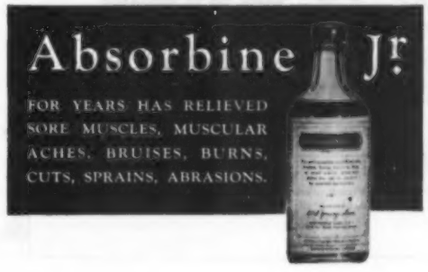

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* WATCH FOR THESE DISTRESS SIGNALS THAT WARN OF "ATHLETE'S FOOT"

Though "Athlete's Foot" is caused by the germ *tinea trichophyton*—its early stages manifest themselves in several different ways, usually between the two smallest toes: redness, skin-cracks, tiny itching blisters, a white, thick, moist condition or dryness with little scales. *Any one of these calls for immediate treatment!* If the case appears aggravated and does not readily yield to Absorbine Jr., consult your physician without delay.

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During these months, it is important, therefore, that your home be kept uniformly comfortable. This can easily be done without forcing your furnace and wasting fuel by *Flax-lming* your home throughout . . . ceilings or roof and side-walls. The FLAX-LI-NUM "two-air-space" method of application is one of the great advances in the scientific insulation of a home. It increases the insulating value 50% by utilizing otherwise useless air in walls and ceiling. Tests by the U. S. Bureau of Standards prove that ½ inch of FLAX-LI-NUM applied in this manner is the equivalent of about ¾ of an inch of insulating material at any other place in the wall.

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The correctly insulated home demands twice as much insulation in the ceiling or roof as in the side-walls. FLAX-LI-NUM was first to recommend this finer application . . and first to provide an insulating material in full one inch thickness. Remember, no home is correctly insulated unless it has full one inch thickness in the roof or ceilings and one half inch thickness in the side-walls.

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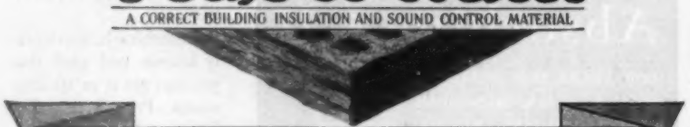

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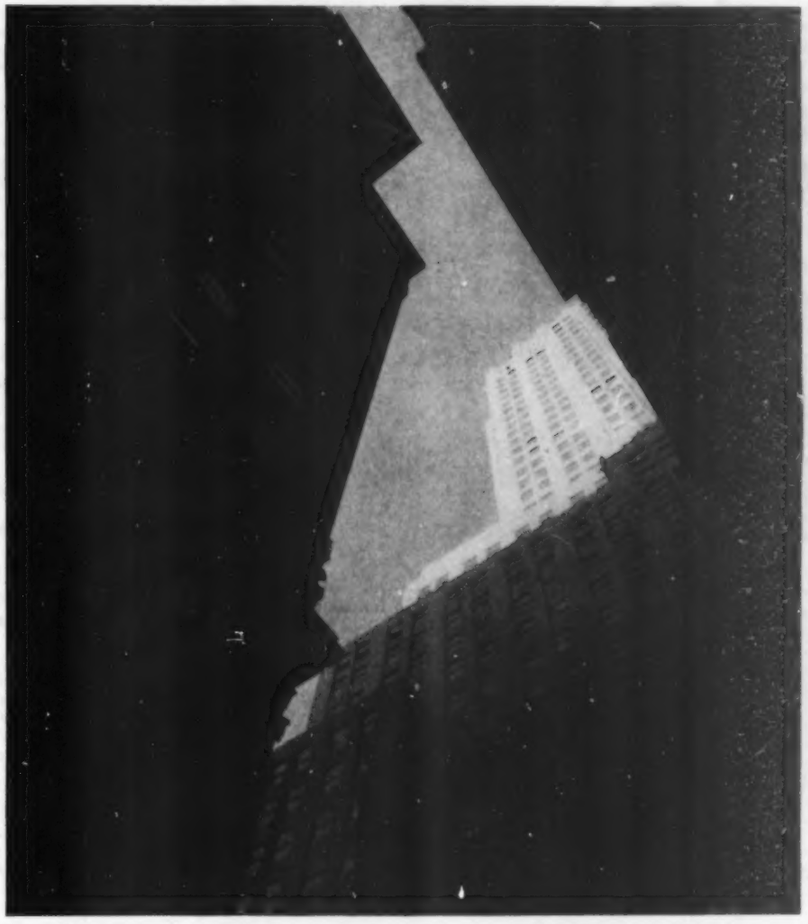
Theatres have proved beyond question that people choose to go where air is conditioned for maximum comfort and health the year round.

Great department stores have found that people neglect other shops for those where their comfort is assured by Manufactured Weather.

Today tenants are enjoying this modern comfort in numerous offices.



THE newest great office building faces almost immediate obsolescence unless it has Manufactured Weather—just as the old building which was torn down to make way for it became obsolete the moment it lacked something that the tenants demanded. The office building which makes its own weather—which is cooled in summer and heated in winter with properly conditioned air—makes every other building not so modernized a thing of the past . . . a cheaper choice . . . a home for second-class business.

Manufactured Weather has proved its worth. It is not a luxury; it is a necessity—as fundamental a necessity as proper lighting, adequate elevator service.

Congress has it—the Nation's Representatives meet in the Capitol Halls, where, winter and summer, the air is warmed or cooled, humidified or de-humidified as the season demands, and it is always fresh, and literally washed clean.

Macy's has it, a dozen other famous department stores have it—they attract and hold shoppers by the thousands because of their relief and contentment in the fresh, pleasant Manufactured Weather of the store—independent of outdoor heat or cold or noise or dust.

Hundreds of factories have it—they use windows only for light. Sheer manufacturing economy has dictated that indoor air conditions must be constant and controllable.

Can we call that office building "modern" which has window poles in the corners, dust cloths in the desk drawers, nerve-racking street noises in the ears of the workers—drafty spots near the windows for the executives and stuffy inner spaces for clerks?

Certainly not—for Manufactured Weather has banished these antiquated devices and conditions. The modern 1930 hotel or office building can no more countenance old-fashioned windows or fan ventilators than it could do without elevators.

Prove to yourself that this is true. Visit a theatre, a store, a factory or a building where it is already in operation—and answer for yourself.

Until you have done this, any estimate—any conception—you may have will fall short of the healthful comfort, the serenity, and the cleanliness that Manufactured Weather has to offer.

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COLORADO OFFERS MORE . . . and Gives MORE Opportunity to ENJOY ITS GIFTS!

COLORADO

TOP: Colorado's Mountains, readily accessible in midwinter, invite lovers of all winter sports.

BELOW: In the Colorado Corn Belt; a result of Colorado's sunshine.

RIGHT: Harlett's Peak and Bear Lake, Rocky Mountain National Park.

COLORADO is the one state that offers everything the resident or visitor can reasonably want. There's so much to do, so much of beauty and interest to see, so many unduplicated places to go, that nothing more is needed, whether you are in business here, or have come here to enjoy the scenery and climate after retirement, or are only out here on a vacation.

Colorado offers comfort and safety. There is every living advantage without any disadvantages. Water is pure. Storms are mild and bad weather is soon over. The sun shines more but there's never a sunstroke. The mild temperatures seem even milder through lack of humidity. You should visit and study Colorado with a view to living here.

Don't think of Colorado as only a summer resort. It's a place for real fun and real living the year around. Air, scenery, sunshine, recreation to put new life in you equally well at New Year, Easter, July 4, Thanksgiving. The RIGHT TIME to come is whenever you can. Wherever you live, you can get here quickly and cheaply. Let us tell you more about Colorado. Address

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(Continued from Page 138)

almost universality in the adoption of standard forms as to certain commercial instruments and practices. In the field of crime there is a vast opportunity to create an exchange of identification facts. The bare truth is that today a three-time felony offender in New York can take the ferry to New Jersey and begin all over again. In the field of personal relations—the absurd marriage, divorce and breach-of-promise situation—much hocus-pocus has been set forth that "customs vary in different sections of the country." Of course, they do not. We need longer terms for governors and legislators. Many years ago a governor of Massachusetts told me, "I have no time for any business. No sooner do I take office than I have to kiss the babies, speak at fairs, and otherwise campaign for re-election." Nor is there practical reason for rapid elections of new and inexperienced men to legislatures. Short-term men are far too much politically dependent and engrossed in the temptation to meet political expediency. Every bill introduced should go through a drafting bureau, expert in expressing the law. It would be desirable to have every legislative session divided like a game into two halves. The first might deal with the introduction of new bills. After the public had full time for consideration, the second session would act upon the bills introduced.

Finally, it is absurd for Congress and all the forty-eight states to be acting independently. Upon that basis, the American Legislators' Association is attempting to set up a clearing house.

For what purposes? First, to bring to cooperation all legislative bureaus and bill-drafting machinery; second, exchange of information as to legislative trends and methods; third, to improve the quality of the legislator and to bring about an annual conference of legislators.

The main push behind this, I may say here, will never be the American Legislators' Association—no matter how much we who are interested try. The push behind this will be American public opinion, disgusted with laws and lawmaking, ready to obey sense, but ready to take the jumps when legislation obstructs progress, produces attempts to dictate thought and personal action and to enter fields which are none of any government's business.

I deny that, as a people, we have a passion for lawmaking. Only the organized minority have any such interest. I deny that Americans are not instinctively law-abiding. We are. We want to play fair.

Lawmaking, I regret to say, has interfered with that instinct to a marked degree.

Editor's Note—This is the second of a series of articles by Mr. Child on the state of law and its machinery in America. The next will appear in an early issue.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

(More Than Two Million Seven Hundred and Fifty Thousand Weekly)

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Bond

The *home-like* loaf

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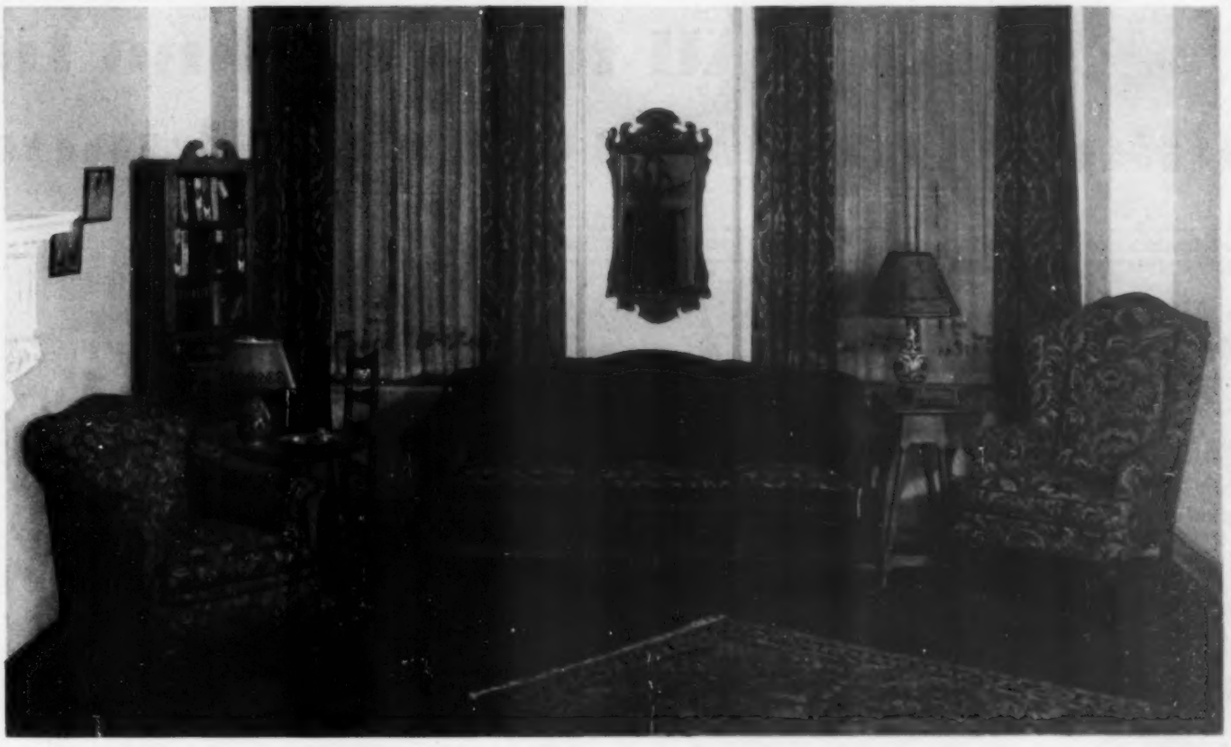

Kroehler combines beauty, style, comfort and long life with moderate prices

Never has Kroehler's contribution to the beauty and comfort of homes of moderate means been more strikingly illustrated than in this new and fashionable ensemble of living room furniture.

Lifelike though the picture is, it gives but a meager impression of the charm of design, the depth of comfort and the fine craftsmanship with which each piece is so lavishly invested.

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"Hidden Qualities" count

Regardless of the price you pay, the money you spend for Kroehler-made furniture is always well *invested.* It pays dividends in beauty, comfort and long service. No living room furniture *at any price* is built more sturdily.

Quality goes all the way through. Every hidden part is built to highest standards. Frames are of finest hardwood, staunchly put together and scientifically treated to prevent warping. A patented Spring Steel Underconstruction replaces ordinary webbing. It is much stronger. Never sags nor drops through. Provides box spring comfort. Filling is of finest moss or sterilized palm fiber. Padding is clean, white, felted cotton.

CUSTOM-MADE
This label under the cushion identifies Kroehler's finest quality product.

STERLING QUALITY
—for the average home—sells at a slightly lower price than the Custom-Made quality.

STANDARD QUALITY
Kroehler quality for those who want inexpensive furnishings of known value.

Davenport No. 931. *Luxurious green mohair covering. Tapestry on the reversible spring-filled cushions. A delightful lounge piece at a moderate cost. Price as illustrated, $145*

Chair No. 931. *Same design as davenport. Tailored in gold, green and red pattern tapestry. Price, $85*

Wing chair No. 347. *Very smart. In rich tapestry as illustrated, only $95*

The coverings are especially selected for beauty and durability. You may choose from silk damasks, rich tapestries, fine quality mohairs, Chase Velmo, jacquard velours, Ca-Vel velvets, linen frieze and moquette or leathers of exquisite soft quality.

This dependable type of construction is what the Kroehler label stands for—regardless of grade or price—*wherever you see it.* Make it your guide—your standard of comparison—when you buy.

Visit a nearby Kroehler dealer and have him verify these facts. Compare values if you will. See why millions of users have made Kroehler the foremost name in living room furniture. If you do not know the Kroehler dealer in your locality, write us. We will send his name and address, also a complimentary copy of our booklet, "Enjoyable Living Rooms by Kroehler".

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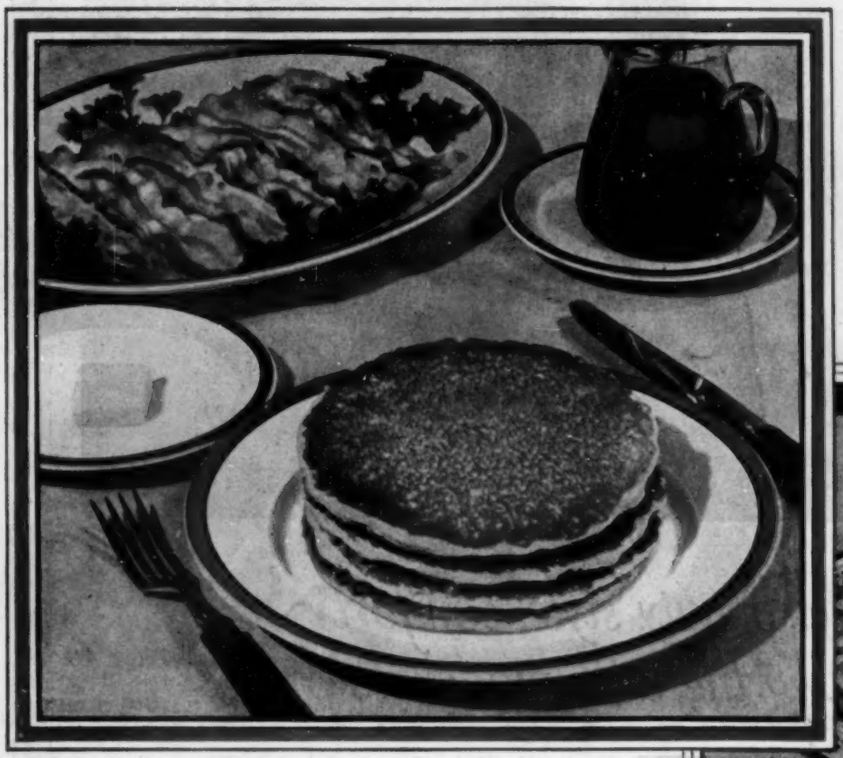
FURNISH YOUR LIVING ROOM FIRST

All food and no fun makes breakfast a dull meal



for brighter mornings try this modern kind of pancake!

Good for waffles, too!

SOME of us have fallen into the sad habit of treating breakfast as simply so much nourishment. Good food, to be sure, but nothing to cause any particular excitement.

That's the wrong idea. Unless we are cheered as well as fed, breakfast is only half a meal. It's just as important to refresh the spirits as the body. For the sake of good digestion and good living, we should get pleasure as well as nourishment from our morning meal.

For instance, take pancakes—especially this modern kind, made with the new Pillsbury's Pancake Flour. That's the way to bring a gleam of delight to a man's eye — a positive outburst of joy from the children. A breakfast like that is more than good food — it's an occasion for enthusiasm. And enthusiasm is as important as the food itself.

You'll like these improved pancakes—Pillsbury has made a real discovery. Pillsbury's Pancake Flour contains a new type of flour, unusually soft, fine and delicate. It makes lighter cakes, more tender, more delicious, easy to digest, much better than the old-fashioned kind.

They're made in a minute—simply add water or milk to Pillsbury's Pancake Flour and bake on a hot griddle.

Pillsbury's are truly *modern* pancakes, thoroughly in keeping with up-to-date diet ideas. They furnish ample fuel for the busy morning in school or at work, in a warm, light, quickly digestible form. And, more than that, they supply keen enjoyment, zest, eagerness — an important part of a successful breakfast, the proper start to a happier day!

THE RECIPE IS SIMPLE

Made in a minute and ready to bake—simply add the liquid gradually to Pillsbury's Pancake Flour and stir. You can use only water and make a delicious pancake. Or, if you have been mixing your own batter with milk or eggs, use the same liquids with Pillsbury's Pancake Flour—we believe you'll like these pancakes better than the home-mixed kind.

PILLSBURY FLOUR MILLS COMPANY
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